PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER
25 CENTS



LORETTA YOUNG

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF FRED ASTAIRE

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE THAT GUIDES HOLLYWOOD



RICHARD HUDNUT

PRESENTS TO AMERICA

the perfume that captured five continents

The fragrance

Gemey

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Poze Out p17-18, 75-76, NBC

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LISTERINE

for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS
A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



10¢

SIXTEEN MEN . . .

From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle . . . from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness . . . came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world . . . in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!



Three of Hollywood's biggest stars head the notable cast

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT M-G-M's $2,000,000 PRODUCTION

Nearly two years in the making . . . Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a cost in excess of two millions of dollars.

The good ships "Bounty" and "Pandora" rebuilt from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty.

On Catalina Island, picturesque Portsmouth Harbor duplicated exactly as it was in 1787 when the "Bounty" sailed.

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CHARLES CLARK

LAUGHTON · GABLE

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest production

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

with

FRANCHOT TONE

Herbert Mundin • Eddie Quillan • Dudley Digges • Donald Crisp

A FRANK LLOYD Production • Albert Lewin, *Associate Producer*

VOL. XLVIII. No. 7 DECEMBER, 1935

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Loretta Young

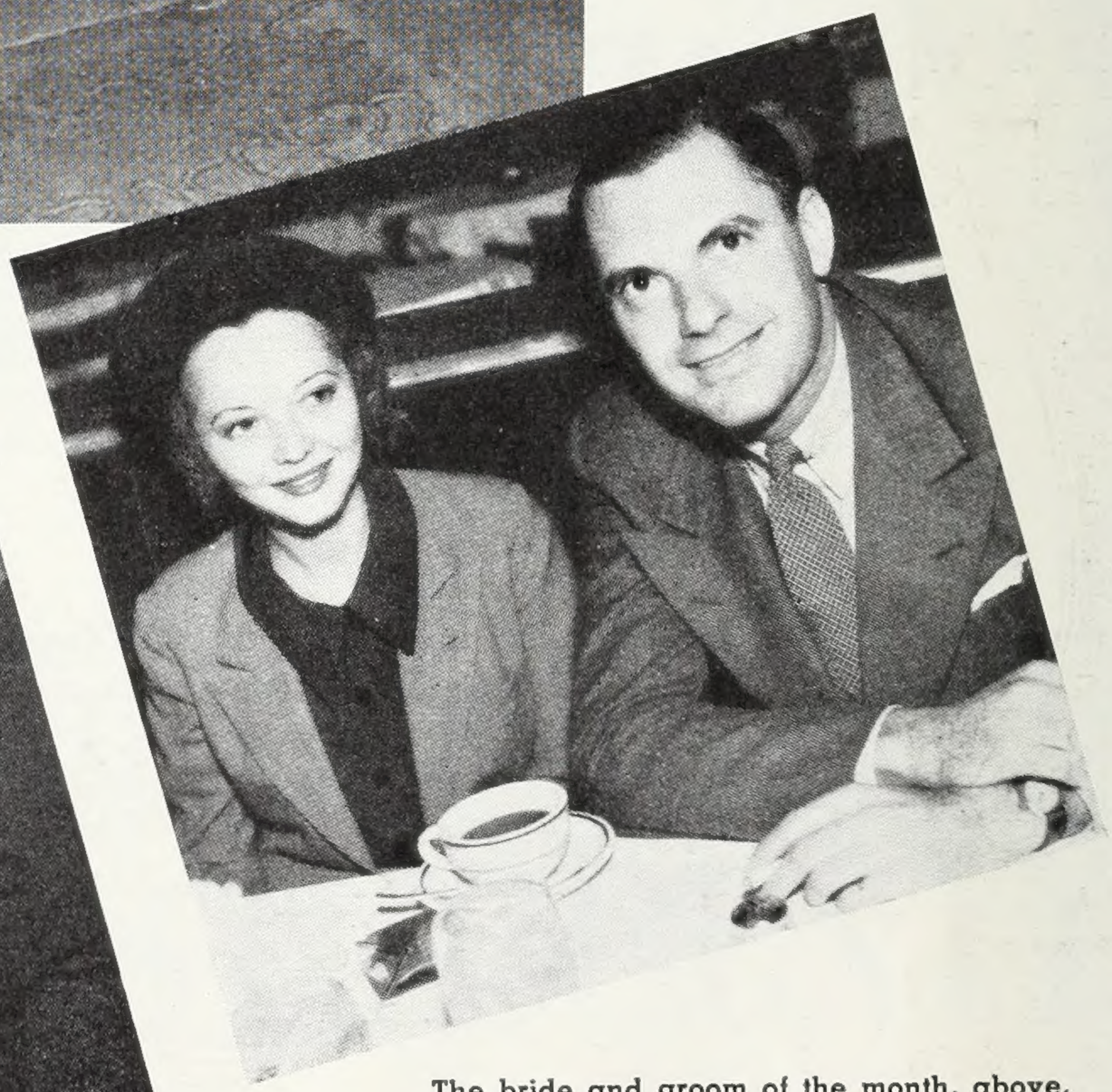
IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary Publishing Office, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • General Business Offices, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors, Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager, Graybar Bldg., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico, Cuba and Pan-American Countries, $3.00 in Canada, $3.50 for Foreign Countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • Caution—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879 • Copyright, 1935, by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.



Bill Henry and Cecelia Parker are the big romance of the month in Hollywood. And where's poor Eric Linden?





The bride and groom of the month, above, Sylvia Sidney and husband Bennett Cerf, publisher, veddy happy. At the Vendome

Since Joan Blondell and George Barnes separated, Joan and Dick Powell are one of the most-frequently-together couples


Your Dreams Of Romance
Set To Music!
Dreams of gay, mad, exciting love! Dreams of glamorous beauty .. brought to life by the charm of the screen's loveliest sing= ing star... and poured forth in an inspir= ing rhapsody of Jerome Kern's music by the glorious voice that thrilled the world!
LILY PONS
in
"I DREAM TOO MUCH"
an RKO=Radio Picture with
HENRY FONDA
Osgood PERKINS • Eric BLORE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S. Berman Production
Music by JEROME KERN
composer of "ROBERTA"

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW



Fourteen reasons why "Broadway Melody of 1936" is the hit it is: June Knight, Robert Taylor and "Melody Maidens"

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Ring Lardner s famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (*Oct.*)

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (*Sept.*)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (*Aug.*)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland (*Aug.*)

★ **ALICE ADAMS**—RKO-Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katherine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (*Nov.*)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (*Sept.*)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL — Paramount. — A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (*Nov.*)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (*Aug.*)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (*June*)

★ **BECKY SHARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (*Sept.*)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (*June*)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katherine De Mille. (*Oct.*)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (*Aug.*)

BONNIE SCOTLAND — Roach-MGM. — Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (*Nov.*)

BORN FOR GLORY — Gaumont-British. — A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (*Oct.*)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (*July*)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (*Aug.*)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror Good cast. (*July*)

BRIGHT LIGHTS — First National. — Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (*Oct.*)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER — Warners. — Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (*Sept.*)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD** — 20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (*July*)

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising adman who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (*Sept.*)

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (*Nov.*)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists. — A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold (*June*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Coming Soon

to special theatres in leading cities . . . following its remarkable reception in New York and other world capitals . . . the spectacle connoisseurs consider "the most important production ever done in talking pictures."

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

MAX REINHARDT'S

FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

James Cagney	Joe E. Brown	Dick Powell
Anita Louise	Olivia de Havilland	Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert	Frank McHugh	Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale	Ian Hunter	Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney	Hobart Cavanaugh	Grant Mitchell

And nearly one thousand Dancers and Supernumeraries

Owing to the production's exceptional nature and extraordinary length, it will be presented only twice daily, with all seats reserved. To insure your early enjoyment of this picture it is advisable that you

Purchase Tickets in Advance

Boos & Bouquets



Photoplay Magazine believes good opinions are valuable. See below for announcement of prize letters

Who said opera stars are never lovely to behold? Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan opera and Paramount star. For a little less revealing but just as nice glimpse of her see page 53

Beginning with this issue, PHOTOPLAY Magazine awards a total of $35 for the best eight letters of the month. The $35 is distributed in this manner: $15 first prize, $10 second prize, $5 third prize, and five $1 prizes. There are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players, pro and con. PHOTOPLAY Magazine reserves the right to use letters submitted in whole or in part.

FIRST PRIZE—$15

PRAISES TODAY'S FILMS

THE views of your correspondents often make one want to compare notes with them further. I agree with the lady who wrote that we've never seen any pictures so well worth-while as those of today. Only, I should modify it by "the best of today." I do not know much about the majority of pictures, but the variety and fine performance of those that I have seen have been a rich treat. One would never forget "David Copperfield," "Black Fury," or "Les Miserables,"—to mention only recent pleasures. I want to see every Hepburn picture, and I've enjoyed Myrna Loy and Jean Parker and others, but I wonder why there seems to be none who impresses one with the greatness of personality of a Minnie Maddern Fiske, and Ada Rehan, or a Julia Marlow? Isn't it a mistake to make youth so important? The great actors in the movies seem to outnumber the great actresses—at least one can mention a half dozen who are doing remarkable work.

MRS. WM. H., Middletown, O.

SECOND PRIZE—$10

NEED FOR BOTH

It would be umpardonable to compare the golden voices of Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald, but, as the saying is, a cat may look at a queen. So, without an attempt to hurt anyone's feelings; I like to see the MacDonald pictures again and again, but, so far, one delightful evening with Miss Moore has been sufficient.

You see, I can understand the words of Miss MacDonald's songs, but I can only guess at Miss Moore's. And yet we have need for both of these golden-voiced young women.

At least I think so.

IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND, New Orleans, La.

THIRD PRIZE—$5

ASTAIRE MAKES A LIFE

Fred Astaire—he did it! He has made my life one dance after another!

If it weren't for him I'd most certainly be training for another vocation.

When the period of musical pictures presented itself, people went to see them because they were something new—but not until Fred Astaire's "dancing feet" made their appearance, did American audiences become "dance conscious."

Fred Astaire has made me want to follow in his footsteps. My friends think I'm wasting my time on dancing, but, someday, I'll show them.

JOHN GRESE, Irvington, N. J.

$1 PRIZE

DUCK, MR. GABLE

Why is it every girl goes crazy over Clark Gable? Or am I crazy?

Maybe you think so, but I would like to see the day when he could slap me down and make me like it!

Now I hope I don't have all the girls to whip just for saying what I think.

How about it, girls?

CHRISTINE HIGHT, Hanford, Calif.

$1 PRIZE

CAN CRAWFORD ACT?

Isn't it about time for Joan Crawford to break down and act? I remember the days when she used to—and you can't tell me that any one with a life like hers can't act . . . or re-enact. In short, I want to see Joan doing something that demands no lavish clothes, with a plot not sprinkled with catchy lines, and in a part which calls for some of the power, the intense energy, the fight and bitterness of life she has known perhaps too well. Come down to the sordid life, Joan, and be a human!

R. Carol Le Grande, Floral Park, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE

WHY NOT BEHAVE?

Without any disposition to criticize anyone, one wonders why so many of the leading artists at Hollywood ruin their careers by an utter disregard of the generally accepted principles of good conduct! The first domestic scandal usually marks the beginning of their failure. Apparently the public is rather weary of the cheapness of many of the movie people and loses interest in those involved, refusing to spend their good, hard-earned money in support of them. Am I right?

Kathryne M. Lynch, Schenevus, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE

WELCOME BACK, NORMA

Our Norma Shearer will soon return to the screen and I am rejoicing. I have followed the career of this truly gifted actress almost from the first appearance in the movies. To me she has ever been an inspiration; not only in her profession but as a young woman of fine discrimination. Although the characters she has portrayed on the screen may not have always been of the highest type, nevertheless this actress has not glorified them nor tried to canonize them. There is always a delicate finesse in her characterization.

Evelyn S. Hill, Cleveland, Ohio.

$1 PRIZE

BETTER RÔLE FOR "HE-MAN"

Why doesn't a "he-man" like Randolph Scott get a better chance in the movies? That is a question that is asked by women everywhere and, as they are the most ardent movie fans, I believe they should have a voice in the matter. Men, too, need no special invitation or coaxing to go to movies if real he-men are seen in the leading rôles. Give Randolph Scott leading ladies like Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Connie Bennett, Rosalind Russell or some other striking actress and I warrant he will go places.

C. F., Merrill, Wis.

AWARD FOR GARBO

Somebody wrote that "Anna Karenina" will re-establish Garbo. Garbo does not need to be re-established. She goes steadily forward, even when miscast, as in "Mata Hari." "Grand Hotel" was a great success, as for the magnificent "Queen Christina," I have seen it ten times and I would see it again. It has had a great success in Europe, even in Garbo's native Stockholm where it was at first opposed because it was not accurate historically. Also, it seems it should be Garbo's turn to receive the annual Motion Picture Academy Award.

Ann Taesslova, Richmond, Va

AGAINST CRITICISM

I wish to criticize the things people from all over the world send in to you, such as a criticism of the astounding Bing Crosby's crooning. I think he and young Nelson Eddy are two of the best singers in the world. Also about that little darling of the screen, Shirley Temple, saying she was too bold. I think it is the worst thing anyone could say about anyone who works his or her head off to please us. And please, for the fan's sake, don't make Mr. Eddy [please turn to page 96]



How are you at figures? And we don't mean mathematics, not even when we say Gertrude Michael's curves speak for themselves—rather, they speak for herself

The *greatest* thrill in sound..

THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!

He stirs you as never before in this great picture, revealing the glamour and glory . . . comedy and caprice . . . rivalries and loves . . . behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!



LAWRENCE TIBBETT METROPOLITAN



VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL

A

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by Richard Boleslawski

•

HEAR THE GREAT TIBBETT SING:

Pagliacci • *The Road to Mandalay*
The Toreador Song from Carmen
The Barber of Seville • *Faust*

20th CENTURY FOX

close ups and long shots

BY RUTH WATERBURY



TEN years ago, almost to the day, I came on the staff of PHOTOPLAY. Up until then I had just been a cub reporter on a New York City newspaper. I still don't know how Jim Quirk had ever heard of me. But there followed five years of working side by side with that man who was one of the greatest editors who ever lived.

Today Jim is dead and I find myself editor of the magazine he created. I know I shall never be able to equal his work but I shall try as much as I can to tag along in his footsteps.

Jim Quirk had the most amazing vision about people. He could spot talent in any line. He recognized, at a glance, people who were coming along, who someday were to be important writers, illustrators, actors.

There was a girl writing for the San Francisco papers some dozen years ago. Her chief claim to fame then was her amazing father, and her own exciting young face and skeptical mind.

As Adela Rogers St. Johns she came on the staff of PHOTOPLAY and today is its most distinguished graduate. With novels, short stories, movies she conquered the literary world. So I hope you understand how happy I am to point to page twenty-three of this issue and show you Adela Rogers St. Johns' name once again in this magazine and to promise you that she will be here monthly, which is a guarantee of twelve fine stories yearly. And how I do wish I could call across the distance and say, "Look, Jim, Adela's back."

ANOTHER great writer you are going to read monthly in these pages from now on is Frederick L. Collins. The way we both discovered the story which you can read beginning on page fourteen of this issue is one of those accidents that make editing exciting.

We were having tea together one afternoon—yes, that kind of tea—and wondering about destiny and such things when suddenly I asked,

"Weren't you Evangeline Adams' literary executor?"

"Yes, I was," said Mr. Collins.

"Could you get at her horoscopes?"

"Easily."

"Let's see what she prophesied years ago for movie people today," I suggested. So Mr. Collins looked it up, but we never dreamed we would find the amazing story you'll discover.

THE reason I am doing all this horn-tooting is because Jim Quirk way back there ten years ago taught me to believe that a magazine on motion pictures could be just as well written as the best class of magazine. He didn't believe in tripe or cheapness, and he taught me not to. So I do want you to believe that hereafter in these pages you are going to find stories written by talented people for readers of intelligence and taste.

THERE has been, as we both know, the most unmitigated tripe written about Hollywood the last few years and it is still being written. The sex ballyhoo has been going full blast and I'll wager the thirty-seven fifty I made on the Baer-Louis fight that a lot of you are as bored with it as I am.

PERSONALLY I am sickened with the vulgarity that surrounded Joan Crawford's recent marriage to Franchot Tone. For almost two years now, Joan has been most coy on the subject of marriage and Mr. Tone Just before her latest trip East quite positive word was

given out that the marriage would be performed. It would have been very simple for Joan to have played square with the entire press. Instead, her studio executives, both East and West, issued for her a positive denial of an impending marriage. When reporters, noting that she and Franchot had traveled across the continent together and had registered together at the same hotel, asked matrimonial questions, Joan wept and said how terribly they were treating her. Crawford is a great personality and a good actress. Her private life is most certainly her own. But she can't expect to kiss in the spotlight and then ask the world to pretend it hasn't noticed. That is in rotten bad taste.

WHEN Claudette Colbert got her divorce, a few months ago, she arranged a time and a place for the reporters to come and get all the answers to any questions they were puzzled over. And even more recently when the completely unfounded rumor was printed that Frances Dee and Joel McCrea were separating, I wired those two most-in-love people. They wired back instantly, "If it were true, darling, you'd be the first to know." (I was so relieved to get that answer, that I promise not to hold them to that.) The facts were, as later disclosed, that an over-ambitious reporter had seen Dorothy Lee who actually was in Reno getting a divorce from Marshall Duffield. The eager young man misunderstood her name and without checking further sent in the story as concerning Miss Dee. Which proves him not only a bad reporter but a terrible movie fan if he couldn't tell at a glance the difference between the flapper Dorothy Lee and the exquisite beauty of Frances McCrea. But in the cases of Claudette and the McCreas in so quickly replying to logical queries, the stars were acting with intelligence and courtesy.

THIS much is certain. More intelligence and taste are coming into the movie world every day of its busy life. Interestingly enough that is due to two very different elements. One is the new music crowd. The other is the threat of English pictures.

The music stars, debonair, lovely people, recreate that brand of glamour that Barbara La Marr and Negri and Swanson had in the old days. Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Nino Martini, who is handsomer than he screens, and who has the same sincere ingenuousness that was Valentino's, Lily Pons, all are bringing a splash of color, a Continental charm to the gardens of Beverly Hills.

They are worldly idealists, these musicians. And simply because they are, with the exception of Grace Moore, so new to pictures, such babes in Hollywood that they provide their own merriment.

They have fun. That is their great distinction and it is also the thing that distinguishes English pictures. The actors have fun making them.

I remember an anecdote I heard Leslie Howard tell concerning how he learned about living through making "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in England for Alexander Korda.

He said that all his adult life, while he had tried both on the stage and in pictures to do the artistic thing, he had been, primarily, concerned with making money.

He had a position to maintain, a wife and two growing children to support, and he was everlastingly haunted by the fear that dogs all actors that one day his popularity might just disappear and he would, henceforth, have no further earning capacity. He therefore made pictures as fast and frequently as he could, only indulging himself once in a while to do a stage play, or make "Secrets" with Mary Pickford, because he felt Mary represented a tradition in movies with which he liked to be identified. But as he faced the forties rushing toward him, he put by as platinum a nest egg as he could. It was in this mood that he went to England to make "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

NOW Alexander Korda wasn't much of a success in Hollywood when he directed here. It was before the days of sound, and his major claim to fame in Hollywood was that he was the Hungarian husband of Maria Korda, as beautiful a woman as the screen has ever reflected.

But Leslie Howard met in London the Korda who had made "Henry the VIII," a man with a fine eye for feminine beauty, and something even more important, Korda has a sense of leisure, of having pleasure. Time and again, Leslie discovered production being stopped for the, in movie cirlces, unbelievable reason that it was such a beautiful day that Korda thought the cast would have much more fun going on a picnic than shooting scenes. Of course, it held up production, but they all did have a wonderful time. They turned out a fine picture and Leslie discovered that while it had taken him longer than usual to make a certain sum, he had, meanwhile, been living through some of the most delightful days of his existence.

CURRENTLY Hollywood is hueing and crying over the possibility of losing many of its players, both English and American, to English pictures, due to the taxes on picture salaries. Many English stars like Howard, Herbert Marshall, Brian Aherne, Arliss, Ronnie Colman, have to pay a triple tax, to England, the United States and to the state of California. They can either go back to England and avoid some of it, or make fewer pictures.

I can see why, as a Hollywood producer, this can be regarded as a danger. But merely as a movie-goer, I regard it as all to the good.

A star making two pictures a year is very apt to give those pictures more thought and devotion than if making six a year. Producers will have to discover new personalities. Productions simply can not become so standardized under these arrangements and we, the public, will see some different pictures.

AND, incidentally, speaking of the pleasures of life, I don't mean to gossip or anything, having explained a few paragraphs back how I feel about that, but that second McCrea baby will be here about the time you are reading this.



● GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Lovely to look at, delightful to see — is Gladys Swarthout, who will make you revise the notion that all operatic stars are fair, fat and forty. A piquant personality . . . a charm and grace all her own . . . a voice of molten gold . . . audiences will take Miss Swarthout to their hearts when they see her in Paramount's colorful "Rose of the Rancho" in which she is co-starred with John Boles.

Advertisement

The VOICE from the GRAVE that

These uncannily accurate prophecies and warnings link Hollywood's great with a great woman three years dead!

By Frederick L. Collins

EVANGELINE ADAMS is dead. It is three years now since she ceased those mysterious earthly activities which linked her so closely with the supernatural. But she still lives in the careers of Hollywood celebrities who followed her astrological advice—and in our memories of those who didn't.

"Will Rogers has a very fortunate horoscope," I remember her saying, as we sat together in that famous studio in Carnegie Hall where the world's great, from John Burroughs to J. Pierpont Morgan the elder, had come so often for advice. "There is no reason why he shouldn't live to a very great age, if he takes care of himself."

"What do you mean, take care of himself?" I asked. "I know Will, and if ever a man lived an exemplary—"

"Oh, I don't mean that," replied the great astrologer. "The kind of care Will Rogers must take of himself is not to run unnecessary risks when he is under what we astrologers call 'accidental conditions'."

I did not need to ask the inevitable question, "When?"

Already, her fine eyes, which had been gazing out on the huddled rooftops of Midtown Manhattan, had dropped to the clock-like chart on the desk between us. The great astrologer was busy with those enigmatic scribblings by which she arrived at her inexplicable conclusions. Presently, she began rattling off a series of dates—I have my own written record of them in front of me as I write—when the beloved philosopher would be most in danger of losing his life.

"But by far the worst time," she concluded, "is the summer of 1935. That's when he'll be tempted to take unnecessary chances with some kind of a machine—an automobile or a train or an airplane—and if he does, it will wreck him."

She bent low over her figures. I could see that she was checking and double-checking her cold, mathematical calculations

"Yes," she said solemnly, "it will wreck him."

She told me the same thing about Wally Beery—only the date she set, when Wally would have to exercise the greatest care to avoid disaster, was 1940. I remember the Beery prediction distinctly, and so would you if you had been in my place:

"All people born at just the time Wallace Beery was born—and that includes you, Fred Collins—must be careful not to travel by air or water in January or February, 1940."



Out of the past came a command to Joan Crawford to avoid marriage this year! Wow—!

If Wally Beery is ruled by the "warning voice" he must not travel early in 1940

Naturally, although I was at that time the veriest unbeliever, and can't even now see *why* the things she foresaw came so amazingly and inescapably true—well, naturally, I wrote down the date, and I hope that my good friend Wally Beery, if he reads these lines, will do the same.

And while I am in the business of saving Hollywood lives, I might as well tell Ruth Chatterton to be careful, and, as the lamented Mr. Chevalier used to say, be careful *right now*—for Evangeline once said that Ruth was in grave danger of disaster during 1935 and 1936. The fact that Miss Chatterton, who used to work herself into a lather of worry every time George Brent insisted on going up in his plane, suddenly took up aviation on her own account in 1935 may not mean anything—I sincerely hope it doesn't mean anything for 1936—but she had better be careful, just the same.

For, understand it or not, believe it or not, a voice from the grave still rules Hollywood!

"Oh, yeah?" you say, you skeptics—and in my saner moments I am inclined to "Oh, yeah?" with you—but how are you going to explain away the fact that this strangely gifted woman could foresee death by airplane some fifteen years ago for the great Will Rogers, who at that time had never left the earth in anything giddier than an elevator?

I should explain, perhaps, that I know Evangeline Adams more intimately than any one else who touched her busy life, except of course her immediate family, and that it was our custom, because of our common interest in things theatrical, to discuss the horoscope of each new star of stage or screen the moment it, or he or she, rose above the theatrical horizon. Sometimes, the individual discussed would be a client of Miss Adams' with whose chart she was already familiar. For example, I remember seeing on her desk one day a telegram which began:

"DEAR EVANGELINE ADAMS PLEASE WIRE IF IT WILL BE SAFE FOR DOUGLAS TO FLY FROM HOLLYWOOD TO NEW YORK ON SATURDAY . . ."

The telegram was signed, as you have probably guessed—since it was dated back in the good old days of Pickfair happiness—"MARY PICKFORD."

Yes, Miss Adams had a big theatrical clientele but sometimes the horoscopes she discussed with me were of people whom she had never seen—and sometimes of people whose

GUIDES Hollywood



Those mysterious supernatural activities of Evangeline Adams let her foresee in 1932 Will Rogers' dire fate in 1935

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

names she didn't know. I remember handing her Jean Harlow's date when that gorgeous lady first flashed in Howard Hughes' "Hell's Angels." Evangeline didn't even know whether the owner of the birth date was a man or a woman.

"This person," she exclaimed, with that stark, scared look, which so often came into her eyes when she saw something alarming in a chart, "should *never* marry!"

This was long before the platinum one had married the ill-starred Paul Bern, or the bed-reading Hal Rosson—years before the rumors of her impending marriage to thin-man Bill Powell.

She said the same thing, by the way, about Gloria Swanson, but the statement in Gloria's case, was not so surprising, since la Swanson had already started on her long series of disastrous adventures with those gallant gentlemen, the Hollywood Swansoneers. She said what was to me a much more interesting thing about the beautiful Gloria.

"Miss Swanson's great talent is not acting. It's writing." And then she added, quite irrelevantly, as was her habit: "So is Jean Hersholt's."

It was Evangeline Adams who foresaw the striking comeback of Grace Moore



You'll be amazed at what was foretold about Garbo's private romantic life!

What was foreseen for Bing Crosby was the happiest augury of all the forecasts!





Eagerly I await the fulfillment of these two prophecies from the grave; for no two people in all Hollywood could write more interesting or more different stories.

For Miss Adams to say that a person should *never* marry was a most unusual occurrence. She believed in marriage, and died feeling that she had guided many a client into a successful marital career. But she was always warning those who came to her not to marry certain kinds of people or not to marry at all during certain unfavorable periods; and I feel sure that if she had been alive, she would have told Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone not to marry during 1935.

Joan's horoscope always intrigued her, because it showed with almost photographic clearness the inevitable reasons for her outstanding success in the movies; but it also showed that she should think long and earnestly before contracting a marriage with anyone during the year which is just closing or—I regret to say it, for I think Joan and Franchot are both swell people and I wish them well—1936. But now, the die is cast!

Miss Adams read Tone's horoscope long before he met Miss Crawford, while he was still an aspiring leading man with the Theatre Guild; and she read Claudette Colbert's at the same time. Claudette was a Theatre Guilder, too, you know, before she became Hollywood's busiest actress. I have looked up my notes on Evangeline's predictions for Miss Colbert, but all I can find is a warning to look out for some kind of violent attack from another person during late 1935 or early 1936, and the suggestion of a possible scandal sometime in 1935.

Well, Claudette has beaten her stars so far. She has certainly escaped mayhem during 1935; and scandal, too. Come to think of it, though, her divorce from Norman Foster, although there was nothing scandalous about it. did receive a good deal of publicity, and *that* in the eyes of an old New England puritan like Evangeline Adams—she was a descendant of old John and Samuel Adams, you know!—may have passed for "scandal."

For all her straight-laced ways, however, Evangeline had an uncanny flair for spotting unsuccessful marriages long before the world knew they were that way. I remember what she once said about Colleen Moore when Colleen was to all outward appearances happily married to the genial and recently Johan-ized John McCormick:

"You think of Colleen Moore as a gay, irresponsible youngster"—and who, in those bobbed days, didn't?—"but that is because she is a real actress; according to her chart, one of the finest actresses on the screen. But there is nothing irresponsible about this girl in real life. Her Mercury, which as you know, or ought to know, rules the mind, is in the systematic, methodical, planning sign Virgo. The only home that such a person will ever be happy in is one which she makes herself and over which she has exercised absolute dominion down to the smallest detail. Yet, a girl whose Venus is as strongly placed in the home sign Cancer as Colleen's is, must make some kind of home."

I have often thought of that long-ago reading of the stars in the light of Colleen's pride and satisfaction in her famous $500,000 doll house, perhaps the only home which she has been able to make herself and over which she could exercise fully her own will.

If you are as skeptical of all this stuff as I was when I first met Miss Adams, you are probably laughing at the possibility of an astrologer, sitting in a studio three thousand miles from Hollywood, knowing what was going to happen to a movie star five or even ten or fifteen years from the time she read his or her chart. Well, I have ceased to laugh. I knew and loved Rudolph Valentino—and this is what Evangeline Adams prophesied for Rudy more than three years before his death:

"The year 1925 will bring this actor under very contradictory aspects," she said. "It will depend wholly on his ability to propitiate the Fates as to whether he will be on the crest or submerged in the cellar so far as popularity is concerned."

Then she went on, in a conversation which was sprinkled with Saturns and Uranuses and Tauruses and such like, to explain that Rudy was under most depressing influences which might affect both his health and his reputation, bring out the most undesirable side of his character, expose him to public humiliation and gossip and rob him of his power and possibly of his life. On the other hand, if he disregarded outside influences and immersed himself in constructive work, it was just *possible* that he might make the very best picture of his career. These were her concluding words:

"There will, however, be no middle course for this actor in 1924 and extending into 1925. It must either be the banner time of his life, because he develops into being a star of the first magnitude, or he will be lost in space."

What happened was this:

Rudy, at the height of his career in January, 1924, was publicly crowned "King of the Movies." In July of that year he broke with his managers, involved himself in contract litigation, and entered upon a long period of absence from the screen. In November, Chicago organizations passed resolutions denouncing him as an actor and a man. The following year, he was publicly accused of having been a slacker in the world war and his wife, the gifted Rambova, sued him for divorce.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



■ Superb in suave "other woman" rôles, M-G-M's favorite meteor, Rosalind Russell, is Bill Powell's newest heroine. Those luminous brown eyes first saw light in Connecticut



▪ Charles Boyer, the most Latin sex-appeal since Valentino! The world and its girl-friend, mainly the girl-friend, excitedly await his return from England to do another film



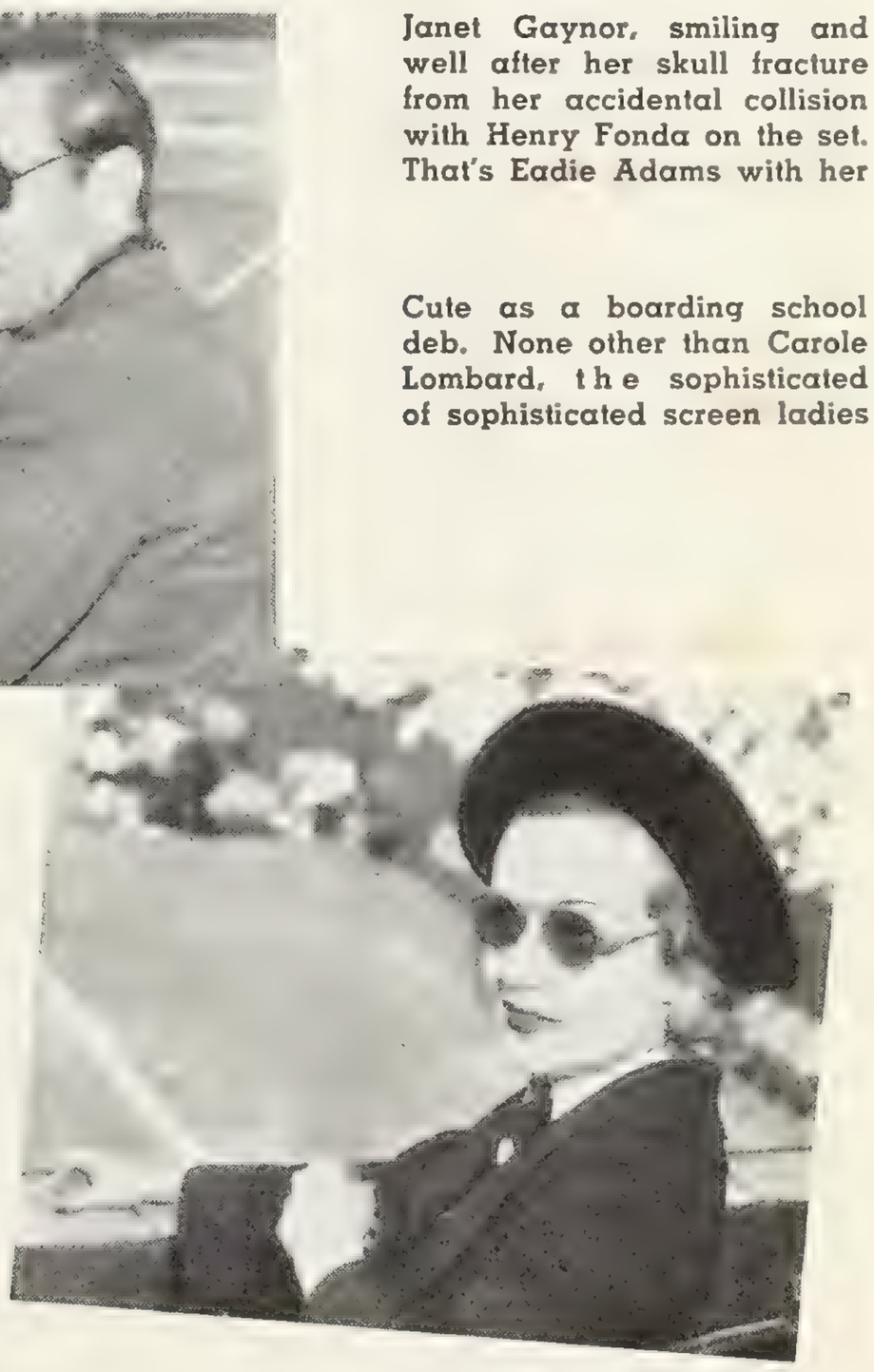
You'll probably be seeing her soon—Gloria Swanson. With Herbert Marshall, Warner Baxter, and Elizabeth Allan



Janet Gaynor, smiling and well after her skull fracture from her accidental collision with Henry Fonda on the set. That's Eadie Adams with her



The Gary Coopers, one of Hollywood's most-seen-together couples, about to enjoy a spot of tennis at the L. A. matches



Cute as a boarding school deb. None other than Carole Lombard, the sophisticated of sophisticated screen ladies

On the Spot NEWS

ROBERT TAYLOR'S FAN MAIL JUMPS TO 300 PER DAY

M-G-M star rewarded—gets "Three Live Ghosts" part

"TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE" NEXT ALL TECHNICOLOR

Sylvia Sidney signed for lead with Henry Fonda, MacMurray, Paulette Goddard wanted for cast, but Chaplin says no. Wants her to appear first in his film, "Modern Times," which will release later than "The Pine"

JOAN BENNETT SURPRISES HUBBY GENE MARKEY IN NEW YORK

Flies to meet his boat from Europe and thus spikes reports of domestic rift current for weeks

NO MORE ENGLAND FOR FAY WRAY

Writes friends she will stay in Hollywood on her return

POLLY ANN YOUNG TO WED J. CARTER HERMANN IN JANUARY

Lets news out at sister Sally Blane-Norman Foster nuptials

RANDOLPH SCOTT SAVES THE DAY FOR CAROLE LOMBARD AND HER PRODUCTION, "SPINSTER DINNER"

Looked as if it would have lived up to title—couldn't find a leading man to suit her

GARBO FROM ALL INDICATIONS TO MAKE HOLLYWOOD HER HOME ON HER RETURN

She's going to bring her two brothers with her

DIETRICH MOVES INTO SEVENTH HOUSE SINCE COMING TO HOLLYWOOD

WALLACE BEERY THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Introduces new-comer or old-timer on weekly radio broadcast in hope of giving them better break

Shirley Wants the Quintuplets

ON the night before Christmas when the stockings are hung by the chimney with care in the hope that St. Nicholas soon will be there the most famous child the world has ever known intends to stay awake in her little bed and keep her eyes very wide open. Because THIS year she expects to catch Santa Claus.

And what Shirley Temple wants Santa Claus to bring her for Christmas is the Dionne quintuplets.

She told me so herself.

Shirley Temple believes in Santa Claus. In fact, last year she heard on the roof the prancing and pawing of each little hoof and she caught just a glimpse of Santa Claus, but he was too quick for her. This Christmas she's going to be quicker. She told me that, too.

There is just one worry in Shirley's six-year-old mind as the day of cheer and holly and lighted candles draws near.

"There is a chimbley in our patio," she said, seriously, "I'm scared he'll come down that by mistake and then he'd be outside and how could he find my stocking?"

She contemplated this catastrophe gravely for a full minute, her head on one side, her mouth puckered. Then the smile that has made the whole world smile back at her twinkled out at me. "If I leave the door unlocked he'll come in the house all right, because to be Santa Claus he must be pretty smart, don't you think? Mother, can I be sure to leave the door unlocked Christmas Eve?"

Her mother said she could and Shirley returned momentarily to her spinach. (We were at lunch in her studio bungalow.)

She took a very large mouthful of spinach and remarked: "Of course he can't get the quintuplets in my stocking—nor the doll buggy either." That tickled her and she laughed that never-to-be-forgotten, never-to-be-recaptured laughter of childhood that trails clouds of glory. "I thought a lot," she said, when both the laughter and the spinach had disappeared. "If I went to sleep quick, in a minute it'd be morning and I could see my presents. But if I stay awake *every minute* and stick my eyes wide open, I might see Santa Claus. Which'd you do?"

I said I thought I'd try to stay awake but if I couldn't, I'd console myself when I woke up by remembering how quick Christmas had come.

"Santa Claus never makes any noise," said Shirley, "but the reindeers do. Dancer and Prancer and Dunder and Blitzen make noise. Mother, do I have to eat all my carrots and peas? I ate all my spinach."





for Christmas

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

"Yes, precious, you know you do," said Mrs. Temple's quiet, charming voice.

While Shirley concentrated on carrots and peas, I concentrated for a moment on Shirley. Shirley the irresistible.

It interested me greatly to know how this baby whose name is known to millions, whose little face is beloved in every civilized place on the globe, who earns thousands and thousands of dollars every week, was going to spend Christmas Day, what she thought about that day which has been consecrated since time immemorial to childhood.

I hadn't met her before—and I went with a combination of excitement and dread. I am a little inclined to believe in Santa Claus myself and I felt I just couldn't bear it if Shirley Temple wasn't—Shirley Temple. I do not as a rule like stage children nor child actors. I don't approve of them and I have seen tragedy surround them in their sacred youth and tragedy destroy them in their maturity too often. I have had my heart wrung by the poor self-conscious babies of the spotlight, by the unnatural life they lead, the hard little eyes peering out of little masks and affected voices saying studied phrases.

I felt, that morning, as I drove through a light California fog, that I couldn't bear it if Shirley Temple was like that off the screen. Shirley Temple belongs to me as she belongs to every mother. She's the living memory of the little girl who grew up—the little girl who grew up to be your best pal and your greatest pride, but who lives now only in the long ago. She's the baby daughter some women never had. She belongs to my boys, who continue to demand another baby sister just like Shirley Temple. I have laughed and wept with her and loved her as humanity must love kids if it's to go on at all. Well, knowing Shirley Temple will remain one of the exquisite experiences of my life, something to take out on days when life hurts, when faith slips through tired fingers, when ghosts of dead dreams and unanswered prayers bring heartaches. It's—it's *good* to find that love has been given where love belongs, that altars such as a confused, weary world has erected to this child are sure and steady altars. It's well to know we were right when we took this baby to our hearts and let a little child lead us into hours of simple tears and simple laughter that left us stronger and cleaner and more confident that God made us to be happy.

I might just as well break down right here and admit that finding Shirley Temple believing in Santa Claus as a love that surely would come to her on Christmas morning made my Christmas bound to be happier. When you know her, there still isn't any way to explain Shirley Temple. You just have to love her, that's all. As you adore Alice in Wonderland.

You see, Shirley doesn't know she's famous. She doesn't know she earns a fortune with her dancing steps and her twinkling smile. She doesn't know she's acting. She's the luckiest child in the world.

It's like this.

Your children and mine play house—they play Indian—they play dolls and G-men and war. They get rigged up

HOW THE MOST FAMOUS LITTLE GIRL



in cowboy suits or mother's old clothes. They dig trenches in the back yard and they get up shows and circuses and pretend to be Buck Rogers or the Little Princess. Well, Shirley Temple does that all day long, only she has the whole darn 20th Century-Fox studio to do it in, the wardrobe department to make her costumes, the art department to arrange her sets. That's all. The grown-ups don't always have time to make believe with the kids, you and I know that. We don't always have time to stop and be pirate chief or the train conductor. But Shirley Temple has Jimmy Dunn and John Boles and Bill Robinson there to play with her all day long. She IS Alice in Wonderland. And that's what keeps her normal and simple and happy. She's an imaginative child and they make a make-believe world for her and she plays in it with all her heart and soul.

And Christmas is just as big an adventure to her as it is to every other child in this land who hangs up a stocking with care.

"Do you expect," said Shirley, "that anybody ever gets tired of presents?"

Having dealt properly with the carrots and peas she got up sedately and backed up to her mother, and mother removed the hooped skirt and frilled pantalettes of the "Littlest Rebel" and Shirley went into the tiled bathroom of her studio bungalow, which to her isn't a star's dressing room but a play house par excellence. Pretty soon she called me in, her voice a conspiratorial whisper.

"I'm going to give mother a new watch for Christmas," she said, twinkling up at me. "Don't tell. You don't expect she'll get one for herself before Christmas, do you? That would be awful, wouldn't it?"

I said I was sure she wouldn't do that.

"Then that's all right," said Shirley, with a sigh of relief.

"I have an awful lot of Christmas shopping to do. But I'm making Daddy's present my own self. I can't tell *anybody* about that. It's a surprise."

And she didn't tell me.

"Are all your teeth real or have you got any false teeth?" she said suddenly.

I said that to date my teeth were all my own and Shirley shook her head in pity. "Come on in and see me put on my false tooth," she said.

We went into the small shiny white dressing room. Shirley opened her mouth with great expectation and rolled her eyes at me and pointed one small finger at her teeth. One of the front ones hadn't quite grown down yet—the pearly little second tooth. Her mother adjusted a tiny porcelain cap over it and Shirley squirmed and wriggled with delight. Then she showed me the result with pardonable pride. "I got a false tooth," she said, with a wide grin.

"What's the nicest part of Christmas, Shirley?" I said.

"My bruvvers'll come home," said Shirley instantly.

There are two big brothers. Jack who is at Stanford University, and George, Jr. who is at New Mexico Military Institute.

"It's lonesome having my bruvvers at school like that," said Shirley. Then her face lighted up. "But if they hadn't gone away it wouldn't be so much fun having 'em come home."

"More fun than presents?" I asked.

"O—hh, yes!" said Shirley, wiggling frantically, while her hoop skirts were readjusted.

"Do stand still, precious," said Mrs. Temple.

"All right," said Shirley, and stood still for thirty seconds and then began wiggling once more. "Last year I had presents and presents and presents. All the rooms were full of presents and presents. It looked more fun to open them and it took me days and days. I opened and opened. I had so many presents I could give a whole lot of them away. A *whole* lot."

"Do you like a Christmas tree?" I asked.

"Yes," said Shirley, "but I like hanging up my stocking best. You have to wait till morning—that's the most fun."

We went back to the set and then I really fell in love with Shirley Temple forever and ever.

The scene in the picture went something like this: Big Boy Williams, playing a drunken Yankee soldier, told Shirley to pull off his boots. He leaned back in his chair and Shirley pretended to pull off his boots, and instead she shoved him over backward and he went flat on the floor. Then he jumped up and chased her, murder in his eye. The chase was to end when he caught her directly in front of the camera. The re-

IN THE WORLD WILL SPEND CHRISTMAS



These most delightful pictures of Shirley Temple speak for themselves. And there's not a human being, young or old, wealthy or poor, who won't feel richer in spirit when he's read this great story

hearsals went off perfectly, but when they started to shoot Shirley had discovered that if she ran as fast as she could, Big Boy Williams couldn't catch her until she was at the other end of the set. That, decided Shirley, was much more fun than stopping right in front of the camera for a close-up. So, squealing with laughter, she beat Big Boy Williams to the other end of the set and came back still uproarious, shouting to Director David Butler, "I can run faster than he can—I can run faster than he can." It was a glorious game and Shirley liked her own version of it much better than the one in the script. "I can run faster than anybody," she yelled gleefully.

All the lights and the cameras and the people didn't mean anything to her. It was more fun to beat Big Boy Williams. It took quite a while to convince her that she had to do it the other way and then the close up of terror was amazing

"I'm not really scared of you, Big Boy," she told him, patting his arm. "I'm just pretending."

The Christmas of the world's most famous child will be—Christmas. As quiet as Mrs. Temple can make it. As simple. The boys will be home from school. Grandmother will be there. A tree. A stocking by the fireplace. Turkey. Presents that Shirley gives and gets. Shirley [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



Abroad he acquired that English way of dressing and talking that leads so many people to think of him as English-born

The Private Life

The real facts—from noodle soup to his great romance—

NECKTIES get Fred Astaire down He has as many of them as Bill Powell has hats — which, the last time I looked into Bill's closet, was fifty, and probably is a hundred by now.

But there is a difference between Fred's ties and Bill's hats, a difference other than color and shape. Fred *wears* his ties. Bill doesn't wear his hats. He just collects them as another nut might collect Napoleana or Americana or Hollywoodana. They're museum pieces, Bill's hats, all except the old gray one he has always worn and always will wear—and that's sort of a museum piece, too.

Fred's ties, on the other hand, are in continual circulation. He can only wear one at a time—such is the silly rule! — but he sometimes tries on as many as fifteen before he finds that one. And then, just for good measure, he ties the runner-up around his middle as a belt.

He probably got the idea from his pal, the Prince of Wales. Davy has a suit for every day in the year—and many a time he refuses to go to the royal sewing circle because he really hasn't anything to wear!

But, back to Fred.

When in New York, Fred did his neckties daily dozen in a big, sunny, mannish bedroom, the walls of which were littered with pictures of famous race horses. The bedroom couldn't very well help being sunny because it was in a penthouse on the roof of 875 Park Avenue. It wasn't as big a penthouse as the late Ivar Kreuger's, and it didn't have a tree growing up in the middle of it. But Fred's penthouse was plenty big enough to house him and his ties, and in the pre-altar days, his mother and his sister.

It can hardly be said that they lived extravagantly, considering that Fred and his sister were getting $4,000 a week from Ziegfeld in 1931. But to appreciate the causes for the simple tastes of the Astaires, it is necessary to go back to the beginning, to Omaha. Now I am not going to tell you much of Fred's early life, for you must already have read that since his climb to movie fame. But a sort of broad outline of Freddie from Omaha to Hollywood can do no harm.

In character and career, Fred Astaire may seem to resemble the bubbling effervescence of champagne rather than the slow, heavy foaming of the humbler beer. But Fred's father was a brewer; and prohibition—Nebraska being a state where they take such things seriously—ruined his business; and so fat little Freddy and his talented sister had to "take steps" to retrieve the family fortunes.

We should drink to Mr. Volstead then, we admirers of the man who has made the nation dance-conscious, because it was the much abused Eighteenth Amendment and the still more abused Volstead Law that gave us Fred Astaire.

Of course, as all the world should know by now, his name wasn't Astaire but Austerlitz. Why the change from Germany to France, nobody knows. But when the dancing pair finally



of Fred Astaire

about the shyest star of all

By Frederick Lewis

At the ripe old age of six and seven Fred and Adele were cavorting in amateur theatricals in New York — like this!

appeared at a Winter Garden Sunday Night Concert in New York, Monday morning critics *did* solemnly comment on "the Parisian chic of the young Astaires."

Of course, Delly and Freddy didn't make the Winter Garden in one jump. As a matter of fact, they didn't make anywhere for some time, except the local dancing school, where brown-eyed Freddy was known as "that talented Austerlitz girl's little brother."

Subsequently, Mother Astaire brought her two "Nebraska golliwoggles" to New York. She still had enough money to pay for dancing lessons, and she believed in going to one school for one kind of step and to another for another. That's how so many dancing masters are now able to stick out their heaving chests and say, with some show of truth:

"I taught Fred Astaire."

One dancing teacher did do something for the kids. That was Ned Wayburn. Ned wrote their first one-act skit, "A Rainy Saturday." It was while they were doing this act at a charity entertainment, when Fred was a little less than eight and Adele was a little more than nine, that Martin Beck, head of the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit, is said to have offered them thirty weeks in the sticks on the two-a-day

"Two-a-day!" exclaimed Sister Adele, in recalling those early troupings. "Pollyanna was a pessimist compared with the humorist who first called vaudeville the two-a-day. Two-a-day for us would have meant that the theater had burned down in the middle of the afternoon."

Behind the gayety with which both Astaires now speak of those first struggles lie years of draughty little vaude ville houses in Western one-horse towns, all-night journeys in stuffy day coaches, meals, if any, in greasy, one-arm lunchrooms — and two forlorn youngsters in their early teens, who hoped for some better spot than the "opener" on vaudeville bills. They had great courage, those two.

At last, the break came—or so they thought. Their act was booked, for a solid week at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater in New York, where Douglas Fairbanks was the headliner. Of course, they opened the bill. They expected that. But they didn't expect to get their notice after the first performance on Monday afternoon. But when Freddy, who was business manager as well as dance originator and ballet master, went around to the theater office to ask why the act was cancelled he got his answer in four words:

"Because it was terrible !"

Six weeks later, they were on Broadway again, really on Broadway, filling a featured spot in Ed Wynn's "Over the Top."

"That," commented Freddy as he told the story, "is show business."

Whatever it was, Fred Astaire had his chance, at last, to show the show-shop world "the feet that can talk and sing."



Left, Fred and sister Adele when they were ten and eleven; center, a year later, when professional photographers came into their lives; right, at the ages of thirteen and fourteen, those difficult days of training, filled with school and dancing classes and the ever-present hope for a better "spot"

After "Over the Top" came "The Passing Show," "Apple Blossoms," "The Love Letter," "The Bunch and Judy," and "Round the Town"—then "For Goodness Sake," Europe and the Grand Slam!

It was in London that Fred began to pull away, artistically I mean, from his popular madcap sister. Perhaps it was a case of the prophet and his own country. Anyhow, when Fred Astaire sailed away from New York, he was considered by all but a few of the most discriminating as just another snappy hoofer; when he arrived in London, he was immediately hailed as a master.

"Mr. Astaire is an actor from the knees down . . . his ankles articulate ecstasy or despair . . . every footflicker tells a story . . . his laughing eyes . . . his smile, illuminated by intelligence . . . an impish soul in an Every-man's body . . . feet that tell a love story . . . comedian . . . a man of the world . . . commanding all the secrets of caressing . . . the gallery rose to frenzy . . . in the stalls, *the women by their glances betokened beatitude. . . .*"

But to get back to 875 Park Avenue. Mother Astaire was a wise woman. She had Omaha ideas. Adele used to say that her mother only allowed her a hundred dollars a week out of her $2,000, even though she, Adele, was thirty-one when she quit. I imagine Mother pursued more of a hands-off policy with the man of the house—it's still a man's world, especially with mothers—but she was certainly no playgirl when it came to household expenses.

There was Mandy, last name unknown, who served as general, colonel and major factotem. Mandy's chief job was to answer the telephone, and say nothing. Delly's maid was Louize Lux, presumably of the well known Suddsy Luxes of Hollywood and points East. Louise's motto was "Keep the pretties clean." Tom Gisborn ran the Rolls Royce. That was a little something that got by Ma! In fact, it got by everybody the way Tom drove it.

Tom led a hard life. His boss was always getting away from him. Once he glanced back in the traffic on Fifth Avenue in front of the Public Library and found the back seat absolutely Astaireless. Tom was puzzled. He knew that the boss's reading was confined within closely charted limits: detective pulps and racing form sheets. Fred was not one to while away an afternoon browsing about the library. But Tom had been caught with his back door open before He eased his big boat up to the curb, and waited.

And waited! Finally, the "young master" emerged from Woolworth's on the Fortieth Street corner munching something which he had extracted with difficulty from a paper bag. He had spent an hour and three quarters in the Five-and-Ten, and all he'd bought was a bag of popcorn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Remember, boys, that little girl second from the left is the talented dramatic actress I discovered in Caliente last week-end

WE COVER



The "hit-makers," director Wes Ruggles, Claudette Colbert, and writer Claude Binyon talk it up

The place where the most things happen in Hollywood is right smack in the studios. That probably sounds so simple to you there seems to be little sense in stating it, and yet most reporters hang around the Trocadero bar, the Vendome at lunch time, the studio press departments, to get what news they garner.

The new PHOTOPLAY *wants to bring you, monthly, exactly what is really happening in the most fascinating town on earth. You'll get the drama and the color and the personalities, we promise, but we also want to give you the facts.*

With this in mind, PHOTOPLAY *herewith starts a new department. Every picture shooting will be visited direct on the set each month.*

We'll tell you just what the new pictures are about, who's in them, and the little stories that lie behind the dramatic stories that you finally see on the screen.

Hollywood is boiling these days. This month, each week, more than forty pictures have been working. Some of those pictures finish in seven days. Others take months.

Watch this department for the complete news on each and all of them regularly.

R. W.

THE first stop on our tour of the month's most interesting "pictures in the work" took us to the bustling Warner lot, where the outlook is so optimistic they are building three huge new sound stages.

It's all pirates, blood and thunder on the "Captain Blood" set. This is Warner's big outdoor thriller and about two million dollars are being invested in it. That two million is being risked on an actor you have never seen.

Errol Flynn is his name. He's a tall, graceful Irishman with a delicate handsomeness that belies his background. Twenty-six years old, he has been amateur light-heavy weight boxing champion of Ireland, has dived for pearls in the South Seas, captained a freighter, and prospected for gold in New Guinea.

We watched Mr. Flynn do a long difficult scene on board the ship, *Cinco Laggos*. The ship is a beautiful model of studio craftsmanship, being an exact copy of the one used in the outdoor takes. They have to have this one for the close-ups. You can't take close-ups on a pitching ocean. In this sequence, Flynn addresses a group of pirates. In the background is a painted ocean, decorated with tinselled bits of silver and gold paper so that when you squint it is exactly like sunshine on

THE STUDIOS

An Early Bird's-Eye View Of Pictures in the Making

By Michael Jackson



Eric Linden and Cecelia Parker, the young lovers (off-screen, no!) in O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness"

Warner Baxter as the bold, bad man in "Robin Hood of Eldorado," a tale of the exciting days of '49

water. Michael Curtiz, the director of the film and the man who made "Black Fury," let us look through the camera. The scene is absolutely real through that glass eye.

As the camera moves back and forth to give the effect of the ship's roll, the ocean, synchronized, moves up and down, too. It's just like being at sea.

Flynn, still bearing scars from a too realistic saber duel the script demanded with Basil Rathbone, tells his crew what reward they will receive if wounded by the enemy. Five hundred guilder for loss of a right arm. Five hundred for loss of an eye. The same for loss of a right leg. Four hundred for the loss of a left arm or leg. "If a man's lucky, he can get rich!" pipes one of the tough looking crew.

"Greedy, greedy," mutters Pirate Guy Kibbee.

"Captain Blood" is taken from the Rafael Sabatini thriller. Flynn and his men are seen as fugitives in the King Charles' rebellion. Once useful members of society, they intend to plunder their way back to security. A richly costumed and lavishly mounted affair, "Captain Blood" should be a stirring adventure film. I suspect that Mr. Flynn, recently married to Lily Damita, is a star of the future.

Straight from this lusty atmosphere, we went to the "Enemy of Man" set, where the air is almost sanctified. For here a great actor is portraying a great man. You feel conscious of that immediately. "Enemy of Man" is based on the life of Dr. Louis Pasteur. Paul Muni plays the physician-chemist.

The scene is in a hospital. All about are extras quietly lying in bed. Pasteur—you can't help thinking of Muni as the character he portrays—is near death himself. He is an old man, somehow very noble and kind, yet sad with a sort of world weariness. Muni wears a grey beard and his hair is touched with grey. His face is not heavily lined, nor are his hands made up. Yet every little gesture conveys his age. Pretending illness, Muni is pushed up to the camera in a wheelchair.

William Dieterle rehearses the scene slowly. Dieterle always wears spotless white gloves when he directs. We asked the press department why. They said he had given so many reasons they didn't know themselves. The extras lie in their beds, waiting for the lights and cameras. We asked one of them if that wasn't a fine job lying in bed all day.

"No," he said simply. Extras don't like anything.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

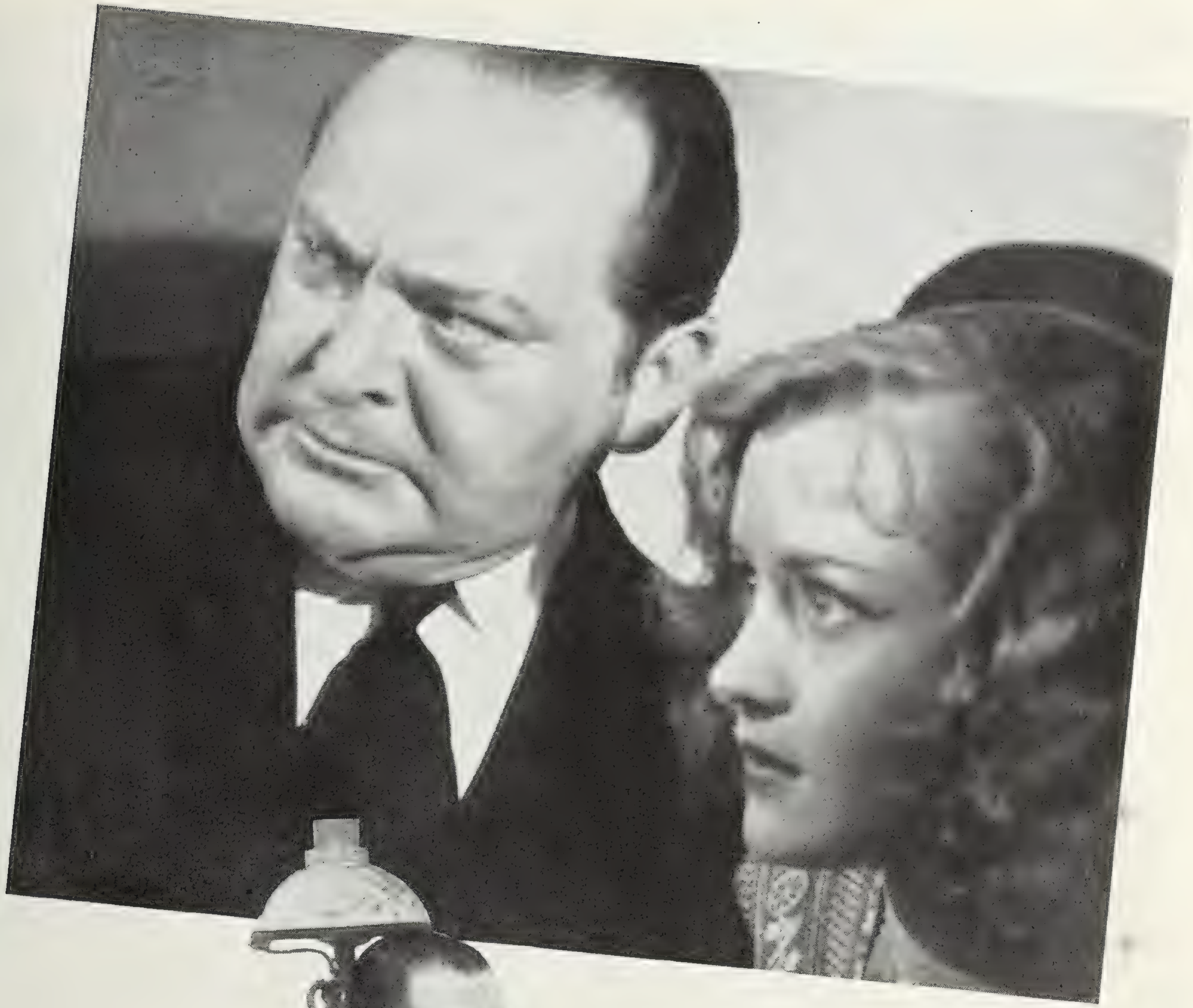


The eyes of the law! Movie or no movie, they set your rich red corpuscles racing. The coldly calculating brain behind the twin points of steel is Edward Arnold's, the inspector, in Dostoievsky's aptly titled "Crime and Punishment"



Lorre, the criminal in "Crime and Punishment," achieves his "menace" without the use of any make-up. He merely has his pate close-cropped

The candid camera shot, right, of Lorre and Marian Marsh and the other remarkably graphic pictures in this spread are by Victor Haveman



Edward Arnold, with his triumph as Diamond Jim still echoing, is expected to attain even greater heights as a character delineator in "Crime and Punishment." Marian Marsh, with him above, is the prostitute in the storied tragedy. Her assignment to the film raises a neat question. Columbia, in entering the motion picture world's heavy-classics tourney after smash hits in the lighter field, with such as "It Happened One Night," and "One Night of Love," engaged the deDietriched Von Sternberg. Now, without Dietrich, will Marsh become Von Sternberg's new Trilby? Oddly coincidental is the fact Marian played Trilby to John Barrymore's Svengali in the picture of that name. The European star, Peter Lorre, left, came to the American movie-goer's attention with the imported "M," and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." But his first Hollywood picture, "Mad Love," was a set-back to the promise in the two earlier films. The Dostoievsky tragedy should prove whether the set-back was temporary



Face Down

By Charles J. Kenny

Illustration by Frank Godwin

CHAPTER VII

DICK BRENT held out his arms. "Take it easy," he cautioned.

For a moment he thought that she didn't see him. Then she gave one last, startled glance over her shoulder and flung herself into his arms.

"What is it?" Dick asked. "What's the matter?"

"That awful thing," she gasped, "back of me. It's coming! It's coming! I tell you it's coming!"

Dick looked down the vacant corridor and said, "Steady now. There's nothing coming."

She buried her face against his shoulder and shuddered, clinging to him until her fingers dug through his coat.

"Listen," he told her, "you've got to snap out of it. Turn around and look down the corridor. You can see for yourself there's no one coming."

She kept her head pressed tightly against his coat.

"Come on," he told her, "turn around and look."

Gently he raised his hands to her face, forced her to look back down the corridor.

"No! No! No!" she screamed. "Don't make me. I can't bear to see it again."

"See what?" he asked.

"It," she said, twisting her face free and holding herself close to him as a frightened child clings to his parent.



Dick Brent whirled on the girl. "You," he said, "killed him. You were having an argument with him as I arrived. I heard it"

For a moment they stood motionless, and in that moment the wind whipped around the house, moaning from a low-pitched sound into a shrill scream.

Dick felt her suck in her breath, knew that she was going to scream again. He pressed his hand over her lips.

"Now listen," he told her, "come down to earth. Where's Alter?"

She shook her head and raised her hands to push his palm from her lips. Her eyes, staring at him over the top of his hand, were glassy and distended with horror.

Dick realized there was only one thing to be done and he did it.

Bending slightly, he placed one arm about her waist, one about her knees, swung her from the floor and carried her into the room. He sat her down in a chair. She clung to his hand.

"Don't go away," she said.

Dick thought perhaps a bit of facetiousness might help.

"I'm only going over to that big chair and sit down," he told her. "You can send me a wire if you need me, or if it's something urgent, write a note and pin it to the arm of your chair. Or, perhaps you'd prefer to come and sit on my lap."

"Yes," she told him, "I'll sit on your lap."

Dick looked at her and saw that she was in earnest, so he crouched by the side of her chair, holding her hand in his left hand, patting the back of it gently with his right.

"If there's really someone in this house," he said, "I want to know it. I want to know where he is and what he looks like. All this hysterical business isn't helping us any. Tell me what happened."

"Close the door," she pleaded.

Dick closed the door, hesitated a moment, then pushed the chair against it in such a way that the back of the chair was under the knob of the door.

She sat motionless, save for her eyes, which followed his every move.

"Come back over here," she begged, "and tell me who you are."

He came to her and she grabbed at his hand, clinging tightly to his wrist and fingers.

"The name," he said, "is Brent, Dick Brent."

"I've never heard of you," she told him. "Are you a friend of Mr. Alter?"

He avoided the question. "Right now," he said, "the big thing is to talk about *you*. Tell me *your* name."

He thought perhaps she might lie to him, but she said frankly, "I'm Merla Smith."

"I think," he told her, "I've heard of you. Aren't you the daughter of J. Benton Smith?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing here?"

He could see that she was trying to keep him from discovering something, and the necessity of keeping that something from him did more to restore her poise than all of his reassurances.

"When you saw me," she said, "I was running down the corridor."

"How long had you been here?"

"I didn't look at the time when I came."

"Had you seen Alter?"

"Naturally. One doesn't enter a person's house without seeing the host."

"Where is Alter?"

"I don't know. He was here in this room . . . that is . . . I don't know."

"Were you here when I rang the bell?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid you'll have to ask Mr. Alter about that."

"Why were you calling on him?"

"Need we go into that?"

"I think we'd better."

"Well," she said, her eyes now back to normal dimensions and surveying him with wary appraisal, "Mr. Alter is a lawyer. It might have been that I was consulting him in his professional capacity. On the other hand, it might have been merely a social visit. Alter is a very eligible bachelor, you know. Of course, Dad might not approve of him. Dad's ideas of legal ethics might not be exactly the same as Mr. Alter's."

Brent waited until her eyes were fastened on his. They now held that mocking expression of amused tolerance with which young women of the modern generation regard persistent masculine attempts to overcome feminine resistance.

"Look here," he said, "did you know Dr. Copeland?"

That question jarred her out of her composure. She tried to set her face in a mask so that he could not read her expression, and failed. Apprehension darkened her eyes.

"Go on," he told her, "answer."

"Yes," she said, "I know him."

"Intimately?"

"No."

"In a friendly or professional capacity?"

"Neither."

"What was it?"

"I'm not going to tell."

Brent released his hand from her gripping fingers. Those fingers were ice cold.

"Now listen," he told her, "you and I are going to have an understanding. You may not like it, and when I'm done you may not like me, but whether you like it or not, we're going to have an understanding.

"Now, Alter had occasion to mention a certain person early this evening. He didn't want to give that person's real name so he referred to her as Mary Smith. At that time I didn't think much of it. Mary Smith is rather a common name, but that person was connected in some way with Dr. Copeland. Now, I'm wondering if the name *Mary* Smith didn't pop into Frank Alter's mind because he was thinking of *Merla* Smith."

She sat perfectly motionless, and after a moment said tonelessly, "This person was a woman?"

"Naturally."

"She was connected with Dr. Copeland?"

"Yes."

"And Frank Alter was representing her?"

"Yes."

She inhaled a deep, quivering breath, and in a voice which she fought to keep from showing emotion said, "Who was the woman?"

Dick shook his head.

"And she was mixed up in some way with Dr. Copeland?"

"You might say," Brent said, "that she knew something about Dr. Copeland's murder. You see, Dr. Copeland . . ."

Her quick, gasping intake of breath warned him. He stopped, watched the expression of her eyes.

"Dr. Copeland dead!" she exclaimed. "Do you know what you're talking about? Are you sure?"

He nodded.

"Good heavens, it's impossible. It can't be. Why I saw him only . . . Never mind . . . No matter. Only you're mistaken. He can't be dead."

"Don't spread it on *too* thick," Brent warned. "If you want to register surprise, that's one thing. If you want to lay a foundation for your innocence, that's another. I said Dr. Copeland had been murdered. Now, tell me what you know about *that*."

"N-n-n-n-nothing."

"Yes you do."

"No I don't. Honestly. On my word of honor I know nothing about it. Only, perhaps it's going to change things very much so far as I'm concerned. I must think it over."

Brent, watching her, said, "You're all right now. You've got a grasp on yourself again."

"Was that why you were questioning me?" she asked.

"Partially," he said.

He stepped to the door, pulled back the chair. As he opened the door, a gust of wind rushed down the corridor, and billowed the curtains.

Brent said, slowly, "H-m-m-m . . . that didn't happen before. Something's been left open Tell me, where's Alter. Did he go out?"

"I tell you I don't know. I didn't see Alter."

Dick raised his voice and shouted, "Oh Frank, Frank Alter! Hell-o-o-o-o!"

There was no answer. The wind howled down through the corridor.

"What was it you saw?" Dick asked her

She could control herself now.

"I didn't see anything," she told him. "It was dark. Some one clicked a switch and the corridor was all black, and then this thing jumped out at me. There were fingers clutching at my throat. My God, he almost got me!"

"Where was he when he turned out the lights?"

"In one of the bedrooms down the corridor."

"Where were you?"

"In the corridor."

"And then what happened?"

"I walked past the door and the lights went out. Then he jumped out at me. He grabbed and his hand caught in my blouse. He almost had me by the throat. It was my backward leap that saved me."

"So then what?"

"Then I turned and ran as hard as I could."

"And what happened?"

"I heard him coming after me."

"You could hear him running? What was it like? Describe it."

"Yes, I could hear him run. He ran like an animal, a *pad-pad-pad*. Oh I know what it was. He didn't have any shoes on. I heard his feet and I could hear him breathe. It was a peculiar breathing. It sounded as though his mouth was open and his breath was hot and smelly, like the breath that comes from a caged lion, if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean," Dick told her.

There was a telephone in a corner of the room. Dick crossed to it.

"What's that?" he asked, suddenly looking toward the corridor.

Her frightened eyes turned toward the door, and, having made certain that she could not watch the number he was turning on the dial, Dick dialed Vilma Fenton's number.

A moment later he heard the butler's voice on the wire.

"This is Dick Brent," he said. "I left there a few minutes ago. You'll remember me, James."

"Yes, sir, I remember you perfectly, sir. If you'll pardon my saying so, sir, I'm going to remember you for a long time. And the name is not James. It's Arthur."

"Quite right, Arthur," Brent said. "Tell your mistress I'm on the line."

A moment later he heard Vilma Fenton's voice.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so glad you called. I want to tell you . . ."

"Listen," he interrupted, "this [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

What Has Gone Before:

DICK BRENT, detective, has been engaged by Frank Alter, a lawyer, to keep the name of lovely Vilma Fenton—whom he calls Mary Smith, but whom Brent recognizes as Vilma—out of the investigation of the murder of Dr. Copeland. Alter double crosses Brent, and tries to pin the murder on him. Brent escapes the trap set for him and goes to warn Vilma Fenton. While he's waiting for her, her butler is struck down by a mysterious person who escapes. Brent, baffled for the time, goes to Alter's home. Through a window, he sees the lawyer talking to Merla Smith, prominent society débutante. But when Brent enters the house, the same room where Merla Smith was, she's nowhere to be seen, and Alter says he is alone. Alter leaves the room to get Brent a drink. As Brent waits, Merla Smith races screaming along the corridor, and collapses in Brent's arms as he dashes out of the room. "Don't let it get me!" she cries. "It tried to choke me!" Hysterical, she again screams

OUR NEW PERSONALITY of this MONTH



A New Career at 62

By Kirtley Baskétte



Fred Stone and his talented daughters, Paula, Dorothy, Carol, as the old master—sorry—the young feller—points up their steps. And headlines once screamed: "Stone Never to Dance Again!"

THE preview was almost over. Next to the rugged, ruddy faced man with the thinning curly hair, watching himself for the first time on the screen, sat a man whose maverick iron-grey shock fell close to keen eyes. His own shadow face was nothing new to those eyes, but the début of his best friend had made them more than usually alert.

Suddenly they turned, and a bronzed hand reached out from broad shoulders to bestow an assuring slap on his friend's knee. Will Rogers pulled his wide grin wider with a wink.

"Okay. Fred," he whispered, "okay."

Fred Stone, one of the greatest entertainers Broadway ever knew, can look to that last whispered tribute from Will Rogers, one of the greatest entertainers Hollywood ever knew, for a benediction upon the new career which is beginning for him at sixty-two.

For only a few days after that preview of "Alice Adams," Bill Rogers flew away to join the old timers of the Cherokee Strip and Fred Stone, a boy from the Kansas plains next door, stayed, wet-eyed, to cross his trouping trail as he had crossed it in the old days

But this is not the story of the friendship of those two fine

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP



Cupid keeps right on going in Hollywood. First of our romantic pairs are Henry Fonda and Shirley Ross leaving the Cafe Trocadero. Marriage is expected at an early date



Gilbert Roland, always with Constance Bennett wherever Connie appears, decides to turn the tables and to get a shot of the cameraman at the Los Angeles tennis matches



Sally Blane, who has become Mrs. Norman Foster since this picture was taken, and her devoted Norman interchanging glances



The newest object of Jackie Coogan's affections is Betty Grable. Unless this romance lasts a week we just won't take it seriously

THOUGH she never worked with him, Shirley Temple is already showing unmistakable signs of that ready wit of Will Rogers'. Shirley met the Gallic actress, Simone, the other day and decided it would be a good time to put her six months' lessons in French to the acid test. She started firing questions at Simone. Simone listened attentively but each time had to ask for a repetition in English.

Finally Shirley threw up her hands in disgust

"Miss Simone," she said. "I guess you and I just don't speak the same kind of French."

WITH the tiny patter of little feet and all that expected in the Fred Astaire household before long, Fred has already started hustling to buy baby the needed new shoes.

Fred will drag down an over-riding percentage on top of his salary for his next twinkle-toes epic, "Follow the Fleet." You'll be glad to know that his little side-kick, Ginger, get's a few more kopeks on her salary check too. You'll also be glad to know that those rumors about Ginger and Fred being mad at each other and jealous, and anxious to split up professionally is just a lot of old apple-butter.

They never have been pals, they never have been intimate or even close. They don't go around together socially very much. It's a strictly business arrangement, but they both have plenty of respect for each other, and neither one is taking all the bows. There—I guess that clears *that* up.

CAROLE LOMBARD is no longer wearing that 80 karat trifle given her by Bill Powell during the halcyon period of marital accord.

She's replaced it with a 152 karat star sapphire she gave herself.

EMILY POST would have had some work cut out for her over at the 20th Century-Fox lot the other day.

On one stage were Lawrence Tibbett, Mrs. Tibbett No. 1 and the children, Mrs. Tibbett No. 2, and Virginia Bruce who, 'tis whispered, thinks Larry is pretty swell herself.

AFTER all these years, Josef von Sternberg has decided to stay with us movie people for a permanent while—at least the old maestro is practically done with his new house away out Chatsworth way in the San Fernando Valley, not far from Joel McCrea's rancho.

Von has put himself up a very modern-modern house. It's miles away from everyone you ever knew and (he hasn't decided yet) but it looks as if the whole exterior will be covered with bronze paint. Won't that be nice?

However, what makes us wonder what bothers Joe is the fact that we understand all of his glassware, windows, door fronts, everything is to be *bullet-proof glass!*

OF HOLLYWOOD

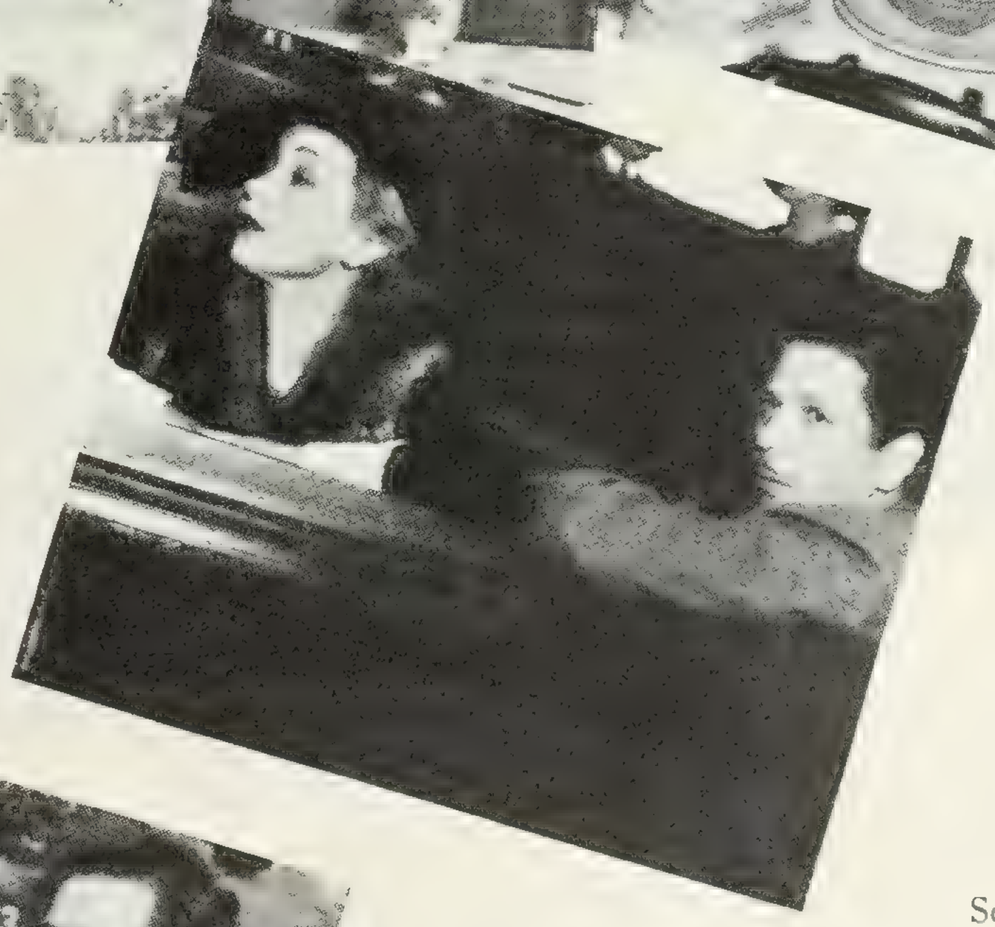


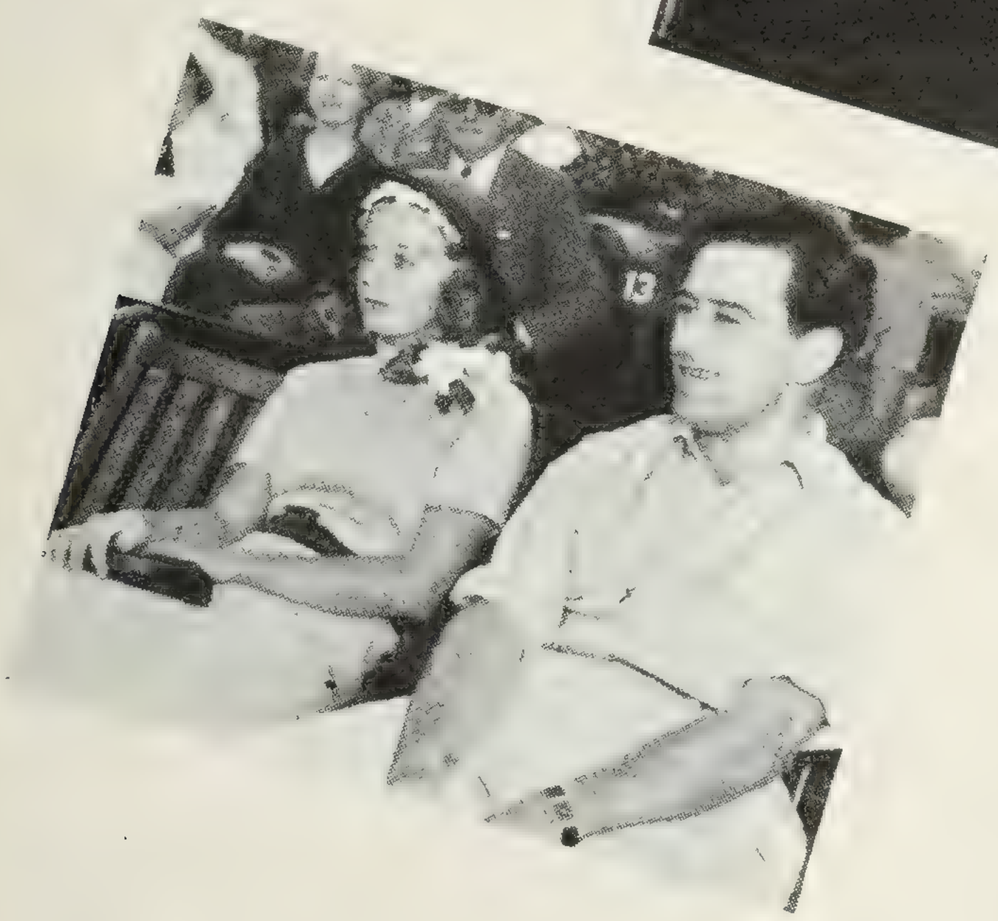
Helen Vinson, the very new Mrs. Fred Perry, serves wedding cake to her guests Ralph Bellamy, Wally Ford, Johnny Mack Brown, Walter Connolly. Her bridegroom, Fred Perry, is second from left

Photos by Hyman Fink



On the day they left Hollywood for New York and marriage Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone looked starry eyed and loving even on milk and fruit





Why Miss Sothern! What are you so haughty about, and yet so nice, too? That's Mr. Roger Pryor and we know you like him

Margaret Sullavan and her husband, William Wyler, who really do have a swell time together despite little flashes of temperament

THE ghost of Napoleon caused Warner Brothers *beaucoup* grief and trouble—just as old Nap himself caused a lot of other people a bit of worry during his mortal span.

After keeping it up the sleeve for some moons now, we understand that anyone who wants to step up and buy the script can do so at a modest and reasonable sum.

What's more the buyer can have Paul Muni as the Little Corporal, if they want him. Paul has been cuh-razy to play the part for a long time, but so many stars at Warner Brothers wanted to play Bonaparte that it looked like a Civil War if they made the picture on the home lot.

OVER Paramount way they're resurrecting that old "Horses, horses, crazy over horses" thing for Charlie Gorman's benefit.

For Charlie's had the delicate task of bleaching Agnes—and Agnes is a horse.

A trick horse was needed, it seems, for an important part in Harold Lloyd's new "Milky Way" and it had to be a white horse. Agnes could do tricks, but she wasn't white. So into the bleach pots she went.

Bleaching a horse turns out to be somewhat of a gargantuan task and rather expensive. Only half a horse can be bleached at a time, for one thing, and it takes five bleaches to turn brown into white when it's a horse.

So far the score is 20 gallons of peroxide, 20 pounds of white henna and 5 gallons of ammonia.

And still going strong.

Agnes is quite put out about it all.

SHE'S young and she's pretty and she's got a pretty swell dad. But——

The other day she came to Max Factor with a tale of woe.

"Blast the day you made that elegant white toupee for dad," she moaned. "Now he thinks he's a Kentucky colonel and you should see our liquor bill!"

NAT PENDLETON comes in for our special "Better Manners For Pets" medal this month.

Nat goes for snakes as little house-mates, and he's been making a labor of love out of training his little reptilian not to stick his tongue out at guests!

THE Beverly Hills city fathers don't know it yet, but the name of Alpine Drive has been officially changed by three of its eminent residents.

It is now known as "Harmony Row." And the new name is the brainchild of Nelson Eddy, Gladys Swarthout and Lawrence Tibbet who all live in a row next to each other.

Incidentally all complain to each other about the noise next door.





Virginia Bruce, the belle of all parties, is a lovelier than ever picture when dated by the handsome Cesar Romero. Isn't he the Brummell?



Bill Seiter poses very proudly with his pretty wife, Marian Nixon. After a year of wedded life, this couple are still so very blissfully happy

The Don Stewarts and the Richard Barthelmesses are always pal-ing around together and here they are at the Trocadero at Bill Goetz' party



Celebrating their return home after a lengthy absence, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon greeted many friends at the Goetz party

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has kept a record of her impressions of her first year in pictures in a big scrap book. It starts with sentences scrawled and printed in her childish handwriting and ends, in a firm little hand, with:

"I wish I could work with Will Rogers."

THAT man's around again—which is to say the rumor fello.

This time he says that Arline Judge and husband Wesley Ruggles are going through one of those matrimonial ripples, but let's hope he's all wet (as he sometimes is), at least that nothing serious will come of any such misunderstanding as might exist.

What with a nice baby and a new house and two nice people like that. But you never can tell. Hollywood is still punch drunk from the Joan Blondell-George Barnes divorce bolt.

APROP boy was much puzzled the other day on the "Anything Goes" set to find Ethel Merman standing in an uncomfortable position while all around her ungentlemanly gentlemen were seated.

"Pardon me, Miss Merman," he said gallantly offering her a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, no," she laughed. "I've just finished that banister sliding scene and I've got a bad case of —er—woodburn!"

WHAT'S that old wheeze about love being a woman's whole life?

Consider, in refutation, the case of Peggy Conklin, bright young thing of the New York stage who's playing the lead in Columbia's "One Way Ticket."

Peggy married James Thompson, a New York broker, in an elopement ceremony in Bedford. Seven days later—still the technical honeymoon period—she up and left him flat. The movies were wagging such an enticing finger in her direction.

After a successful technicolor test for Walter Wanger, to whom she is under contract, she flew back to her desolate groom to take up the threads of the honeymoon. Three days later Columbia called and Peggy again answered.

Husband Jimmy is dizzy with these comings and goings and has decided he'll have to do a little traveling himself if he wants more than a nodding acquaintance with his bride.

NEDDA HARRIGAN, wife of Walter Connolly, startled her friends the other day by flashing an exquisite square cut diamond.

"It's my engagement ring," she announced

It was the ring to mark her engagement to Connolly whom she married fifteen years ago

"When we got married I simply couldn't afford to give her one," Walter explained the fifteen year delay. "Then I wanted to wait until I could give her the kind she deserves."



The Gary Coopers, Hollywood's most popular married pair, took the exotic Dolores Del Rio along with them to the Bill Goetz celebration





Darryl Zanuck and Mrs. Zanuck arrive late for the Bill Goetz' party, unaware that the party was given in their honor. But what a lot of fun

The Robert Montgomerys and the Elliot Nugents always see the stage plays together so, of course, they turned out in force for Miss Claire's play



Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable who go everywhere were among those present at the opening of Ina Claire's play at the Belasco

IT seems now that you have to hate 'em first, before you can love 'em.

Anyway, Barton MacLane, the magnetic meany of "G-Men," has dashed right from Dillinger to stardom.

MacLane, who has been taking the raw end of things all the way since he came to Hollywood, is too good to waste, the Brothers Warner have decided.

So—they're going to star him. And his first picture, after all these tough egg, bullet-stopping parts is going to be called (can you take it?)—"Country Boy!"

CAN you imagine frail, ethereal Lillian Gish playing the rôle of a mystery woman?

That's what she was though, just the same, for Hollywood buzzed with exciting rumors that Lillian, who looks today exactly as she did years ago when she was your big sister's favorite star, was set to be an important attraction again.

It all came about because Mary Pickford, her hostess, and Jesse Lasky kissed and shook hands and signed a joint producer agreement. That brought back old memories of the old days when Our Mary and Jesse Lasky were together as Famous Players-Lasky. Lillian Gish belonged in that era, which seemed to be in the process of being revived. It was only natural to wonder if Lillian could have any part in the future plans of Pickford-Lasky.

FRED MacMURRAY'S sense of humor saved his blood pressure t'other day when he went out on the "The Bride Comes Home" set to listen to a record of a broadcast made a few days previously.

Loud and insulting Bronx cheers issued from the loudspeaker during every lapse in the dialogue. Mystified, Fred decided it was a new form of criticism from the director. Something subtle. Also amusing.

The sound department had dubbed in the cheers to see if Fred could take it. He could.

YOU'D hardly think that anyone who has been around Hollywood as long as Glenda Farrell would have any illusions left.

Nevertheless when Joan Blondell, one of Glenda's closest friends, ended her marriage with George Barnes a very pet illusion of Glenda's went decidedly ph-h-t.

She had always considered their union romantically perfect, and was really all cut up and dumfounded when it went to the divorce court. In fact, they say that it is making things tough for the several ardent gentlemen who would lead Glenda altarwards. One in particular, Addison Randall, who rumor insists has popped the question repeatedly.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

For the first and last time—

DIETRICH

THEY have plans at Paramount to remake Marlene Dietrich.

But I wonder—do you remake someone like Marlene Dietrich?

You re-mold her masque on the screen—yes—and you pipe a new and spirited tune which may better carry an obligato of tinkling silver in the box-office till.

But you don't drown out with the brighter tune of today the deep, haunting undertones of yesterday's symphony. You don't say "switch your faith, alter your ideals" and behold the transformation—just like that. You don't pour out the wine and expect the glass to sparkle more brightly.

She sat across from me in the exotically decorated drawing room of her home. Her white silk lounging pajamas were only a little more white and a little more soft than her complexion. While I munched a piece of her famous "bee's nest cake," telling myself once more that of all the beautiful women in Hollywood she was surely the most beautiful, I thought of those plans and wondered.

We had talked for possibly five minutes. Then I realized. The song is ended for Marlene Dietrich.

Her real song, which was her work with Josef von Sternberg, is ended now—but the melody lingers on.

It echoed in her words—

"When you have been so devoted to the ideals of someone for so long and then change, it is not the same.

"I failed him," she stated simply. "I was never the ideal he sought. I tried to do what he wanted, but I didn't succeed. He was never quite satisfied with any of the pictures we made. He expected something great, something we never achieved."

She smiled slowly. Always, it seems, no matter what her words, her face wears a soft, composed smile.

"Perhaps that was his fault—expecting so much—but I don't think it was a fault. And I would rather be a failure hunting that goal than a success going along the average line.

"Just making pictures doesn't mean anything to me. It has never been enough. All my life I have had to have a higher interest."

After five years, I think it is time to try to understand Marlene Dietrich.

Now that there is no longer any theatrically occult Svengali-Trilby ogre to rise out of a bottle, like the Geneii of the "Arabian Nights," every time you mention her name, perhaps we hospitable Americans, we who have made her life miserable because we must have our intriguing legends, can settle down and relax into an open mind.

Marlene Dietrich happens to be, despite her unholy beauty, I think, something of an idealist



TALKS

about her relationship, now broken, with Joseph von Sternberg, concerning which the movie world is still wondering

By Chet Green

If she had been the artificial, glamour-seeking poseur for which she has been wantonly denounced, I think she would have had for me, her first interviewer since the split, perhaps an artful explanation handy to toss off her professional divorce from von Sternberg. Furthermore, if she were playing to the grandstand, I think she would have had a glowing promise for the future handy.

She had neither. No guile nor gloss. Her words were simple and sincere, as simple and sincere as her beauty.

"It was I who insisted that he direct my last two pictures," she said. "Mr. von Sternberg did not want to direct them. He thought we should part long ago. He has always known what was right for me. He has always predicted what would happen.

"I remember when we made 'Morocco.' It was the time when there was a great deal of talk in every picture. He cut down the dialogue so that when the rushes were shown at the studio everyone said, 'What's the matter? Why doesn't she talk?'

"'Wait and see,' he told them. It was something quite new and welcome, and, of course, it was successful.

"I had to beg him to direct my last two pictures. 'It will be bad for you,' he told me. He said the average public would not see the things in them that we worked so hard to get. He was right. He sensed the reaction of the public perfectly. But I would rather do them —I would rather do something different and daring than to be just a popular success. It is personal perhaps. I liked the pictures. I'm not influenced by public opinion, although I can understand. I do not resent it.

"I'm not sure, though, that the public knows what it does want."

Marlene Dietrich smiled again, that quiet, soft amused smile.

She told of the steady stream of criticism because she was so "still and set" in her pictures. Yet when the last one, "The Devil Is A Woman," was released, protests poured in

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Jean Arthur Charms Men

She charms good rôles from Columbia, too, as you'll discover in this, the best story yet written about her

By Don Ryan



Jean Arthur is a girl who couldn't be downed, not even when Hollywood said she was through

JEAN ARTHUR'S eyes have captured the blue of the sea. Not the deep indigo of the outer ocean, but a paler yet more poignant tint. The azure light that lies in pools under a summer sky, where the northern ocean wanders among its rocky fjords.

When she looked up from the canary pillows against which the blond head rested, the blue eyes opened like a sunny day. With a girlish frankness calculated to disarm one—if one happens to be merely a man. And when she spoke in the voice that records so well in pictures, a voice clear but with a mellow quality that gives it the illusion of a drawl—her words were equally frank.

"It wasn't because I got seasick on the location trip," she said. "They took me out of that part—it was my first dramatic lead in pictures—because I wasn't any good."

"Well, now—I wouldn't say that."

"Oh, yes you would, if you had seen me," she proclaimed defiantly. "I was terrible."

She inhaled her cigarette with a quick, nervous breath. Jean Arthur straightened against the pillows with a flash of legs that appeared most shapely, encased in sheerest hosiery.

"The studio gave that story out — about my getting seasick on the way to Santa Cruz Island. It was nice of them. They wanted to let me down easy." She laughed — a throaty sound with the tinkle of a tiny bell in it. "I don't get seasick. My ancestors were Vikings."

We were talking about something that happened to Jean several years ago, but something that has left an indelible impression on this descendant of Norwegian ancestors who has succeeded, after many trials, in carving out a permanent niche in the hard surface of moviedom.

They had shipped her out to Hollywood after giving her a test in New York — a blond vision of young womanhood such as we sometimes see looking out from the glossy cover of a magazine; all of her ardent hope for a career trembling in the eagerness of those sea blue eyes.

"I had been posing for a commercial photographer," she explained. "Advertising hats, stockings, dresses and so on. I knew nothing about acting. I listened to the director and tried to do exactly what he said. I followed direction so closely I even took his intonations. And I flopped. You see, I still believed, even after I was grown up, that any older man knew so much more than I did."

It's a horrible feeling for anyone to have, that sickening feeling when you see the door that has just opened on the fulfillment of your life's ambition immediately close again. They put Jean Arthur into pie-slinging comedies after she flopped in the dramatic rôle. But all the time she was being pushed around in comedies there was forming in her young mind a stubborn determination to find out what was the matter with her.

"There wasn't a spark from within," she admitted. "I was acting like a mechanical doll the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

PHOTOPLAY'S Memory Album

Edited By Frederick L. Collins



Classic Beauty was the 1915-1919 vogue and Billie Burke provided a favorite example



College boys by the thousands worshipped the charm and beauty of Marguerite Clark



"I attribute my screen success to my ability, and not to my beauty," said Corinne Griffith



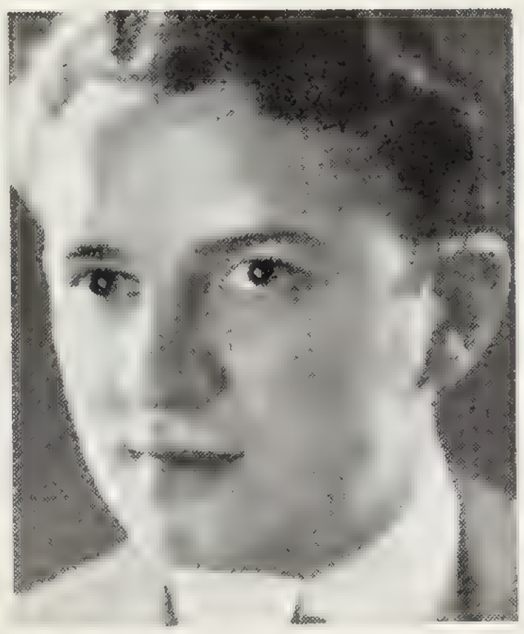
Francis Ford gave up acting and was directing his first serial, "The Silent Mystery"



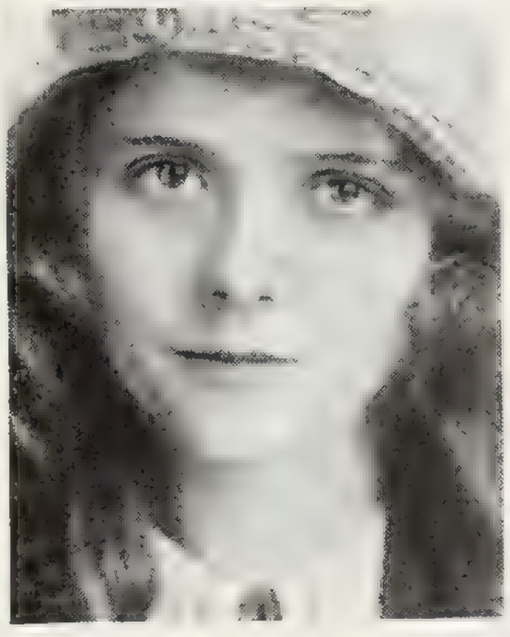
Because audiences would not dislike Jack Holt as a villain, he was cast as a hero

Below, the cherubic naiveté of Colleen Moore at sixteen made her a popular favorite





Bryant Washburn was responsible for that far away look in the eyes of many a woman



Olive Thomas, adjudged the world's most beautiful woman, was in a Ziegfeld chorus

Below, the ever serious and alert H. B. Warner deserted a stage career for the screen





As Harold Lockwood, Metro star, appeared on the screen men yawned, women fainted





Right, when hair was considered woman's crowning glory Lila Lee was—pardon—"tops"



Wind whispering in imported poplars soothed jittery Pola Negri!



Above, smoky-eyed Theda Bara lured much-too-innocent men to ruin in those halcyon days

When screen siren Dorothy Dalton was caught smoking a cigarette her reputation was made

Right, William Farnum won his Tom Santchi fight in "The Spoilers"



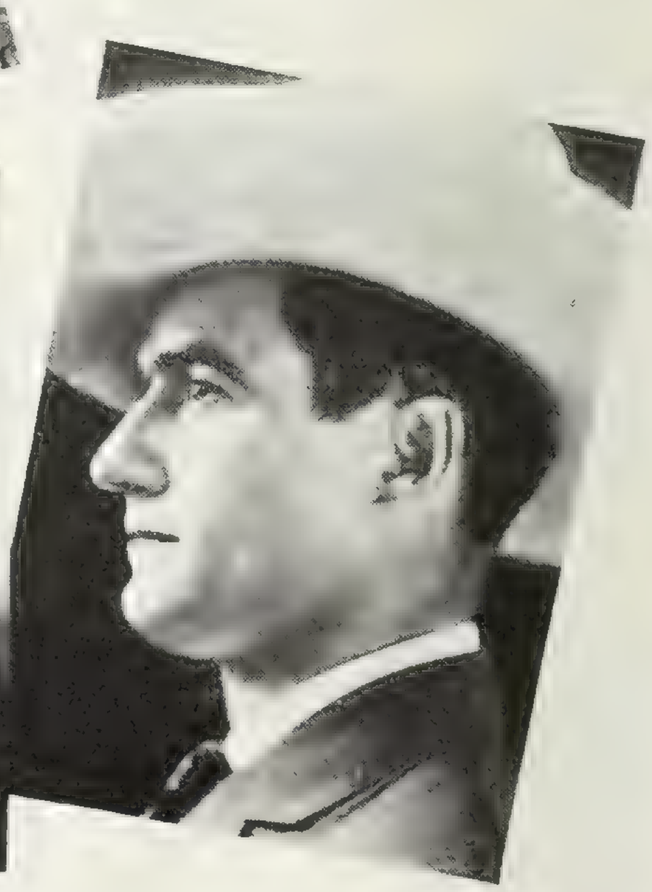
Charming and beautiful May Allison did her emoting on the Lasky Photodramas lot





Above, Sweden's contribution to the American screen was the ill-fated Anna Q. Nilsson

Left, Sessue Hayakawa came from a land of idols to be set up here as one himself



Tom Mix, of the ten-gallon hat, put his name in Mazdas—on his own front lawn



Charlie Chaplin was convulsing movie-goers with his hilarious war travesty, "Shoulder Arms"





Thomas Meighan, just before he set out to raise his own poke to finance "The Miracle Man"

Left, nobody doubted that Mary Miles Minter's claim to fame was her Mary Pickford curls





Harold Lloyd (newly spectacled) appeared with "Bud" Jamison and Bebe Daniels in an early comedy



Lon Chaney began to cash in on the value of a chill via make-up







Left, artists termed Pauline Frederick a pure American beauty



Charles Ray, the shy and retiring hayseed, was riding the crest of a Horatio Alger wave

Madame Alla Nazimova landed in Hollywood, like the marines, to save the town for art

Wallace Beery, right, and Gloria still gathered at the corner drug store—but were soon to part

Fashion in coiffures were set by Alice Joyce, one of the reigning film beauties



In 1917, the sensations of the day, despite the War, were Mack Sennett's nifties



Cecil De Mille, Jesse Lasky, Wm. C. De Mille explain her scenario to Geraldine Farrar

Gloria Swanson's first dramatic rôle after Keystone comedies, with William Desmond





Norma Talmadge's favorite leading man of this period was matinee idol Eugene O'Brien



A new personality was about to enter into the life of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks





Bebe Daniels, in 1918, still a bathing beauty, with a penchant for very gay parasols

The Talmadge sisters, Connie and Norma, at the seashore. Note Norma's daring garter!

Betty Compson, in 1917, was a Christie comedies star, and modest

NEXT MONTH:
VALENTINO AND THE GOLDEN AGE



The bouncing Doug Fairbanks came out of the East, and it led to a new era in pictures



Gals, Nelson Eddy, left, is asking our Mitzi to pop off with him to Lake Tahoe, one of the most gorgeous spots in California, and she refused! Above, with Chic Sale, hearing about Lincoln, Chic's favorite character

SALUTATIONS, Joanie!

And how are you, my little Totem Pole? Me? Still recovering from my recent Alaskan trip.

To get away from Hollywood, that was my cry, and get away far. So, beautiful Alaska with amazingly big flowers, snow plastered mountains, scrumptious glaciers, and a few whales and icebergs now and then, just appealed to this party-weary femme. And what did I find in Alaska? Movie Stars! And what did people talk about in Alaska? Hollywood!

In Ketchikan, in a little post-card and trinket store sat the young lady clerk behind the counter browsing happily over PHOTOPLAY! Then she took one look at me, standing patiently with pictures of huskies and totem poles (two for five) in my hand, and quick, she whisked through the pages of said magazine, found therein a tintype of me and Fred Astaire and blurted out, "Ain't this you?" Shyly I nodded my raven curls, then took the pen she thrust in my pinkie and wrote my name. "Write more," she commanded, so with a wave and a flourish I dashed off, "Buy PHOTOPLAY in Ketchikan, it's the Aristocrat of Motion Picture magazines." She was that pleased I got my post-cards all for nothing!

Well, sir, I finds myself next in Skagway. That's a great little place, Skagway. There I met the peppy, old, walrus-mustached gent, Martin Itjen who drove down to Hollywood last year in his gayly adorned "Skagway Streetcar" just to see Mae West. He saw her, all right, and they had their pictures taken together. All us tourists paid Martin fifty cents, for which he drove us around the town in the "streetcar" which is really a bus with a stuffed bear on the front platform, and a figure of the famous Gold Rush bad boy, Soapy Smith, in the rear. Martin took us to places like the Pullen House, which was the doggy place to stay for the gold-glutted gents of '98 . . . and to the graveyard of the well-touted Soapy . . . and such. He also recited poems of his stay in Hollywood, and his visit with Mae.

"What did you find to say to her?" I piped.

"I asked her to come up and see me some time," said he, "and I meant it!"

Episode Three was brief. I saw a fine big yacht gliding out of the Juneau harbor, spied a handsome, white-headed gent on board, and let out a startled yelp. It was Lew Stone!

And then, coming down the historic Trail of '98, I found me a handsome lad. He stood out on the platform singing hosannahs to the hills and streams. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Confidentially yours, Mitzi

Divorce Taught Them

how truly they



Any woman who reads Bruce Cabot's honest statements in this story will instantly understand why Adrienne Ames fell so much in love with him

THE speaker was that big, hulking, shambling, loose-jointed, long-lipped, and disconcertingly good-looking French-Canadian giant, who tries to conceal himself under the Scotch-Bostonese name of Mr. Bruce Cabot.

Bruce was in one of those spots. After several years of histrionic effort, he had at last crashed through in "Robin Hood of El Dorado," and after only one year of marital happiness, he had cracked up with Adrienne Ames.

And now, in a sort of back-handed way, he was trying to say that if Adrienne was willing—and he had reason to believe that she was—they were going to pick themselves up and attempt the matrimonial flight again.

It was while he was on location up in the mountain doing his crashing through, it seems, that he got his first definite word of the cracking up—of what he described as the "shock" of divorce—and he thinks this fact had something to do with the effect upon him, perhaps upon them both.

"It's hard to explain the awful feeling of finality about a divorce," he continued, "especially when you're so far away as I was, marooned in the open with so much time to think. Suddenly, I realized that there was nothing in the world I wanted so much as Adrienne. She was the only girl in the world for me—and we were divorced!

"Believe me, I did things I hadn't done since the early days of our marriage. It was a sixty mile drive over rotten roads to the nearest telephone, but I made it every night just for the chance to talk with her. Crazy, wasn't it—when we couldn't talk honestly while we were together? But with hundreds of miles between us and with only the aid of the telephone wires we became honest with each other, poured out our hearts.

"I told her all the things that had been tearing at me and she told me the things that had broken her heart. All at once we both realized how unimportant those things were compared with the real feeling we still had for one another. I remember the last telephone conversation we had. I asked her if, after I had returned and we had succeeded in getting our affairs in shape, there was a chance for us, for me. Her 'Yes' was as thrilling as anything I've ever heard."

The fact that the young Cabots were going to try it again didn't strike me as so important as the fact that through the bitter experience of divorce they had learned things about themselves and their feelings which had eluded them while they were married.

How many young wives who change under the supposed lack of "freedom," how many young husbands who sulk in the belief that they are "misunderstood," might discover similar things about themselves if given sufficient "time to think"?

Don't misunderstand me. I am not advocating Trial Divorce, even though it may seem like a logical sequence to Trial Marriage. I am sure Bruce isn't, either. But there is something in these young people's experience which should be of value to all true lovers, either before or after marriage, who find themselves on the verge of parting in angry haste with the possibility of repenting at lonely leisure.

For if there was one thing that all Hollywood knew, even if they did not, it was that Adrienne and Bruce *were* true lovers. It didn't take a divorce to prove that.

I remember them the night they returned from their honeymoon at the housewarming Dorothy di Frasso gave

were married!

By George Stevens



Bruce and Adrienne at their first party after their marriage



Adrienne Ames, the beautiful, who wants true love or none

at the beautiful Beverly Hills home now occupied by Marlene Dietrich. The two youngsters clung to each other for all the world like the brides and grooms in those after-the-battle cabinet photos in the windows of the small town photographers.

As a matter of fact, it didn't take even a marriage to prove that Bruce and Adrienne loved each other. There had been plenty of earlier evidences of the strength of the emotion which had drawn them together.

Adrienne had come to Hollywood the pampered wife of a young Texas millionaire, Stephen Ames. When the linking of her name with Bruce Cabot's started ugly rumors of a marital rift, both of them—one might say all three of them, for Ames came up from Texas and was duly photographed with his wife and her favorite escort—made an honest effort to maintain the status quo.

But it was no use. All Hollywood saw that love like theirs was not to be denied.

Stephen Ames saw it, too, and stepped aside. Perhaps the fact that he had met in his Hollywood journeyings the beauteous Raquel Torres may have had something to do with the speed of his stepping. Anyhow, he stepped—and true love, in the persons of Adrienne and Bruce, was free to run what seemed to be its allotted course.

For almost a year it did run that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

How's this for a Sunday afternoon get-together? Seated, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman (Gladys Swarthout), Clark Gable, Dick Barthelmess, Mrs. Gable. Standing, Clifton Webb, Mrs. Barthelmess, and Countess de Maigret, social sensation of the hour



Above, seldom does this handsome young couple get a chance to be together. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Nelson, who is Bette Davis to us folks



Hmm, Van Smith with Mary Carlisle this time! Van has been, or still is, or something, mentioned in connection with Nancy Carroll, Estelle Taylor



It must be love, that's what Hollywood says, anyhow. Janet Gaynor and Al Scott, broker, who used to be married to Colleen Moore

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST OUTFIT of the MONTH



Gladys Swarthout, Paramount star, in a winter ensemble for all but the most formal occasions. Her costume consists of a brief nutria swagger coat, flared to wrap or swing freely; tomato red lining of tweed. Her hat from Descat; black cloqué crêpe frock with front fullness; her hand-stitched gloves, suède pumps

This winter's woolens are so versatile!



Above left: Rosalind Keith wears a black homespun wool skirt, topped by a gold and black striped jacket, belted and smartly fringed

Above right: Soutache braid and frogs trim Miss Keith's grey angora wool suit with its matching hat and black kid pull-ons, bag and pumps

Left: Gail Patrick, in an unrivaled alliance, black wool and Persian lamb. The maroon corduroy velvet blouse to be alternated with lamé



Above: Stitched detail is the distinguishing note of the tunic frock. Rosalind tucks a gay ascot in the open neckline. A smart pouch, gloves and ties, brown suède

Right: For spectator sports, Gail Patrick prefers a softly tailored woolen. To her oxblood suit she adds a bold plaid swagger top coat with badger tuxedo revers collar

Above: Wide lapels characterize Mr. Eddy's dinner jacket. His long tie with pointed ends is conventional deviation

Left: Double-breasted with peak lapels of brown Saxony over-plaided fabric. Buck-skin shoes, calf trim

Coat and lapelled waist-coat of a hard finished worsted. Grey trousers, extreme stripe, full drape. A French scarf

Very Good, Eddy

Selected as the best dressed man of the month, Nelson Eddy offers a fashion theme of new and original ideas



A chalk striped blue worsted coat in contrast to grey of trousers and buckskin shoes is Mr. Eddy's choice for informal daytime wear



High waisted tailcoat has an extreme curve cut front. Waistcoat, singlebreasted with wide lapels. The bold wings of the collar extend beyond the conventional tie, a butterfly bow

Ginger Goes Grecian









Paris says the classic note is smart. Hollywood echoes it, and the gay Miss Rogers, but recently a hey-hey girl shows how exquisitely she can become a modern Helen

The back of the gown shown left is a repetition of the front motif, with the draped fullness of pale green pebble satin caught casually onto a cord at the shoulder line

At left: two views of Ginger's new coiffure "The Golden Plaque" with smooth crown, the hair is softly waved over the ears, ending in soft coils placed low on neck

Above: Row upon row of bias satin, edged with maribou, form the voluminous sleeves of Ginger's rose pastel negligee. The fitted bodice is fastened with rhinestone buttons

In the mood of Botticelli is the black velvet gown shown above. The off-shoulder motif is expressed in the black chiffon yoke, tied at throat with narrow cord. A deep lace veil crowns the Juliet cap. At left: Ginger has donned a silver fox cape



A Raphael madonna was the inspiration for Helen Vinson's velvet toque for the cocktail or dinner hour. Yards of veiling swathes her throat and shoulders. Helen's hats, from Dache



Lower left: Red Riding Hood has entered the realm of fashion with the advent of a hooded shoulder cape of unborn lamb. Flared pleats give an effect of shoulder epaulets





Above: Softly draped turban for afternoon wear, high sweep from back to crown with pleated detail low on the right side. Helen wears it with fur coats

Left: A slightly different version of Miss Vinson's hat, shown above is fashioned in velvet to match the fabric of her frock. Note! Curls and pearls

Head Lines





Above left: For afternoon, Martha selects black velour with corded crown detail, which flaunts the colorful perroquet plumage, René Martin. Caracul cape is a charming design

Above right: There's even a flare in little face veils as shown on the brown felt costume hat worn by Cecelia Parker. Conventional flowers of self material are mobilized front



Above: Martha Sleeper shows the swagger lines of Tonleigh Square, a sports felt to wear with tweeds and page boy bob

Right: Shades of Robin Hood. With its dashing little feather pointing skyward, the brown felt is worn by Marsha Hunt





Pearl fisher, gold prospector, adventurer in the South Seas, present husband of Lily Damita, handsome hero. All this is Errol Flynn. After such a background, it doesn't surprise him much that he, a total unknown, with no acting experience was chosen for "Captain Blood"



M Marigold

Olivia de Havilland is a little thing with a voice like warm honey. Max Reinhardt discovered her and she was lovely as Hermia in his Warner production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Her outstanding work in this got her the feminine lead in "Captain Blood"



Extremes in personalities are emphasized by the quiet, childlike beauty of Joan Bennett as offset by the compelling, man-of-the-world manner of Ronald Colman. Both appear in "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

WINS THE PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AS BEST PICTURE OF 1934



Top, a replica of the solid gold, Tiffany designed, Photoplay Gold Medal for the best picture of the year. Above and left, Fredric March, Charles Laughton, and Norma Shearer in the 1934 medal winner

BY exactly one vote, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" won the most coveted award in motion pictures, the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, as the best production of 1934.

It was the closest voting in all the twenty years that PHOTOPLAY has been making the award, and never have such fine screen offerings been runners-up for the honor.

"The Barretts" just nosed out that saucy comedy, "It Happened One Night." Close after that came "One Night of Love," with "The Gay Divorcee" in fourth place.

Yet characteristically enough, the choice of our readers was typical of the PHOTOPLAY public. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," for all its outstanding box-office success, its "curiosity" appeal, and its stellar cast, just made it as the BEST picture of the past year. The decision unquestionably was a difficult one to make due to the high class of the competition "The Barretts" faced. The closeness of the decision speaks in highest praise of the outstanding motion pictures of 1934—and also of the universality of their appeal, which is a good mark in favor of the motion picture industry.

But the highest praise of all goes to PHOTOPLAY readers in the fineness of their discernment and knowledge of what constitutes a good picture—story, cast, and the ability of that cast to portray the story with credibility and authenticity. Congratulations, PHOTOPLAY readers!

It should be emphasized that the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal award is an unbiased, uninfluenced decision of the public.

PHOTOPLAY makes no recommendations. No committee of decision sits in judgment—as the votes fall so they are counted, without fear or favor, and the award goes to the highest. It is one award which the public itself decides.

PHOTOPLAY itself also looked with high favor on "The Barretts," listing the picture among the best of the month, which rate a star in the magazine. Not only that, four of the outstanding cast were listed in the best performances of the month. The four were Norma Shearer as *Elizabeth Barrett*, Fredric March as *Robert Browning*, Charles Laughton as the tyrannical head of the house of Barrett, and Maureen O'Sullivan as *Henrietta Barrett*. Others in the cast were Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Marion Clayton, Ian Wolfe, Ferdinand Munier, and Leo Carroll.

The picture was taken from the play of the same name by Rudolf Besier, in which Katharine Cornell starred. Ernest Vajda, Claudine West, and Donald Ogden Stewart did the admirable screen adaptation, and Sidney Franklin was the director, M-G-M the studio.

All honor then to PHOTOPLAY readers, and "The Barretts."



☆ I LIVE MY LIFE—M-G-M

AGAINST the usual smart background, Joan Crawford revels in a brand new, becoming character—a society snobby with a weak streak of sincerity which shows only under pressure.

The pressure comes from Brian Aherne, a stubborn Irish archeologist, who takes a Greek island flirtation seriously, follows to New York with honorable intentions. The ensuing battle of opposite attitudes, richly humorous and vital, is played to the limit by a bountiful cast, including Frank Morgan, Jessie Ralph and Frank Conroy.

Director Van Dyke keeps the see-saw struggle humming, even to the final clash at the altar. Joan, never more stunning, dwarfs her startling wardrobe with her personal vitality. At that Brian Aherne almost steals the show.



☆ HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE—Paramount

IF your funnybone is in need of a tickling, don't miss this sparkling and sometimes uproarious comedy of a manicurist who's determined to marry money and winds up behind the eight ball of poor but honest love.

Not since "Twentieth Century" has Carole Lombard had such ample scope for her fine flair for sophisticated light comedy, punctuated by telling tenderness, as in this rôle of the manicurist, *Regi Allen*. A grand teammate, Fred MacMurray as the blueblood playboy with empty pockets shares performance honors with her.

Astrid Allwyn is excellent as the rich gal who loses MacMurray to Lombard and Ralph Bellamy grabs off a load of sympathy as the crippled and wealthy *Maclyn* who loves and loses *Regi*. Marie Prevost wows with her dumb *Nona*.

The SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ BARBARY COAST—Sam Goldwyn

STRONG motion picture fare in this exciting and colorful melodrama, played with distinction against the background of the disreputable water front district of San Francisco in the early gold rush days.

It is a man-sized chunk of human nature in the raw yet woven throughout are scenes of infinite tenderness and beauty.

So adroitly is the touchy angle—the well known immorality of the district and its people—handled, that even the most squeamish cannot complain of a single squeam yet at no time is its basic strength sapped by this artistic compromise. You may, indeed, even wish for a more virile ending, so attuned will you have become to its pulse.

Mary Rutledge (Miriam Hopkins) comes to the district from New York to marry a wealthy man only to learn upon her arrival that he has been killed in a roulette game argument by *Louis Chamalis* (Edward G. Robinson), vice lord of the district. Greedy for gold, she becomes queen of *Chamalis'* enterprises and mistress of his actions. Into this mess, love comes in the person of poetical *James Carmichael* (Joel McCrea) and *Louis* turns out to have a little gold in his heart as well as a lot in his pockets.

Of the three stars, McCrea's work is outstanding; but a bit player, Walter Brennan, as *Old Atrocity*, steals scenes right and left.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BARBARY COAST — HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM — SHIPMATES FOREVER
I LIVE MY LIFE — THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Miriam Hopkins in "Barbary Coast"
Edward G. Robinson in "Barbary Coast"
Joel McCrea in "Barbary Coast"
Walter Brennan in "Barbary Coast"
Joe E. Brown in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Anita Louise in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Olivia de Havilland in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Carole Lombard in "Hands Across the Table"
Fred MacMurray in "Hands Across the Table"
Preston Foster in "Last Days of Pompeii"
Eric Von Stroheim in "The Crime of Doctor Crespi"



☆ SHIPMATES FOREVER—Warners Cosmopolitan

THE perennial Annapolis story emerges here fresh and appealing, thanks to the knockout juvenile performances of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler under the deft and sympathetic direction of Frank Borzage. Dick, as a big time crooner, enters the Academy only to please his admiral dad, Lewis Stone. However, he enters under the wrong auspices and in a contrary frame of mind which leads to his unpopularity. During the final year, he goes on a cruise with his class and when a steam pipe blows up at battle practice, Dick risks his life to save his former roommate and eventually becomes the hero of the fleet and of the Academy. The naval minded ditties second the inspiring Annapolis color and make it all the more reason for being a picture to merit much fine praise and amusing attention.



☆ A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Warner Brothers

WARNER BROTHERS have done almost as great a thing in producing Max Reinhart's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as they did when they revolutionized the movies by the introduction of sound. For here is not only motion picture production raised to the realm of art but entertainment that will appeal equally to everyone.

Shakespeare has been followed respectfully and faithfully. The most beautiful score Mendelssohn ever wrote has been orchestrated exquisitely. The playing is perfect, and the costuming, settings, and photography blend together into enchantment that would have delighted the Bard.

The story, of course, reveals the plight of the four earthly lovers when they wander into a wood and fall under the spell of *Puck*, who mischievously is obeying the will of *Oberon* to show *Titania*, queen of the fairies, what fools love can create. The mists of the morning dispel the dream of the night, while the fantasy descends into good, rowdy farce.

Particular honors should be bestowed on Jimmy Cagney, as *Bottom*, Olivia de Havilland as *Hermia*, Mickey Rooney as *Puck* and Victor Jory as the black-browed *Oberon*, though every member of this truly all-star cast play their scenes with gusto. To Warner Bros. for their courage, to Max Reinhart for the inspiration, to William Dieterle for his direction, to Hal Mohr for the camera work, and to Erich Wolfgang Korngold for the scoring, congratulations.



☆ THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS—First National

HILARIOUS and farcical comedy is the keynote of this deep, fast paced mystery melodrama that is handled with skillful precision and logical clarity. Warren William, superbly suave and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. Patricia Ellis and Peggy Shannon are the lovely suspects who keep your busy brain spinning to keep up with this Erle Stanley Gardner baffler. You'll have a grand time trying to find out who did it and you'll laugh uproariously at the frolicsome mirth and merriment that dominates the entire picture from beginning to end. There's the full stock of strange and mysterious happenings together with the chain of murders and the subsequent suspects who are innocent, to thrill and chill you.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



THE THREE MUSKETEERS —RKO-Radio

EN GARDE! It's that dashing Gascon, *D'Artagnan*, and his trouble loving pals, in a delightfully romantic new presentation of Dumas' swashbuckling classic of royal intrigue. Walter Abel, able but less acrobatic than Douglas Fairbanks of yore, leads the sword flashing quartet to the dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. Beautifully produced, acted with spirit.



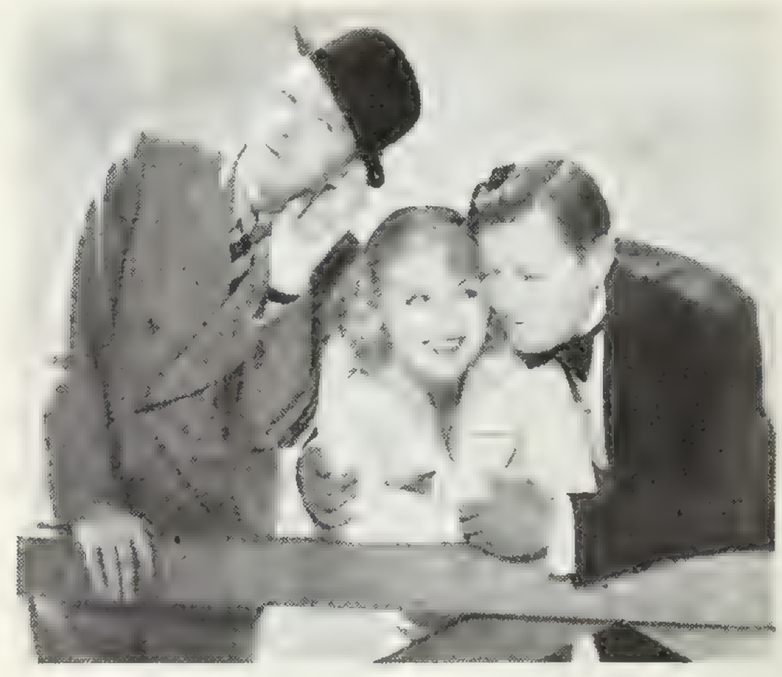
O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY —M-G-M

WALLACE BEERY and Jackie Cooper click again in another tender and often tearful father and son story with the same powerful appeal as "The Champ." The heart tugs arrive when Wally, a stumblebum animal trainer, fights to win back the love of his son, reared to hate him by a meddling sister-in-law. It's brightened by colorful circus atmosphere.



PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET— Warner Bros.

THIS warmly human, clever and thoroughly delightful little picture glorifies the family maid. Ruth Donnelly is *Lizzie*, whose deft persuasiveness manoeuvers the lives of an interesting average family to Long Island mansions and various happy endings. Full of skillful "touches" with some real drama at the end. Margaret Lindsay, Warren Hull and Arthur Treacher.



TWO FISTED —Paramount

JIMMY GLEASON'S old stage hit, "Is Zat So," brightened and brushed up, gives Lee Tracy that fast and furious farce rôle he has needed so long. Lee and Roscoe Karns are the smooth-tongued pair, who buttle and battle through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tot from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way.



LAST DAYS OF POMPEII —RKO-Radio

A SPECTACULAR drama of pagan splendor during the loose, lax period of the Roman Empire assumes the same title as Bulwer-Lytton's famous novel but is entirely different in plot and action and worth while seeing. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the blacksmith who sets up gold as his God after losing his wife and son because of poverty.



THE VIRGINIA JUDGE— Paramount

WALTER C. KELLY in the rôle of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture a warmly human and appealing story. You'll get laughs from that colored lazybones, Stepin Fetchit, as the be-plumed ruler of the Pearly Gates of Heaven Lodge who is involved in crap games and razor arguments.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



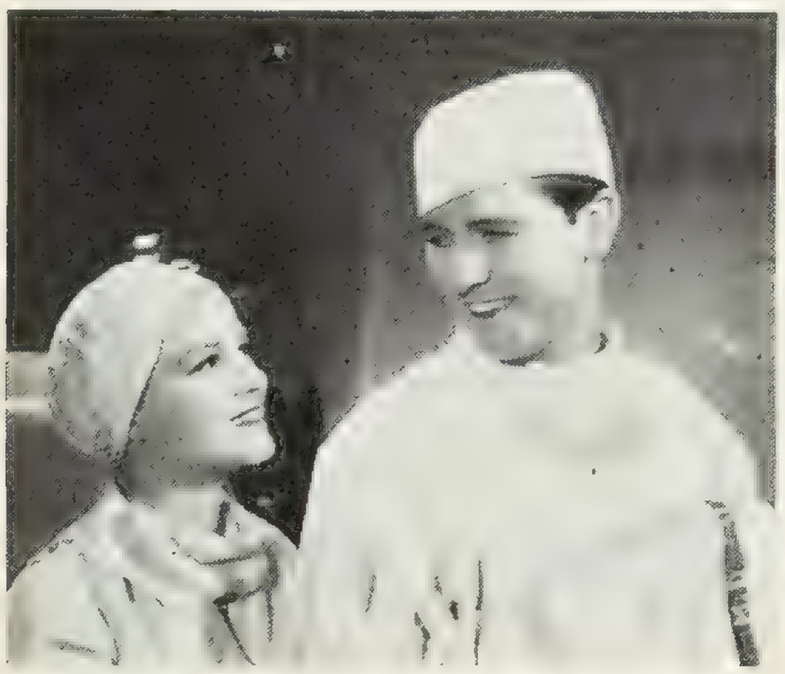
FRECKLES—RKO-Radio

GENE STRATTON PORTER'S latest contribution to the screen is probably an excuse for introducing another child actress to movie audiences. As such, it is a pleasant, though unexciting little story of love in a lumber camp. Tom Brown and Carol Stone are the shy lovers, while little Virginia Weidler is permitted full range to flaunt her talents.



SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Columbia

YOU'VE seen this idea before, but you'll probably like the new speedy version. A harassed millionaire, Walter Connolly, flees to prison from his mad, spoiled family, makes George Raft, gangster inmate, trustee of his wealth when he dies. Released, George takes command, battles with spoiled deb daughter, Joan Bennett, until love crashes through.



NAVY WIFE—20th Century-Fox

BECAUSE of her family experiences, Navy nurse Claire Trevor is afraid of love and marriage in this so-so program picture. When she does wed Navy doctor Ralph Bellamy, a secret assignment from the Intelligence Department develops complications for her husband in the form of an adventuress spy. Ben Lyon does well with an unimportant rôle.



MUSIC IS MAGIC—Fox

BEBE DANIELS steps out and shows 'em some real trouping in this pleasant little semi-musical, headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, of the vaudeville gal who finally makes the grade in Hollywood. Bebe plays to the hilt her rôle of the aging movie queen who won't be her age. Her scene in the hot-cha song number will wow you. Some catchy tunes, too.



FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal

A HANDFUL of radical students upset college routine in this so-so film of campus life. Charles Farrell makes a none too convincing football hero who is tricked into ditching the game by radical, Ann Sheridan, June Martel, Farrell's college sweetheart, aids federal investigators to clean out the radicals and all eventually ends well.



THE CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI—Republic

EDGAR ALLAN POE would have been well pleased with this admirable and authentic adaptation the producers have made of "The Premature Burial." Transposed to the screen, it becomes one of the most harrowing and gruesome of thrillers. Eric Von Stroheim is excellent as *Doctor Crespi.*

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



Eleanor Powell, three years and a half ago, long before her "transformation," when she was in the Varieties

The Glorifying of Eleanor Powell

How in twelve months she's been transformed from an Ugly Duckling into a vivid, radiant film beauty!

By Mary Watkins Reeves

A YEAR ago, if you'd asked any of the Broadway biggies what they thought of Eleanor Powell's chances in the movies, they would have answered quite honestly, "No soap—she's not good-looking enough."

A year ago Eleanor Powell was the acknowledged Ugly Duckling of the Great White Way. Today she is one of the loveliest stars in Hollywood. Between the two extremes lies a story which has never been equalled in all show business.

For in twelve months' time Eleanor Powell has transformed herself from sheer ugliness into actual, radiant beauty!

You saw that beauty in "Broadway Melody of 1936." And this, if you want to be lovelier, is the true story of how she achieved it. Eleanor has given me the complete, intimate details behind the greatest change the theater has ever seen in any of its daughters, the greatest change I have ever seen in a girl in all my life.

When Broadway first knew this young star she was a homely, freckle-faced, spindly-legged kid of sixteen. True, she had a definite personality and she was something *very extra-special* when it came to dancing, but that was all. Enough grease-paint, and long-legged or skirted costumes, and her looks got by on a stage. But in real life she was an unlovely youngster if one ever lived. The only really appealing feature about her was her nose, a cute cross between piquant and pug. But a nose alone can't save a plain face, a disproportioned figure. Broadway branded her Ugly Duckling. And the name stuck.

Well, it isn't so bad when Broadway thinks you're homely. It isn't so bad when you think so yourself, as Eleanor often had to admit But when your own mother—a stage mother at that—agrees, that's the ultimate! It's up to mamas to consider their offspring perfectly devastating when nobody else in the world does.

Yet Mrs. Powell said to me very frankly the other day, "Eleanor wasn't even a pretty baby. She was too fat when she was four, too thin when she was eight, and at ten she was a—a *problem!* Bashful, awkward, gawky—"

So, wisely she enrolled her little girl in dancing school. The child developed not only a new poise but a marked innate talent for rhythm. At sixteen, fresh from Springfield, Massachusetts, Eleanor descended on New York to "get in a show." And did.



The "new" Eleanor Powell, the pulsating dancing sensation of "Broadway Melody of 1936." Left, when she first came to the attention of Broadway—freckled and spindly

She got in lots of shows and vaudeville, topping off her stage career with a spectacular success in George White's *Scandals.* She became recognized, by her twenty-first birthday, not only as the foremost girl tap dancer of the country, but as the *Baby of The Street,* as Broadway affectionately called her. It was natural that Eleanor turn her eyes toward Hollywood for further fields to conquer.

In her own unusual way she was refreshingly attractive. Schoolgirlishly boisterous, invariably tweeded, tailored from her undies to her slim sporty coats. When she sat she sprawled, when she danced she was lightning. A speck of powder and a light lip-rouging was all the make-up you ever saw added to that plain, scrubbed-clean sort of face [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Charles E. Kerlee

Jean Harlow's Christmas Dinner Table

- Flat silver: in Francis I by Gorham.
- Service plates, goblets and flower bowl; Georgian by Wallace.
- Candlesticks: 1780 Sheffield.
- China: Oakleaf by Wedgewood.
- Crystal: design by Tiffany.
- Doilies: in old Point Venice lace.
- Napkins: madeira linen with Berano inserts.
- Furniture: Louis XVI.
- Candelabra on buffet: 1730 Sheffield.

Preview of the Perfect Christmas Dinner

THE gossamer of glamour is finely spun. So it is eminently fitting that Christmas dinner in lovely Jean Harlow's white hilltop home in Bel-Air should be a formal affair of gracious dignity, adult gaiety and roast pheasant rather than the noisy informality, heart-warming as that is, of a family gathered around turkey and trimmings.

Dinner is served in the Harlow home at 8:30 o'clock by Brown, the colored butler of serious mien. So at eight-fifteenish you'll be in the antique ivory and soft green drawing room sipping a cocktail or, if your taste runs stronger, a highball. Your hostess rarely uses liquor but on this holiday night she may indulge in one dry Martini. Regardless of her personal taste, however, you may have what you will in the liquor line.

Chatting near you this night will be glorious Norma Shearer and her brilliant husband, Irving Thalberg; dark-eyed Dolores Del Rio and her clever decorator husband, Cedric Gibbons; Mr. and Mrs. Carey Wilson (she was Carmelita Geraghty and is Jean's closest friend) and suave William Powell who's beauing Jean these exciting days. Eight carefully chosen guests, Jean believes, is perfect for the dinner party and this eight pluperfect.

At eight-thirty Brown will swing wide the ivory doors of the rather intimate dining room. Light from twenty-three tall white tapers will bathe the room in a soft, balanced glow. Four tapers will stand in heavily encrusted silver sticks on the table, ten will be in two candelabra on the buffet and nine will be held in one massive candelabrum in the far corner of the room.

Candle light for all evening meals is Miss Harlow's choice and in this instance it is a wise one indeed for the flickering light and shadows dancing over the gleaming silver and crystal appointments vastly enriches their beauty.

Regardless of vogue, Miss Harlow prefers lace to damask so the burnished mahogany surface of the antique ivory Louix XVI table likewise will reflect the capers of the candles. Spread on it will be a runner and oblong individual place doilies of fine old Point Venice lace. The graceful chairs are upholstered in soft coral velvet and the same dull green of the drawing room covers the floor.

Though it is a Christmas dinner, there will be no seasonal hint in the floral centerpiece. Two dozen short stemmed Talisman roses will be simply but effectively arranged in a low silver bowl with rolling edges. Roses, Miss Harlow believes, are the perfect flower for the formal dinner.

At one end will be a silver dish of bon-bons; at the other will stand a matching dish of mixed nuts. Before each place, too, will be an individual basket of nuts and ready for the smokers will be silver ash trays, monogrammed silver match boxes and flat silver trays of various brands of cigarettes.

Silver water goblets, chaste in design, and sparkling crystal glasses for the red Bordeaux, 1921, to be served with the pheasant, will stand at the tip of the dinner knife of the exquisite flat silver which has been in Miss Harlow's family for so imany years. Napkins of Madeira linen with Berano inserts wll lie ready for use on handsome silver service plates.

For this Christmas dinner Miss Harlow has planned mock turtle soup, pheasant with brown almond sauce, asparagus with butter sauce, hot buttered rolls, tomato en aspic with tiny toasted cheese rolls, and Baked Alaska Diablo.

It may strike you as a simple menu for such a formal dinner but it is in strict accord with Miss Harlow's preference in such matters. She never serves a full course dinner; rather, she says, each of the few courses must be chosen with discretion and each must be perfect unto itself. An incomparable plan!

To help you achieve the perfect beginning, middle and end of this menu, should you choose to copy it, Miss Harlow's colored cook, Nanny, has parted with three prized recipes.

Materials essential for Nanny's mock turtle soup include: 1 calf's head, 2 cups of brown stock (beef or vegetable extracts dissolved in water or canned consomme or bouillon), ⅓ cup sliced onion, ½ cup carrot cut in dice, 1 cup stewed and strained tomatoes, ¼ cup butter, ½ cup flour, juice of ½ lemon, 2 sprigs thyme, 6 allspice berries, 6 cloves, ½ teaspoon peppercorns and Madeira wine to taste if desired.

Nanny concocts the delight this way: clean and wash calf's head; soak 1 hour in cold water to cover. Cook until tender in 3 quarts boiling water to which seasoning and vegetables have been added. Remove head; boil stock until reduced to one quart. Strain and cool. Melt and brown butter, add flour, stir until well browned. Pour on brown stock slowly and bring to boil. Add the headstock, tomatoes, 1 cup diced face meat, and lemon juice. Simmer 5 minutes and serve.

To properly roast the pheasant, Nanny says, tie a fat piece of bacon over the breast with a piece of string. Baste frequently while baking 30 to 40 minutes. Serve on buttered toast garnished with watercress.

The delectable brown almond sauce is made by browning ½ pound blanched and chopped almonds in 2 tablespoons of butter. Then add 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon of salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Finally pour over this mixture 1 pint of thin cream and bring slowly to boiling point.

For Nanny's Baked Alaska Diablo you'll need: a meringue of 4 egg whites, 4 tablespoons powdered sugar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 1 quart brick ice cream, frozen hard; thin sheet sponge cake; cherries soaked in brandy.

Cover a baking board with brown sugar, arrange cake on paper and ice cream on cake, having cake extend ½ inch beyond the ice cream. Quickly spread the entire cake and cream with the meringue and place the whole in a hot oven for about 5 minutes. Turn the board if necessary to brown evenly. Slide the browned cake and cream from paper to platter. Place cherries soaked in brandy on top, set fire to cherries and serve at once. The cake board and brown paper must be used; they are non-conductors of heat.

When you have thrilled to the last bite of Baked Alaska Diablo, close to two hours magically will have passed at table. This, too, is in keeping with the strict Harlow rule of dining leisurely that food, spiced with sprightly conversation, may be enjoyed to its fullest.

Coffee will be brought to the drawing room in plain white Wedgewood demi-tasse cups on a heavy Georgian silver tray. Liqueurs will be served to those who wish them. You'll probably enjoy Miss Harlow's pet substitute—a cube of sugar dipped in brandy.

There'll be no bridge or games to stir you up after this perfect dinner; Miss Harlow doesn't believe in them. In lieu, you'll round out this evening of carefully engineered relaxation by sinking deeply into comfortable chairs and talking. Eager, stimulating talk.

The art of conversation is a great one, Miss Harlow believes, and she encourages its practise.

Before you know it the hands of the clock will have sped around to that hour when Miss Harlow must graciously shoo you out the door, much as she rues it. After all, morning is coming all too soon and morning, for this hostess, means grinding, hard work before a camera cruelly ready to pick up the most minute evidences of beauty neglect the night before.

THE CHESTER





Manchester Morris (above) all grown up and known as Chester. Right, the Morrises in that sterling drama written by papa William. "All the Horrors of Home." Left to right, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Chester, Adrian (free-lance actor) and Wilhelma (now on the radio)

IF you asked anyone you might know to name the big theatrical families of this country he would probably reply, "Why, the Barrymores, of course, the Bennetts, and possibly the Costellos."

If you mentioned the name "Morris," his thoughts would probably turn to an easy chair or perhaps a salary loan.

Yet out on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood where it curves as if to dodge the spotlighted struttings at the Clover Club and the Trocadero just ahead, perches a little low Spanish bungalow. There quietly lives a man who is the pappy of the biggest theatrical tribe of them all.

His name is William Morris, and in his day he was the busiest and highest paid actor on Broadway. He played with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough. He was Modjeska's leading man.

Some thirty odd years ago David Belasco introduced him, at a rehearsal of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," to a young actress named Etta Hawkins who had come to New York from Aurora, Illinois, with a letter to Daniel Frohman. They were married and later during an acting engagement in Manchester, N. H., a son was born and named after the town.

Smart Now



The make-up experts all favor outlining and defining the eyes with the color of the lash line, blended, as is Dolores Del Rio's, into her eyeshadow. But this is for evening only, or for those of you who have light lashes. Rouge is used sparingly or not at all, blended, applied before powdering



Joan Crawford's eyes become even more expressive, framed by natural unplucked brows. Jack Dawn, M-G-M make-up artist, shapes Joan's brows to conform to the curve of the eyes as outlined by her lashes. Her lip make-up is no longer exotic, but subordinated, keeping accent on her eyes





CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK



A three minute make-up. Dorothy Page finds the answer in a new liquid, which is astringent, foundation and powder, all in one





Above: Marian Marsh's washing mits are a very satisfactory addition to her bath accessories. She selects them in pastel plaids to match her decorative towels

Left: Rouge, as Loretta Young applies it, adds a very natural color emphasis to her make-up. Follow the cheek-bone curve, and blend with the finger-tips

Lower left: Ann Rutherford is making up her lashes with a new creamy, run-proof mascara. It comes with a brush in a satin case which she slips in her bag

Making Up





Above: A good hand lotion is an indispensable item now that winter is in the offing. Ann Shirley's hands reflect her scrupulous care

Above: A compact little chest contains Tala Birell's manicure necessities, — cuticle remover, polish and its remover. Tala is applying a natural polish



Left: Patting your powder up close to the lower eyelid will conceal deep shadows and make your eyes sparkle with youth, is Evelyn Venable's tip to you

Lower left: Ann selects a non-drying lipstick of medium tone. Its clever case comes in three colors and carries its own unbreakable lip-shaped mirror

To Beauty

Ask The Answer Man

WATCH your heart when Robert Donat appears on the screen! This handsome young man with his wavy auburn hair, brown eyes, and his ready smile is the newest male heart throb and annexes a new contingent of feminine admirers every time his face is flashed upon the screen. The sighing "ohs" and "ahs" heard in the audiences when he appeared in "Henry the Eighth" and in "The Count of Monte Cristo" were merely forerunners of the acclaim that has recently been accorded him.

Robert Donat (pronounced Dough-nat) was born in the residential suburb of Withington, a mile or so away from Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905, and is descended from a family that has been progressively Italian, French, German, Polish and English. At the age of seven, he wrote a play called "The Hunchback" which he produced in his mother's kitchen and in which he played the leading part. After his stirring performance, his parents insisted that he learn to recite and thenceforth, every family gathering was an occasion for him to again hang Danny Deever or to Carry the News from Ghent to Aix. At the age of eighteen, because of his matchless voice and perfect diction, he won the gold medal of the Academy of Music and Elocution.

In spite of the swashbuckling rôles he portrays on the screen, Donat, in person, is a very modest and likable young man who has an infectious sense of humor and an engaging personality. He is fond of hiking, riding, motoring and fencing (at which he excels) and reads anything from a detective thriller to a Greek play, depending upon his mood. He regards Long Island Roast Duckling as America's greatest single contribution to civilization.

His latest appearance on the screen is with Madeleine Carroll in the Gaumont-British production, "39 Steps."

KAY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—You are right, and we feel the same way you do. The above brief biography will give you all the information you are seeking. Yes, there is a Mrs. Robert Donat, also two young Donats.

ADELYN GRAVES, NARBERTH, PA.—Indeed, Ann Harding is a lovely person. She was born at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, on August 7th and is 5 and one-half feet tall. She has ash blonde hair and blue-grey eyes and tips the scales at 106 pounds. Before entering the motion pictures, she appeared on the legitimate stage in "Tarnish," "Stolen Fruit," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." She was recently divorced from Harry Bannister. Her next appearance on the screen will be in "Peter Ibbetson."

L. J. DAVISON, NEW YORK CITY.—Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the sixth of January, 1913. She is 5 feet 3 and one-half inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her stage career began at the age of four but she did not enter the movies until 1927. Grant Withers was her one and only husband but they are divorced at present.

You will soon see her in "Ramona," her latest picture.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

THE ANSWER MAN is a library of fact, fancy and personalities on pictures and players, and hasn't been stumped for an answer yet. Naturally, he does not limit you on your questions, but brevity is desirable. If you prefer an answer direct, be sure and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Also, be sure and address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.



Robert Donat, who reads anything from a detective thriller to a Greek play, and who considers roast duckling the top in food

MRS. W. C. BRADLEY, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Frank Morgan took the part of the Governor of Louisiana in "Naughty Marietta."

LAURA F. BEEBE, STURGIS, MICH.—Noah Beery is very much alive. At the present time he is over in England making "King of the Damned."

Wallace Beery was the one who played in "The Champ."

Yes, "East Lynne" was made into a "talkie" in 1931. Ann Harding, Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook were in the cast.

BETTY SNYDER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Figeac, France, is the birthplace of Charles Boyer. He was educated in the grade and high school there and later attended the Sorbonne in Paris. Besides being an accomplished actor, Charles Boyer is the author of many published short stories. He has also appeared on the legitimate stage before entering the movies. He was born on August 28th, but does not reveal the year. His height is 5 feet 11 inches and he weighs 154 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes.

MILDRED HASELWOOD, WICHITA, KAN.—You will have to write to the studios directly for your information, but unless you are thoroughly familiar with the studio routine and the motion picture industry, the possibility of securing the kind of employment you desire is very slim. Furthermore, the work is far more difficult and exacting than you think. The script girl is held responsible, to a certain extent, for errors that occur in the films.

ESTHER, FORT WAYNE, IND.—Dick Powell was divorced in 1932. His wife was a non-professional and there were no children by his marriage. Donald Cook was married twice and was divorced the same number of times. He is the father of little Donna Daily who was born March 21, 1934.

ALICE N. MORRISON, SEATTLE, WASH.—Unless the songs are used in a musical production, we do not keep any record of the titles. Hugh Herbert really is that gentleman's name, and a grand gentleman he is. Binghamton, New York, is the place of his birth. Many thanks for your charming sentiments.

L. J. ELLIS, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Tacoma, Washington, claims Bing Crosby as one of its natives, and the date of his birth is May 5, 1904. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. His hair is brown and his eyes the shade that his feminine admirers describe as pastel blue. At one time, Bing intended to become a lawyer and studied for the bar at Gonzoga University, but somehow he was side-tracked and found himself being billed as one of the three "Rhythm Boys" appearing with Paul Whiteman's band. He is married to Dixie Lee, an actress, and is the father of three boys. Bob Crosby is his only brother. His favorite hobbies are boating and fishing and he owns quite an enviable stable of racing ponies, although we don't know whether you would consider that a hobby or a worry. Bing is now at work making the screen version of "Anything Goes."

Shirley Temple was born April 24, 1929, at Santa Monica, California. She is 40 inches tall and weighs 42 pounds. Her hair is the color of gold and her eyes hazel. She has two brothers, Jack and George, both of whom are much older than Shirley. She loves to memorize lines from plays and to collect dolls, but most of all she is very fond of riding on her pony. "Captain January" is the name of her next picture.

BEVELYN HENDRICKS, TUCSON, ARIZ.—Your question regarding Loretta Young has been answered above.

"I'm a fan for Lux"

says GLORIA STUART

"It's a winner with washables—keeps them like new!"

"WHEN a player is a box office hit, fans won't stand for someone else taking her place. No other player is 'just as good.' I'm that way about Lux.

"With Lux, stockings practically never get runs, undies keep the darling colors they have when new, sweaters stay soft, unshrunken. Naturally I'm keen about Lux!"

Do YOU follow the lead of the Hollywood stars and insist on Lux? They know it's *safe*—that it has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often have—never weakens threads or fades colors as cake-soap rubbing may. Saves stocking runs, too!

Thousands of girls who must count every penny find Lux helps them to look as well-groomed as their favorite stars. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"All costumes on the Universal lot that are washable at all are cared for with Lux," says Vera West, Wardrobe Supervisor. "It cleans like magic—I wouldn't be without it if it cost $1.00 a box!"





Luxable fashions are important in the wardrobe of this popular star. You'll see her wearing them in Universal pictures. Clever girls take her advice—stick to Lux!

Every costume that's safe in water, Gloria Stuart insists must be Luxed. Others, like the frock she's wearing at right, must have Luxable trimmings!



"I try to guess how often my things have been Luxed, but they look new so long I'm a mile off!" says Gloria.

Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

is important. I sent a man out to keep a watch on the front of the house. His name is Peters. I want you to put him on the telephone and let me talk with him."

"I'll get him," she said. "He came here and reported just a few minutes ago, but listen, I wanted to tell you something. My car's been stolen."

"Stolen?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You're certain?"

"Yes. And Arthur," she went on, "that's the butler, you know, saw the tracks of the man who stole it—at least we think he's the one; he's got bare feet. He was . . ."

"You," he ordered, "get out of that house. Are your guests still there?"

"Yes."

"MAKE some excuse," he told her, *any* "excuse. I don't care what it is. Get Peters to drive you. Go to the Roosevelt Hotel, register under the name under which I first met you. Tell Peters that I said you were to have Jim Sweet as a bodyguard. Peters will know how to arrange it. Tell Peters to see that you get to the hotel, and *leave that house at once.* After that, have Peters come out to where I am now."

"Where are you now?"

"At Frank Alter's residence."

"Is he there?"

"There's no time for answering questions," he told her. "Get Peters and get started, and tell Peters to take care of you first and then get out here just as quickly as he can."

Brent slammed the receiver back on the hook.

"To whom were you talking?" Merla Smith asked.

"Curious?"

"Not particularly."

He chuckled and said, "Only so curious that you forgot your fear in an attempt to find out who it was. . . . Come on, we're going down the corridor to where you saw this man."

"No. No. No."

"Suit yourself," he told her. "*I'm* going."

"But you can't leave me here alone."

"Then you can come."

She started to protest, but Dick brushed her protestations aside, strode to the door, took a flashlight from his pocket and started down the long corridor.

CHAPTER VIII

AS Brent approached the turn in the corridor around which Merla Smith had run screaming, she came close to him, clung to his right arm.

He shook her loose. "Listen," he told her, "I don't know what's down here but I don't want some girl cramping my style if I have to go into action. Beat it. Why don't you lock yourself in one of the bedrooms, close the window, lock the door and wait until . . ."

"No!" she half screamed. "I won't! I won't! I tell you I won't! I won't be left alone in this house. There's something awful here."

"Because you saw a man who didn't wear any shoes?" he asked. "Don't you know that was probably Frank Alter? He wanted you out of the way, so he made a stall, slipped down the corridor, took off his shoes and waited for you."

"Don't be foolish!" she exclaimed. "Frank wouldn't have done that. This man grabbed for my throat. Look! You can see the scratches on my skin. See where his nails scratched down against the flesh!"

She pulled aside the torn blouse, disclosed the sweep of a perfect throat, the soft whiteness of the rounded contours.

Dick kept his eyes peering down the corridor.

"Show it to me some other time," he told her. "I don't care if he grabbed at your



Gail Patrick and John Engstead who appear together very often, stifle all rumors by saying that they are just good friends and nothing more

throat a dozen times. I tell you it *could* have been Alter."

"*You're* no help at a time like this," she said bitterly.

"It all depends on what you call help," Dick answered, grinning. "What were *you* doing, prowling around Alter's bedrooms?"

"None of your business!"

"Very well, then," Dick agreed cheerfully "it's none of my business. So that's that *Now* what'll we talk about?"

All the time he was talking he was walking down the corridor.

"Look," she said, pointing to the lighted corridor, "he switched the lights back on. He turned them out when he was chasing me and then he turned them on again."

Dick paid no attention to her but raised his voice and once more shouted, "Alter! Frank Where are you? Hello-o-o!"

Once more there was no sound save the scream of the howling wind which sent moaning noises whistling from the eaves of the house.

"Look here," Brent said, "there's a door open somewhere. You can feel the wind coming down this corridor. Now tell me, was the wind blowing down the corridor before this man grabbed at you?"

"I don't think so."

"Can't you be certain?"

"Yes, I'm certain it wasn't."

"That," he said, "would indicate the man had left the premises. I'll take a look."

He led the way around another bend in the corridor. The huge house, built to enclose a patio, had long corridors running between rooms, which, on one side of the corridor, opened on the patio and on the other, the outer side of the house.

"What does a bachelor want with such a big house?" Brent asked half musingly.

"Perhaps he had a chance to buy it cheap and is holding it for speculation. He's only using part of the rooms to live in."

"Is that the reason?" Brent asked.

"I guess . . . er . . . I don't know. I was only guessing."

"You seemed to know what you were talking about."

"Did I?"

"Yes."

"There's the open door," she said, pointing.

They had approached the end of the hallway. The corridor broadened into a little reception room at the side of which a massive door swung on its hinges while gusts of wind swept rain in through the opening.

"Perhaps it blew open," she suggested.

Brent indicated the huge bolt in the door, the massive wrought-iron catch and the brass chain.

"JUST about one chance in a million," he said, "that this door blew open—about one chance in ten million that it was opened from the outside. Whoever opened that door opened it from the inside and went through it in a hurry."

Brent's flashlight located the light switch. He clicked it on and the little reception hallway, the porch, and the graveled walk leading across the patio were flooded with light.

"This still isn't the front door," Brent said.

"No, the front door is on the other side, across the patio. This walk leads toward it."

Brent indicated the moisture on the hardwood floor. "You can see," he said, "that this door hasn't been open long. The rain is blowing in fast, yet there isn't very much on the floor. Now then, where the devil do you suppose Alter went to? *He'd* hardly have come out and left the door open."

"Oh, *I* know what must have happened," she said. "Alter must have been chasing the thing that grabbed me. Isn't that logical?"

Dick didn't answer her. He was bent forward examining the graveled walk.

"Only one person came out of this door," he said, "and that person was running, and . . ." he said slowly, "running in his bare feet."

The beating rain had moistened the ground underneath the surface of the gravel so that pounding feet had left deep indentations which were filled with water. Dick pointed them out, focused the beam of his flashlight on a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Johnny Downs and Marsha Hunt in a scene from the Paramount picture, "The Virginia Judge"

1936 Super Charged

Not only in Hollywood, but wherever discriminating men and women demand exceptional smartness, and performance, Auburn Super-Charged models have become tremendous favorites. A champion never pushes people around, therefore you can ride in safety and comfort in an Auburn Super-Charged car, letting all cars go by, secure in your knowledge that beneath your hood you have a superior car which has already been proven and needs no further demonstrations. We invite you to inspect and drive one of these 150 Horse Power Super-Charged Auburns.

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AUBURN

Joe Penner, in the Paramount picture "Collegiate"



Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

place where the man had quit the walk and cut across the patio. The patio was paved with stone flags. In between them were patches of ground soaked with rain until it had reached the consistency of soft putty. In several of these strips of earth there were the marks of bare feet. The heels had left no imprints, but the toes had dug deeply into the ground.

"Come on," Dick said, "we're going to find where this man went."

They were both out in the driving rain, both equally unconscious of the downpour which was drenching their clothing.

"Be careful," Dick warned, "only to step on these rocks. We don't want to leave *our* tracks here."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Just a precaution," he told her. "You can't tell what's going to happen."

"You mean," she said in an undertone, "what *has happened*."

"What was that?" he asked, turning toward her.

"Nothing," she answered. "I was just talking."

"Humph," he grunted, and shot the beam of his spotlight to an open window.

"WHERE do you suppose that window goes?" she asked.

"It looks," he said, "as though it went to a cellar. I'm going through it."

"No! No!" she protested. "It's dark down there! You can't go through it."

He thrust his flashlight through the window, said, "Yes, it's a cellar. I'm going down. You can go back if you want to."

"I don't dare go back. Don't leave me!"

Brent slid down through the window without bothering to make any answer.

"Wait!" she cried. "Take me with you. Don't leave without me!"

Brent, standing on the floor beneath the window, sent his flashlight in a sweeping circle about the basement. A wine rack, well filled with cobwebby bottles, sent back the beam of his flashlight in dull reflections. A pile of old law books was in one corner. There were various boxes, barrels, odds and ends, but no sign of life.

Brent completed his survey, looked up through the window and called, "All right, slide down if you want to come. Otherwise go back to the house."

She tried to wrap her skirt tightly about her legs and slide through the window but, as she slid, her skirt, moving upward, disclosed a perfectly formed pair of legs.

After a moment she stopped and said, "I can't."

"Come on if you're coming," Brent called. "Don't mind me. This is business."

"Damn you," she said. "I hate you! You're a beast," and, with that, squirmed through the window, kicking with her legs violently as she slid through the casement.

Brent grabbed her, eased her to the floor. Then as she readjusted her garments, Brent started exploring the cellar. He peered back of the furnace, back of the stacked boxes, found a light switch and turned on the electric lights.

"No one here," he said.

Stairs led up to the upper floor. Brent climbed those stairs, twisted the knob of the door at the top of the stairs and frowned.

"This door's locked," he said.

"Well, what of it?" she asked. "With all of this wine down here you'd think he would keep the door locked."

"That isn't the point," he told her. "There's only one window to this cellar. That's high enough from the floor so it would be pretty difficult for a man to get out through it unless he put a box or something under it, and there's no box in evidence. Now then, how did this bare-footed man get out through a locked door?"

"He could have had a key," she observed sarcastically.

"*Exactly* the point I'm making," Brent told her. "Whoever came down through this cellar window had a key to this door, or else he must be still in this cellar. And if he is—"



The golden voiced Lily Pons peers wistfully through glass, not iron, bars in a scene from "Love Song," which marks her debut in pictures

"You're still trying to prove it was Frank Alter who grabbed me?" she asked.

"Not necessarily. I'm simply thinking out loud," he observed.

He produced his flashlight, started examining the walls of the cellar, checking over each foot of the concrete. Abruptly he stopped and said, "Look here. What's this?"

HE pried at the concrete, pushed and hammered. Nothing happened. He searched about with groping fingertips, finally found a slightly raised section in the wall and pressed it. The raised spot in the wall receded under the pressure of his thumb. A dull click sounded from the interior. Slowly, ponderously, a section of solid masonry slid inward, actuated by some unseen mechanism which swung the heavy slab on noiseless hinges.

"Now then," Brent remarked, "we're getting somewhere."

The flashlight illuminated an underground chamber which had no light. Its walls were of mortared rock. From it came a peculiar fetid stench.

Merla Smith grabbed at Dick's arm.

"The same smell!" she cried. "It's like a caged lion! It . . ."

Dick shook her free.

The little room contained an iron bedstead, mattress, blankets. There was a folding card table, a water tap in the side of the wall, and built into the solid masonry, two iron rings from which dangled chains. Below the chains, on the cement floor, lay twin bands of steel, ratcheted like padlocks.

"Look," he said, "those are made like handcuffs, and you can see where that chain has been filed or sawed. See," he went on, his voice high-pitched with excitement, "someone was held a captive here! He was chained by his wrists to that wall. The chains allowed him to lie on the bed and to move around a little bit, but not much. That person sawed or filed through the chains and escaped."

"Then what?" she asked.

Dick shrugged his shoulders and said, "Then perhaps he tried to grab you by the throat."

"And you mean to say that Frank Alter, the lawyer, kept a man chained down here like a caged animal?"

"I mean to say nothing of the sort," he told her. "I am merely pointing out to you unmistakable evidence that some man was kept chained in this room. There's another room. Let's see what's behind *that* door."

DICK'S right hand slipped a gun from his shoulder holster to a position of instant readiness. His left hand held the flashlight. Slowly he stepped forward. The beam from the flashlight illuminated the second room.

Abruptly Dick froze into immobility, the gun thrust forward ready for instant action.

The beam from the light had caught a pool of thick red which had welled slowly from that inner room, along a richly carpeted floor, until, as the beams of the detective's flashlight struck its surface, it sent forth a vague ruby reflection which danced in crimson light upon the tinted plaster walls of the inner room.

"Keep back," Dick told her, "unless you want to be shocked."

He stepped quickly forward. The beam of his flashlight disclosed a dead hand clutching against the rug, the fingers covered with encrusted red. Another step—an arm came into view, stretched out at a grotesque angle. Another step and Dick Brent was staring down upon the dead form of Frank Alter, the criminal lawyer—the handle of a big knife protruding from his back.

From the street outside of the house, sounded the blare of an automobile horn.

Dick Brent whirled on Merla Smith.

"*You*," he said, "*killed Frank Alter!*"

She shook her head.

"Yes you did," he told her. "You were having an argument with him when I came He told you to hide. You came down to this room. It's very evident what sort of a place this is. Alter has kept it as a hide-out."

She tried to speak, but words would not come to her quivering lips.

From the rain-swept darkness just outside of the house, there sounded once more the inpatient blaring of an automobile horn.

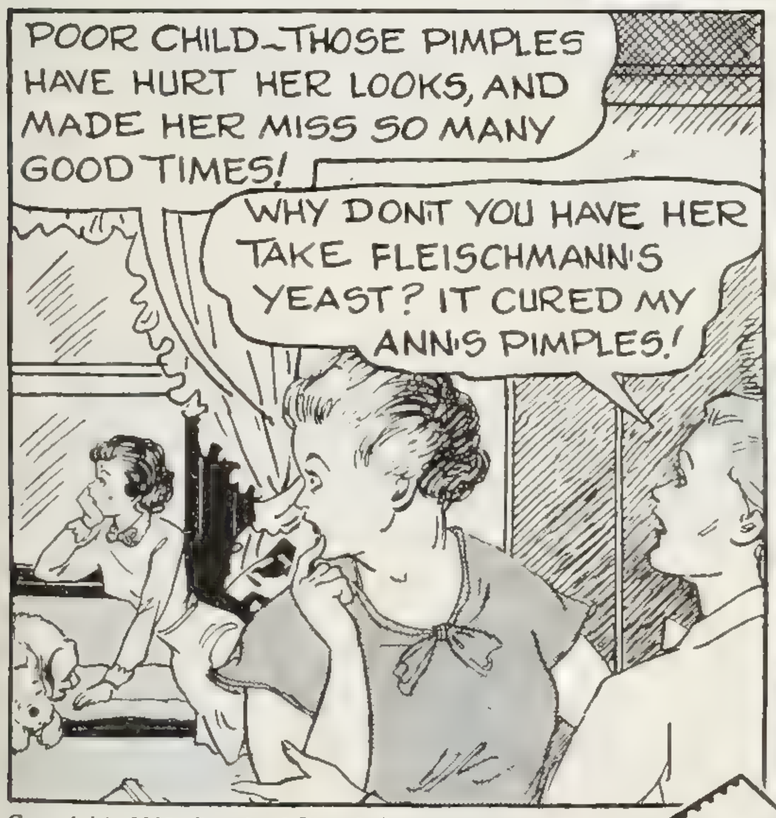
(*Did Merla Smith kill Frank Alter? Who was the frightful menace in the dark? Can lovely Vilma Fenton, the actress, escape him? The next installment of "Face Down" brings even more electrifying, diabolical events. In January* PHOTOPLAY, *out December 5.*)



But secretly she cried over her pimply skin









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From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.



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I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin

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comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SWEET, SMOOTH SKIN is *very* hard to resist. So don't risk losing this charm. You can use all the rouge and powder you wish! But be sure to *remove* stale cosmetics *thoroughly* with the care 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars have used for years—gentle Lux Toilet Soap!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. It guards against the dangerous pore choking that results in tiny blemishes, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps—signs of Cosmetic Skin. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that frees the pores completely of all hidden traces of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

To protect your skin—keep it always smooth and clear—follow this easy rule: Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap!

You want to have the kind of skin that makes men say, "I think you're wonderful!"

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 |

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused Murder thrills Good. (*July*)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives *Charlie Chan* another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective Worth while. (*Nov.*)

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and ineffective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (*Oct.*)

★ **CHINA SEAS**—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (*Oct.*)

CHINATOWN SQUAD.—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (*Aug.*)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (*Sept.*)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (*Aug.*)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (*July*)

★ **CRUSADES, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the familiar religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith (*Oct.*)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (*Oct.*)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (*July*)

★ **DARK ANGEL, THE**—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall give excellent and finished performances. Fine supporting cast. (*Nov.*)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned spender of the colorful "gay nineties," Diamond Jim Brady. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting rôle. (*Oct.*)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta (*July*)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (*Oct.*)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (*July*)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to rediscover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Rolf is charming in her American picture début. (*Oct.*)

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis Ann Sothern is the romantic prize (*July*)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Miscast as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film début of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story (*Sept.*)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominions-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded, as the waif who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (*Aug.*)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (*Oct.*)

★ **FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE**—Fox.—It takes farmer, Henry Fonda, a long time to get Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce the early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast. (*Oct.*)

FLAME WITHIN, THE—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (*Aug.*)

FORBIDDEN HEAVEN—Republic.—A simple story which tells of the banding together of four human derelicts on the night of a heavy London fog and how Charles Farrell brings them love and happiness. Charlotte Henry, Beryl Mercer, Fred Walton Fair-ish (*Nov.*)



Something brand new from Boston way—Jean Rogers, who won a beauty contest, and landed in the feminine lead of Universal's film, "Stormy"

FRONT PAGE WOMAN — Warners. — Crisp, crackling newspaper drama, with the battle on between reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy. Good entertainment. (*Sept.*)

★ **GAY DECEPTION, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A light, whimsical though preposterous tale in which Francis Lederer is a Graustark prince working incognito as a bell-boy in a Manhattan hotel. Frances Dee leads. (*Nov.*)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (*July*)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (*June*)

GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (*Aug.*)

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Columbia.—Mostly a burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Has a good song or two but little else Roger Pryor. Ann Sothern starring (*Nov.*)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (*Aug.*)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland and others (*Aug.*)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (*June*)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (*July*)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warners.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies in which Kay Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Genevieve Tobin, Ralph Forbes. (*Oct.*)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (*Sept.*)

★ **HARMONY LANE**—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Douglass Montgomery interprets the role of Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (*Nov.*)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations (*Aug.*)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue (*Aug.*)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Gracie Allen and to have a hilarious time while you are doing it. George Barbier plays papa (*Nov.*)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (*Oct.*)

★ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**—20th Century-Fox.—A gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight that introduces Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink to the screen. See it for its fun and listen for the thrill of Martini's voice. (*Nov.*)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine. William Frawley, George E. Stone. • (*June*)

HONEYMOON LIMITED — Monogram. — Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (*Sept.*)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance (*Aug.*)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (*June*)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mulford's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (*Nov.*)

HOT-TIP—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zanies, are at it again in a well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Abounding in humor and wisecracks. (*Nov.*)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (*July*)

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 |

"No more *Unreliable Handbags* for me!"

says

Binnie Barnes



Binnie Barnes, appearing in Universal Pictures

This talented actress insists on handbags featuring the security of the automatic-locking *Talon* slide fastener.

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BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

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★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (*Aug.*)

★ **THE INFORMER** — RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (*July*)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (*Sept.*)

★ **IRISH IN US, THE**—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, homely story that once again proves blood to be thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh steals the show. (*Oct.*)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie Lots of laughs. (*June*)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winning novel of the loves and hates of the Whiteoakes family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (*Oct.*)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder. (*Oct.*)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story, with Neil Hamilton good as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Betty Furness, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth. For the family. (*Sept.*)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (*July*)

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years and years ago. (*Oct.*)

KLIOU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of Indio-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (*Aug.*)

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Monogram—Rapidly paced, well acted, this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dare-devil, Evalyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (*Sept.*)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames (*July*)

LADY TUBBS—Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her, that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended (*Sept.*)

LA MATERNELLE—Metropolis.—Reminiscent in plot and in some respects, of "Maedchen In Uniform," this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate theater goers. (*Nov.*)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (*Aug.*)

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is captivating in a trite story of an orphan adopted by a Broadway tinhorn. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (*Oct.*)

LOST CITY, THE—Sherman S. Krellberg Production.—If you chuck logic and common sense overboard, you will enjoy this wild story of an engineer and his expedition to a fantastic city in Africa. Kane Richmond, William Boyd head the cast. (*Nov.*)

★ **LOVE ME FOREVER**—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is supurb. (*Sept.*)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Struensee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (*June*)

PHOTOPLAYS Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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MAD LOVE — M-G-M. — Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the role of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (*Sept.*)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (*Sept.*)

MANHATTAN MOON — Universal. — Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (*Oct.*)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (*Sept.*)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (*June*)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as *Pa* who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (*July*)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (*July*)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton heads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (*Sept.*)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (*June*)

MORALS OF MARCUS—G. B.—Lupe Velez' fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening's entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (*Nov.*)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (*Aug.*)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (*Oct.*)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (*Aug.*)

★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wise-cracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (*Aug.*)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast, A-1 direction. (*July*)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP — B.I.P.-Alliance. — Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous *Quilp*. (*Sept.*)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (*July*)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (*June*)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's (*Aug.*)

★ **PAGE MISS GLORY**—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, *Dawn Glory*, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (*Sept.*)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph Good supporting cast. (*Aug.*)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (*July*)

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (*July*)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft. human comedy for the whole family. (*June*)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (*July*)

POWDERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio.—The usual hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele. (*Nov.*)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (*June*)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (*June*)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (*Aug.*)

PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (*Oct.*)

RAVEN, THE — Universal. — Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe s great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (*Sept.*)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (*June*)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (*Oct.*)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—London Films-United Artists.—Paul Robeson's singing, Leslie Banks' acting, and the true portrayal of cannibalistic tribes of the African interior, make this an interesting film. Lots of excitement. (*Sept.*)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL** — Hecht - MacArthur - Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woollcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper (*July*)

SHANGHAI—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of East is East and West is West—, with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (*Oct.*)

★ **SHE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Gahagan makes her film début as the magnificent immortal ruler of the mythical kingdom of Kor. Randy Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack find her when they travel beyond the Arctic searching for "the flame of life." Mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (*Sept.*)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls and thwarts a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees, Lucien Littlefield. (*Oct.*)

★ **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing rôles since "It Happened One Night," plays the part of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a perfect wife. Melvyn Douglass, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (*Nov.*)

SPECIAL AGENT—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—A fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (*Nov.*)

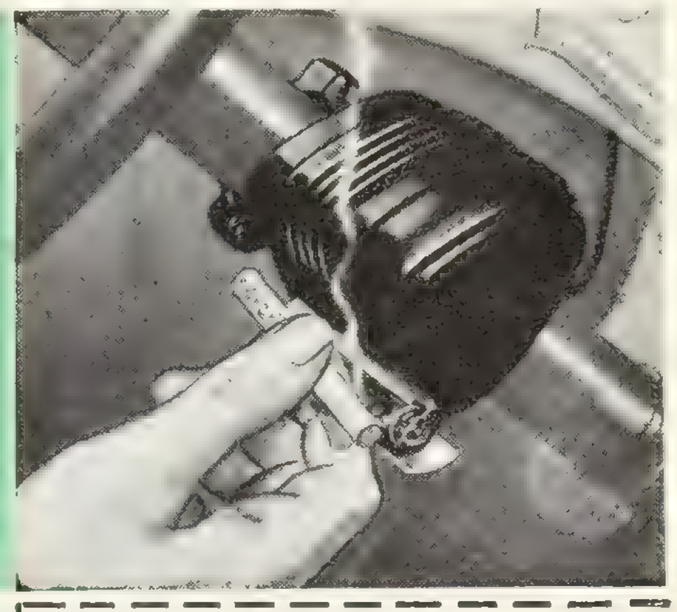
SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (*July*)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (*June*)



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★ **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND**—Fox. —Beloved Will Rogers in a dramatic, laugh-laden love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious legal complications. Anne Shirley gives a splendid performance. John McGuire. (*Oct.*)

STOLEN HARMONY — Paramount. — George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery Charles Arnt. (*June*)

STRANDED—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, by the struggle which ensues when social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry he-man engineer George Brent because he is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, but story is unconvincing. (*Sept.*)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is aces high. (*June*)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a streamline train constitute the basis for this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (*Nov.*)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (*Sept.*)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (*July*)

$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (*June*)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (*Sept.*)

THIS IS THE LIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Withers, a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute. (*Nov.*)

★ **TOP HAT**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (*Nov.*)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (*June*)

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS — Republic. — Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot. So-so. (*Nov.*)

TWO FOR TONIGHT — Paramount. — Bing Crosby clowns and sings his way through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films. Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (*Nov.*)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino. Armida. (*Aug.*)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia. —Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (*July*)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfuly mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny, Frank Craven. (*June*)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (*July*)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilt-edged partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (*Sept.*)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY — Warners. — Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (*Oct.*)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal. —If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (*July*)

WESTWARD HO!—Republic.—A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (*Oct.*)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National —Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (*June*)

WITHOUT REGRET — Paramount. — Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (*Nov.*)

★ **WOMAN WANTED** — M-G-M. — A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (*Oct.*)

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

The lights go on and Muni rolls slowly into the scene. The movie doctors press about him, their attitude reverent, attendant. Muni reaches slowly for the phials on the table. "This," he says, giving a doctor some syrup, "is for patient number one. This for number three. Try this on that new case." Muni's voice is faded but warm, detached and deeply touching. This is the twilight of the great career of Pasteur. It is also the kind of scene only Muni could play with such sincerity.

When the scene is over, you go out into the bright sunlight, surprised to find yourself in Burbank, California.

UP and over the hill takes you not to the poor house, but to Paramount studio. Here Claudette Colbert, the wisest actress in Hollywood, is shooting "The Bride Comes Home." Wesley Ruggles is directing the film and that's a guarantee of entertainment. If advance signs mean anything, this should be one of the most pleasant pictures of the year. In this case, they do mean a lot for Claudette, Wesley and author Claude Binyon form one of the town's best actress-director-writer teams. Their last joint product was "The Gilded Lily."

Wes Ruggles is also producing the film himself. But it's really a more or less cooperative job, with everyone pitching in with all he has and having a lot of fun doing it. It's the smoothness and the efficiency of the group that you notice most of all. Not even the gags that are continually passing—such as having grotesque faces painted all over the set to try and break up Claudette in her love scene, and Bob Young claiming he is an M-G-M spy every time he misses a cue—let you forget that here is a bunch who knows its business and knows it well.

Claudette wears a simple little black and white dress. She's supposed to be in love with Fred MacMurray and Bob Young, his rival, is telling her what a heel MacMurray is. MacMurray sits off stage, studying his lines. Between scenes he tells Claudette what a heller Young is.

"The Bride Comes Home" is set in Chicago. Near that city is a town called Crown Point. You may have heard of it. Crown Point is the place where all Chicagoans elope. The village is plastered with signs like "GET MARRIED HERE," "TWO DOLLARS FOR QUICK MARRIAGE," "SEE THE MARRYING PARSON FOR YOUR WEDDING." Now the thing that worries Wesley Ruggles is this. Will people believe this if he puts it in his picture? Or will the scene become more real with a little less realism? He doesn't know.

We left Wes to his worries and dashed over to the "Anything Goes" set, where Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman sing "You're The Top" to Paramount's greatest all-star cast. The all-star cast was on the sidelines. For the whole studio had jammed itself behind the camera for this number.

The set is a smartly reconstructed deck of a modern ocean liner. Bing and Ethel give the bright Cole Porter song all the dash and verve of their rhythmic voices. You feel as if the whole sound stage were swaying with them. In the story, Ethel loves Bing but Bing loves some other gal, but this doesn't have any detrimental effect on their vocalizing. Wait till you hear them! And the lyrics are all new, too.

Later, Wes's brother, Charlie Ruggles, does a scene with a dog. Charlie Ruggles is supposed to be Public Enemy No. 13 and no matter how bad he tries to be he can't improve his rating. He was disguised in a minister's black frocking when we watched him. Mr. Ruggles seemed quite holy until you looked at his face.

Holiness made us think of Marlene Dietrich, so we went to the "Desire" set to watch her emote in her first venture without the arty guidance of von Sternberg. Frank Borzage is directing this one. We saw Marlene, but we didn't see any costumed, slow talking woman of dark mystery. The woman we saw was as modern as Myrna Loy and as vivacious as Ginger Rogers. Some visitors approached her for an autographed photo. When she gave them the pictures and smiled good-bye, they said, "Thanks, Miss Dietrich." So it must have been she. Next month the electricians will be calling her Toots.

IN "Desire," Dietrich wears her smartest clothes. They are modern, but not extreme, the sort of thing that well dressed women all over the world could wear. Travis Banton, Paramount's stylist, explained Hollywood's sudden style importance by saying the stars are wearing the same sort of clothes on the set that they wear off. With improved photography and an improved general taste, an actress, Travis declares, no longer has to knock your eye out to get across the fact that she is wealthy and worldly.

Marlene Dietrich has changed. She's doing comedy now, and you're in for an agreeable surprise when you see "Desire." In this bit, she explains to Doctor Alan Mowbray that her husband wears, of all things, lace nighties. Don't ask us why—that's the scenario writer's idea. Not only that, but he thinks he's a girl and wants to play with dolls. Now this is a pretty state of affairs for any husband. But for La Dietrich's husband to go around crimping his hair is hardly cricket. Not even as much fun, we'd say.

Dr. Mowbray tells Miss Dietrich not to worry. He'll have her husband out of lace nighties and back in pyjamas in no time. The scene is played in a straight faced gravity that has you holding your sides. I'm worried about Mr. Dietrich, though.

NONE of the desperados in M-G-M's "Robin Hood of Eldorado" wear lace nighties. This is a rough, yet romantic, outdoor costume film based on the thrilling life of *Murietta*, California's Robin Hood bandit. Warner Baxter is the star. He wears a handsome black and silver Caballero outfit, gun hanging from his side and his middle wrapped with a twenty-foot cummerbund.

The film is completed when we call except for one retake. The scene is the interior of a mountain cabin, the exterior having been shot in Sonora, California, the heart of the gold country. Ann Loring, getting her first big break, plays opposite Baxter. She is a dark, lithe girl, poised and seemingly of great promise.

Wild Bill Wellman, who cracked up so many planes during the war they called him the German Ace, directs this dramatic bit. Baxter is thanking Miss Loring for having helped him. "I am a woman," she tells him. "Of course I would help you."

"But you are deeferent," he accents. (Sure, the Spanish use that line, too.) Before their love scene can get down to facts, one of Baxter's screen friends breaks in to warn him that danger is approaching.

It is a highly exciting scene the way Baxter plays it. And when he dashes out the door, you feel as if you'd like to follow him and see the fight. But outside all is suavity and dated elegance. For you have wandered onto another set and this is New York's Savoy Hotel of the late nineteenth century. It is, for the nonce, whatever a nonce is, Anna Held's suite.

Luise Rainer, the screen's current discovery rave, plays *Anna Held* in "The Great Ziegfeld." She's a tiny thing with great big brown eyes that dominate her mobile, delicate face. Resting between scenes, she wears a flowered kimono. She talks about her dog, which she has just acquired and of which she is very proud.

"Have you got a playmate for him yet?" director Bob Leonard asks her.

"What is that, a playmate?" she asks in her accented voice.

"It's a—well—I mean, did you get him another dog to love?"

"Poof! He will find one for himself."

The one and only Bill Powell plays *Ziegfeld*. Maybe it's just admiration, or maybe it's gratitude because she co-starred with him in "Escapade," but whatever the reason, Miss Rainer's eyes are filled with more than friendship when she looks at the sleek Mr. Powell.

The scene we watch Powell do is the one wherein he tries to convince *Anna Held's* maid that it would be a good publicity stunt to have the French take milk baths. Mr. Powell, the smoothie, could convince anyone of anything.





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So we left the set certain all would go properly if they ever got the lights adjusted.

"Ah, Wilderness," the Eugene O'Neill bit of nostalgia, is shooting on the next stage. The scene: a high-school graduation in the early part of the century. All the boys look like immature Herbert Hoovers in their high starched collars. The girls wear calf-length white dresses, white bows in their hair and white sashes around their waists. And white cotton stockings, if you've forgotten there are such things.

IT'S a mystery where the casting director rounded up these faces. Not that they are all homely, but each one has that unprettied and sometimes comic look that is certain to bring back your own high-school days, unless you're still having them.

Lionel Barrymore plays the part George M. Cohan did in New York and Will Rogers did on the Hollywood stage. Eric Linden is his son and class valedictorian. He does a farewell speech. It's somehow very funny and very sad. His elocution is grand.



Robert Montgomery and Richard Barthelmess are two of the film colony's most ardent tennis fans who spend a great deal of their time at the Los Angeles Tennis Club indulging in tennis or food or, quite often, both

Before Linden does his piece one talented member of the class recites "The Bells." A lisper gives a talk on "My Mythical Trip Through Switzerland." If you think it's easy, say it fast three times.

This is a film close to director Clarence Brown's heart. Generally he is associated with Garbo and glamour affairs, but "Ah, Wilderness" touches much of Brown's personal background. For the exteriors, he took the company back to his home, Grafton, Mass. Which is a pretty slick way to visit your own home town if you ask us.

Baby Peggy is so grown-up now that she plays one of the graduates and Cecelia Parker, who makes no disguise of her affection for Eric Linden, does the lead.

From a high-school graduation ceremony, we went to a grammar school, a real one on the M-G-M lot, with real students hard at real work. They are the kids who appear in "Riff Raff," the Frances Marion story starring Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.

The kids, ranging from about five to ten years old, had their heads bent over improvised desks while two teachers walked among them. One defiant child, we noticed, would have none of this dull study. He ran about, bumping into chairs and raising general cain.

"Cornwell!" the teacher called. "Can't you be quiet?"

"No, ma'm," he answered, politely. "I'm rehearsing a scene."

And surely enough, he was. For when we followed him a bit farther, we came upon a fully lighted set. A waterfront dance hall, with hundreds of extras drinking real beer while a dance band blared strident tunes. A run down, badly dressed crowd sat at the tables. It was the kid's part to run among them, amusing himself as he could.

Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy stood in the center of the crowd. Miss Harlow is now called a "brownette" by the press department. Actually, her locks are a kind of dark gold shade for the film. The Harlow figure, we are happy to report, is unchanged.

Tracy is smiling at Jean and shaking a pair of dice. The idea seems to be that Tracy is jealous of Miss Harlow's Greek boy friend, played by Joseph Calleia, and is going to roll the jittery dominoes for some sort of emotional bet. Jean begins ribbing Spencer and while he hesitates the crowd gathers about. Tracy throws the dice, but as the scene ends with a fade out, there was no way of knowing if Miss Harlow won or lost. We did notice, however, that the kid in the background was still running around in circles after director Jack Rubin yelled, "Cut." That kid should get some place if he ever straightens himself out.

THE next M-G-M set took us some seven hundred miles away, to gorgeous Lake Tahoe, where Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are singing their way through "Rose Marie." This is certain to be one of the most beautiful and melodious pictures of the year. It is directed by W. S. Van Dyke, who by this time must be pretty tired of hearing about "The Thin Man."

The number we saw is called "The Echo Song." For this duet, Nelson and Jeanette had to climb, on burros, five miles up the side of a mountain. They sing their piece beside a waterfall that trickles over an expanse of age-worn rock. It's a lovely setting. "Rose Marie" is the first musical to be made outdoors. Van Dyke, back in his element as a location director, is bent on making it the best musical of any sort. What with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald as the stars, he has a pretty good chance.

The most interesting fact learned on the trip to "Rose Marie" is this: Nelson Eddy is not the romantic type. He's a practical joker. Ask Jeanette MacDonald.

THERE was real snow in the mountains above Lake Tahoe. The set of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which stars Gene Raymond, has studio snow, being as how this is being shot right in Hollywood on the RKO lot. The press department wouldn't tell us how the prop snow was made, so we felt and then tasted some. All we can say after this experiment is that it looks like thin cornflakes and tastes like chalk.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" is one of those perennial favorites. It was written by the late Earl Derr Biggers, whose name is now more famous for his Charlie Chan series. The set that we saw was one of those deserted cobwebby places where nothing ever happens. It's the country hotel where novelist Gene Raymond goes to get peace and quiet so that he can write a book. So much action was popping around our head that we got dizzy.

But we don't forget that gruesome bit where Moroni (nothing to do with his intelligence) Olson pointed a gun at us as we were behind the camera. He backed away, leering and saying, "Thank you for your hearty cooperation and fine fidelity." Then, still pointing the gun, he backed out into the snow.

This was no healthy place. Over on the "It Happened In Hollywood" set everything was much more homey. This is a musical farce about a gangster who gets his face lifted and tries to get in the movies. Finally a publicity man beats up the actor-convict. A lot of press agents are going to get a kick out of that scene.

Wally Ford and Molly Lamont are the stars and the picture is directed by Christy Cabanne, one of the old time movie people. Mr. Cabanne doesn't look old, though. He was sitting on the set being quite at ease and comfortable while nothing at all kept on happening.

Since no one seemed inclined to make news, I'll tell you about the set. It's a modern, unpretentious home done predominantly in white. Anyone planning to decorate a house might see "It Happened In Hollywood" for the judicious use of ornament and color that is shown. The property man said that it all cost no more than average small house furnishings.

A JACKHAMMER is a drill that shakes the stuffings out of you. Workingmen use them to tear up streets and to make sleeping in the neighborhood a sporting proposition, with all the odds on the jackhammer user's side. Now Columbia is making a picture by that name. Victor Jory and Sally O'Neill star.

The scene is an office near a construction camp and Miss O'Neill, a newspaper gal, is trying to get a story out of Mr. Jory. Mr. Jory won't give a story but he tells Sally that the dam is liable to break any minute. Being a movie dam it probably will. Mr. Jory isn't a meanie, but he tells the writer he can't spare any men to take her home.

What the movies need are a few competent engineers. They all look handsome enough in their open shirts and riding boots. But why can't any of them construct works strong enough to withstand the ravages of a prop nature for seven reels?

From the smallest lot in Hollywood we take you to 20th Century-Fox, the largest. This studio is so big that men have been known to wander out in its great enclosure and get lost for days, living on nothing but Shirley Temples, Janet Gaynors and Joan Bennetts. We saw a bunch of Northern soldiers and followed them for a few miles to "The Littlest Rebel" set, where Southerner Shirley Temple was doing her precocious stuff for director David Butler.

Between scenes Shirley practices tap dancing with Bill Robinson, who is teaching her a new Harlem routine called "The Trucking." The Temple infant is still unharmed by her fame, still the queen of her tiny realm.

In "The Littlest Rebel," Shirley wears a pantalooned outfit that, when modified, is going to be seen in all the kindergarten classes from here to Siam. On Shirley it's cute.

John Boles plays Shirley's father. He's a spy for the South. In the scene we watched, Mr. Boles is standing outside the ol' plantation and doing a farewell scene, just barely escaping before the arrival of the Yankees. The rehearsal seemed to go okay to everybody but Shirley. She kept one nervous eye on Boles and the other on the inmarching Northerners. Shirley began to jump up and down. Finally, she could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Butler!" she pleaded to the director. "You better hurry up and get Mr. Boles out of here. Those Yankees are going to catch him."

OUR last stop on the tour of the sets is the lavish Casino at Monte Carlo, where Ronald Colman is happy again with his moustache. Colman's new picture is called "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo." The only way to get that title on a marquee is to put it up in rubber letters. Or write it like this: Themanwhobrokethebankatmontecarlowith ronaldcolmanandjoanbennett. Or they might just call it Bank Night.

In this film (we refuse to mention the title again), Mr. Colman plays a Russian expatriate. Then he hits upon a system for winning at roulette. All his friends raise what little money they have and send their champion to the gambling resort. Oddly enough—the system works. Time after time Colman wins. Finally the house has no more money. Mr. Colman is offered a check.

"I want cash," Mr. Colman replies.

"But you can't carry that much money."

"Oh, yes I can." And Colman whips out a trunk.

"Then you knew you were going to win?"

"Yes."

And with that Mr. Colman carries his load of money off the elegant set. While we're quite happy to see anyone so rich, we're just as sorry that we had no more sets to tell you about. But watch us next month.

HOLLYWOOD'S SADDEST STORY COMES TRUE

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

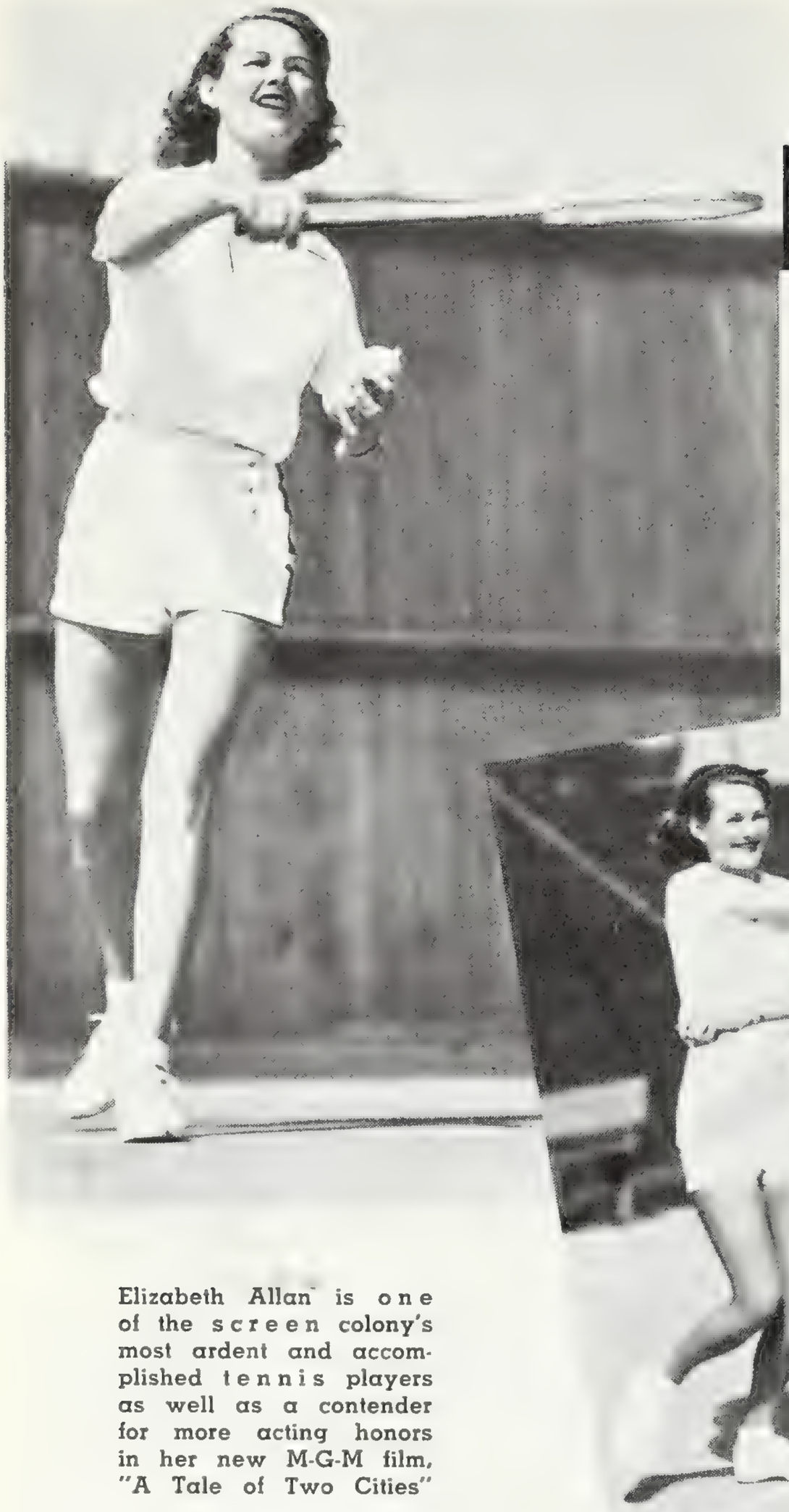
For years Hollywood has prophesied that Barbara Stanwyck's and Frank Fay's marriage had to fail. For years Barbara and Frank have said that would never happen

READ WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THESE TWO AMAZING PEOPLE. TOLD AS ONLY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS CAN TELL IT IN JANUARY PHOTOPLAY



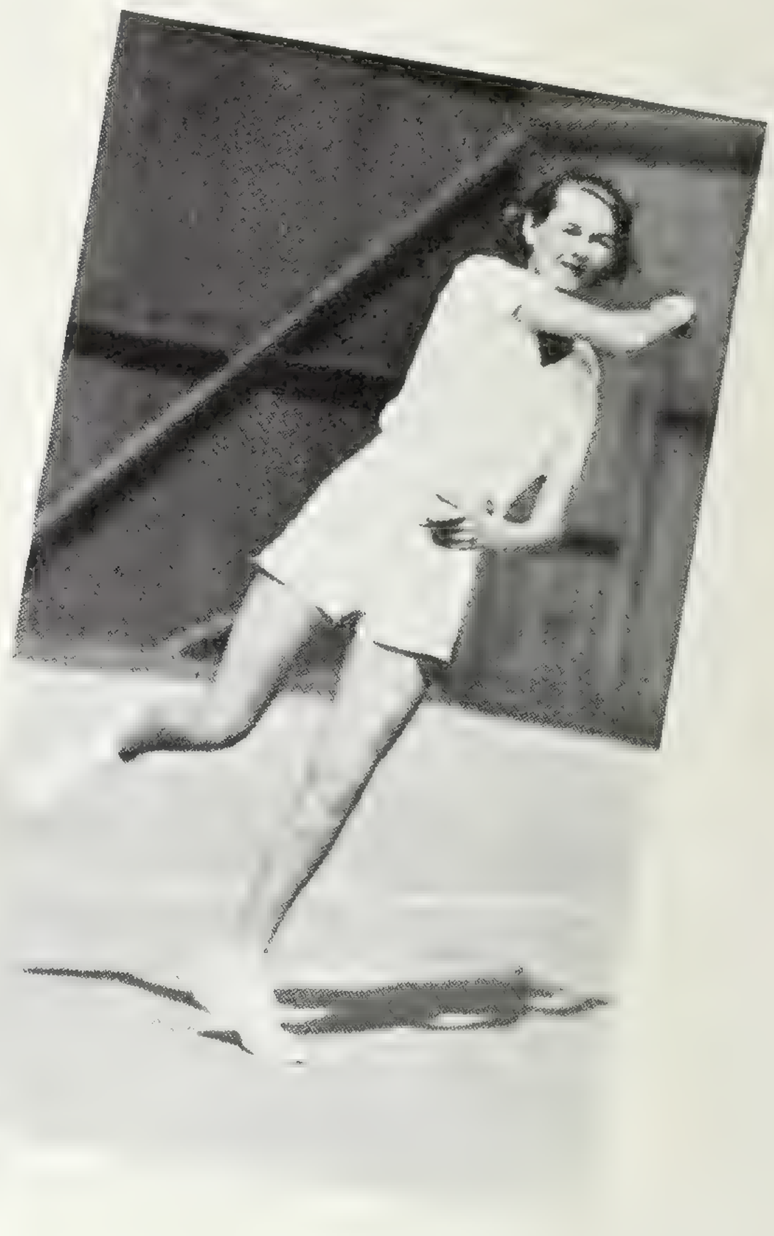
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Boos & Bouquets

Read what the public has written about the movies and stars on these pages



Elizabeth Allan is one of the screen colony's most ardent and accomplished tennis players as well as a contender for more acting honors in her new M-G-M film, "A Tale of Two Cities"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

play with Grace Moore. Her voice is not at all comparable to Jeanette MacDonald's.

IRLA MACINTYRE, FAIRVIEW VILLAGE, O.

BACKS HEPBURN

How could anyone have the heart to write such an article, "Is Hepburn Killing Her Own Career?" as appeared in PHOTOPLAY? I think it is a perfect shame. Katharine Hepburn is the greatest actress which Hollywood has given the world. By her own versatility and genius in the art of acting, her artistry stands supreme.

JOSEPHINE B. BECKER, Cincinnati, O.

SHIRLEY'S PICTURES POOR?

I have seen Shirley Temple in each of her many pictures and I have found that each picture lessens in value. The youngster can do good work if the right pictures are given to her. My suggestion is to let her play "Heidi." I'm sure this character will suit Shirley and bring her to the height of her career.

B. B., Cambridge, Mass.

"ESCAPADE" BEST OF YEAR?

I went to see the picture "Our Little Girl" simply because Joel McCrea and Shirley Temple played in it. I came out praising Rosemary Ames. I also went to see "Escapade," but for no special reason. Luise Rainer is a great actress. It has been a long time since I have seen an actress display so much emotion on the screen. In fact this was the best picture I have seen this year.

ANN MCTYER, Edison, Ga.

ANN HARDING RUINING SELF?

Ann Harding is a fine actress and a very lovely woman, but she is ruining herself on the screen. In every picture she appears in she is mothering some good looking, capable-appearing young man. This would be all right for one or two pictures, but she does it in every one. She gives the appearance that everything is going to come out perfectly if she is there. This monotonous repetition and silly effect has driven me away from her pictures, even though I like Ann Harding as an actress. I happen to know a whole group of people who have stopped going to her pictures just on account of the reason herein explained, so I think it's time someone said: "For heaven's sake, stop being so darn perfect and act human once in a while."

LENNOX ALLEN, Glenview, Ky.

SHIRLEY UNLOVELY?

So they say that Shirley Temple is approaching the "unlovely" age. Well, I don't think so. Let's watch her grow. She's such a lovely star. Jane Withers is a star in one world and Shirley in another. There never could be another Shirley Temple. Let's hope that she will always stay as sweet as she is and in the future years be a big star. I always am glad to see a Temple picture. Here's hoping to see lots more!

A SHIRLEY TEMPLE FAN, Gabsburg, Ill.

GRACE MOORE LOVELY

I think Grace Moore is lovely. She is very beautiful, her voice is exquisite, and her personality charming. Her naturalness and utter lack of affectation make her doubly appealing.

EVELYN ROGERS, South Orange, N. J.

Shirley Wants the Quintuplets for Christmas

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

will get more presents than any other child in the United States—that's the only difference.

"Do you let her have all her presents?" I asked Mrs. Temple.

She nodded, her hazel eyes a little wistful. Shirley Temple's mother is a tall, slim young woman, with a peculiarly sensitive mouth, a gentle voice, a rather shy glance. She wore a simple dark dress and a small dark hat over her smooth hair. Her manner with this famous child of hers is exactly that of any other loving mother. She says, "Shirley, don't talk with your mouth full. Precious, do be quiet and remember what Mr. Butler tells you."

Something, at lunch, was said about Kansas. Shirley said, "I want to go to Kansas. I want to see Dorothy. Mother, can I go to Kansas?" It turned out that Dorothy was the same Dorothy we have all loved—Dorothy of Oz, who was carried away by a cyclone.

Mrs. Temple said, "I want Shirley to play Dorothy."

SHIRLEY said, "How can I play Dorothy—she's a *real* girl." The contemplative look came back. Then, "I guess I could pretend I'm Dorothy. I guess she wouldn't mind. Do you think she would mind, mother?" She thought again, "But we couldn't have a tin woodman and a scarecrow because there aren't any tin woodmen or scarecrows except in Oz." This time, the smile flashed with her inspiration. "But we could *pretend* we had a tin woodman and a scarecrow!"

Mrs. Temple explained about the presents. "There's so much love with them," she said, "I want her to have them because of that. And I'm sure the givers won't mind if—after a while—she passes them on, shares them. That makes her almost happier than getting them. I think it's because there's so much love with them that they never spoil her. We let her open the Santa Claus presents and our own family ones first—and then every day is Christmas for a week. And then she plays Santa Claus herself. I—it's all so strange sometimes. After my boys grew up, I wanted a little girl so badly, and I was so happy when she came. But I never expected it would turn the whole world upside down as it has. But—she's happy. I want her to go on as long as she's happy."

Shirley romped over to say good-bye to me.

"I hope you have a very Merry Christmas," she said.

"I'm sure I will," I said. "And I hope you do, too."

"And all your little boys and girls, too," said Shirley politely.

"Thank you, darling," I said.

"Do you think Santa Claus will bring me the quintuplets?" Shirley asked breathlessly. "I'd take very good care of them."

I gulped a little. "Perhaps he can't," I said. "You know—they belong to someone else."

The bright face fell under a cloud, the mouth puckered, the little brows drew down. Then again that smile flashed, "Oh well," said Shirley, "I can pretend he did, anyhow."

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The Glorifying of Eleanor Powell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

of hers. She looked about as much like a dancer as any athletically inclined co-ed. She looked clean-cut, intelligently *nice*. That was the closest she came to prettiness.

Fox, looking for a dancer, made a screen test of her in the East. It was her big chance. Makeup and cameramen did their darndest and so did Eleanor.

"And it flopped so hard, that test," she told me, "that as far as pictures were concerned I could have gotten no further West than Jersey City."

THE trouble was simple and evident. You can't make a raving beauty out of an ugly duckling any more than you can manufacture bricks without straw. This girl, in the eyes of the camera, hadn't even the fundamentals on which an artificial beauty could be built. She was just plain *hopeless*, and they told her so and it almost broke her heart—at first. Then she got mad—and madder—and furious. And finally, one five A. M., Eleanor Powell exploded!

She decided she was going to be beautiful.

"I did explode," she told me. "It's something that happens inside me now and then. I've never done it but twice in my life—the first time was when I determined I simply had to come to New York, and the second time was when I'd lain awake all night crying like a big booby because I wasn't good-looking enough for Hollywood.

"Looks hadn't really mattered before, you see. On the stage it was my dancing, pure and simple. I wanted to dance in pictures but I found I'd have to be lovely to look at and listen to as well or my dancing wouldn't be worth *anything*. That's what hurt. So I determined I'd be good-looking if it took ten years and every cent of money I owned."

There comes at least one time in the life of every girl when she decides she's *got* to be beautiful. Usually the reason's a man. With Eleanor it was a career. Maybe careers are more compelling than love. Anyway, Eleanor began from "the inside out, and the top down," as she put it, to deliberately *achieve* beauty. And this is what she did.

First of all she started with her hair, a dull but not unpretty shade of brown. She'd always worn it in a short Dutch bob, casual, straight, severely shingled. It flopped about her head in a pert fashion when she danced, but off-stage—well, it was just coarse enough to give an impression of stringiness even immediately after washing. She visited a famous Fifth Avenue hairdresser, told him her problem and her plans. He moved her part from the side to the middle to give her face length, prescribed a good tar shampoo and advised, "Let your hair grow to shoulder length. Hollywood will do the rest."

So Eleanor began letting her hair grow.

The next problem was her skin. It was nice skin so far as complete absence of blemishes went but the pores in her nose and chin were enlarged and her cheeks were peppered with vari-sized freckles. A dermatologist took her in hand and through a series of skillful violet-ray treatments which caused gradual peeling the freckles disappeared. Then he put her on the following skin-care routine for the reduction of pores:

After her make-up had been thoroughly removed with cold cream she was to lather her face with a good pure soap and lukewarm water, rub the lather well into the skin and allow it to partially dry. She was to follow that with a rinsing in clear warm water, wrap an ice cube in sterile gauze and gently move it over every portion of her face, into all the crevices, the hairline, underneath the chin and back as far as the ears. Then she could pat her face dry with a towel and apply a good softening lotion to prevent roughness or chapping.

In less than a month of those treatments, Eleanor told me, her complexion showed a noticeable improvement.

One of her worst defects, as revealed by the camera, was her teeth. Odd, but in real life you never thought of Eleanor's teeth as being unattractive. True, they were crooked and they could have been whiter, but she had such an infectious, incessant grin you seldom noticed anything of it but its gaiety. The camera, however, picked that grin all apart and revealed badly crooked, dull and yellow *dents*. And something drastic had to be done about them.

Her dentist, for whitening purposes, put her on a sort of triple-threat cleaning regime. Morning and night she was to brush her teeth with soda, then salt, then a dentifrice; that was to be followed by a thorough session with a good long piece of dental floss. Too, he put braces on her—the awful gold and glisteny variety that catch a spotlight and reflect it back to the last row in the house. Eleanor had her choice of those or another type which can be easily removed for stage appearances. She took the former because they worked faster, and Hollywood was to be only a year away. She could stand it for a year—for results.

There was the little item of eyelashes, too. Hers were thick and curly but short to the point of stubbiness. An actress friend suggested an upward, outward rub of them each night with plain old Number One Yellow Oxide. If I told you that Eleanor's lashes are almost an inch long now you wouldn't believe me. Look at her closely, for proof, in "Broadway Melody of 1936." While the ones she wears as *Mlle. Arlette* are of course artificial, the ones she displays in the character of *Irene Foster* are the bona-fide, home-grown product.

Concerning eyebrows Eleanor decided, after much thought, that she'd leave hers strictly *as was*. She liked them that way. They were wide but they had a good natural arch in them, and besides there hadn't been a tweezer in the Powell family for generations.

NEXT came her voice. Nobody'd ever criticized her near-Boston accent before, and she hadn't had to sing any solos. Trust the sound-track, though, to amplify three faults that would have to be rectified before she could make a successful screen test: her diction, her voice quality, her singing.

So there was a dramatics teacher and a vocal instructor who took an hour apiece out of every single day. At the end of a year Eleanor could read lines with or without feeling, breathe from the diaphragm like an old-timer, and trill a much more melodious scale in G.

The problem of her figure really was a *problem*. Lots had to be done about her legs, chest and hips. Until she was sixteen, you see, she had never done any tap dancing. It had been ballet, acrobatic and interpretive, which develop the short muscles in the legs. Have you ever seen a toe dancer's legs off-stage? Eleanor's were like that—knotty, bunched muscles at the calf and thigh. Until, from sixteen on, she concentrated almost solely on tapping, which develops the long muscles.

As a result, at twenty-one, her legs were not the roundly-developed, shapely things they might have been had she exercised both sets of muscles equally. Her knees, while not actually large, seemed very much so in their setting "So darn much so," Eleanor confided, "that one of Walter Winchell's pet similes was 'As homely as Eleanor Powell's knees'." The general leg effect, if she wore shorts for dancing was pretty poor showmanship.

So she put herself on a strict two-hour schedule of short-muscle exercises every day. Bar and toe work, somersaults, twists and splits. It helped. Too, she discovered that very high heels could work wonders. Tapping heels are seldom taller than an inch and a half. But let her put on some four-inch spikes (Note: she wore them in the picture where her legs were prominently black-silk-stockinged) and the up-thrust of the ankle threw a certain fullness forward into the leg. Eleanor donned teetering heels whenever she could.

Her chest and hips, by virtue of background for each other, were deadly enemies, since each made the other look more the way it shouldn't be. Aside from a slight tendency to slump when she stood, which affected a thorax cave-in, her chest was naturally small anyway. And "dancer's hips," well developed and proportioned, can make a chest like that look practically minute and at the same time make themselves look enormous.

ELEANOR went to her favorite costume company, designed and had them execute one of the trickiest little foundation garments I ever saw. It's gossamer-thin of a sort of lastex material, but if it gives one iota when you yank on it I'll eat my hat. Very tightly it molds her hips and tummy and fluffy rosettes of tulle inside the brassiere give a beautifully contoured build-up. To further improve that portion of her figure she began holding her shoulders arrow-straight, using on her clothes and costumes plenty of big frilly collars, liberal blousing or tucks around the shoulders, flowers at a low neckline and all the other things that can add height to a slight chest. It's clever guimpery and it works. Her hips, which happen to be perfect thirty-sixes, no longer look out of proportion by comparison.

For a long time Eleanor Powell worked hard on herself, longer and harder than most girls would have the perseverance to hold out When finally the day came on which she was to go to the Astoria studios for her second screen test she was a different person. Not perfect, not ravishingly beautiful—neither of those. But she had so improved that the cameraman who "shot" her a year before failed to recognize her at all. She was greatly pleased.

And the test—well, M-G-M leaned backwards over it. The girl showed great possibilities. "American Girl—Outdoor Type" they hailed her. And that time they paid hers and her mother's transportation to the coast.

"I haven't any idea," Eleanor told me, "how many people actually had part in changing me for the screen. There seemed to be everybody from Mr. Mayer on down to my maid,

making suggestions, trying different things."

They kept her hair at shoulder length, gave her a permanent wave, combed wispy little curls around her cheeks and forehead until her whole face was unbelievably softened. Every morning the hairdresser applied a lightening rinse to her hair—not a dye, a mild preparation that photographs like lustre. The effect of a new, very feminine hair-do made as much change in Eleanor as almost everything else they did put together.

THEN they made neat little white porcelain caps to cover three of her crooked teeth. A skillful mouth makeup cut off, from the camera's eye, a thin slice of her lower lip. They plucked her eyebrows into a narrow line then shaved them vertically in two so that the outer halves might be drawn on to suit each makeup, each costume.

They made her rest and gain twelve pounds. It filled in her legs, her neck and shoulders. It was a becoming improvement. Eleanor had always been a little on the thin side.

In two places they padded her screen clothes to perfect her figure. At the chest, of course, and also *over the shoulder blades*. Hips, side-view, shrink to proper proportions when the shoulder blades are filled in. It's a smart discovery of Adrian's.

They fashioned her nails (Eleanor had loathed fancy manicures before) into feminine rounded points and lacquered them to bright red perfection. They taught her how to do the right things with her hands—broad gesticulation was a habit she had to be broken of. There was a time when I could not have imagined Eleanor's telling anything without an energetic shuttling of arms and fingers through the air. Hollywood calmed that down.

They encountered another difficulty with their new star too. She's such a one for dancing *all over* that after two steps of a routine her carefully coiffed hair would be just so much mop flopping around her head. So they put a large-meshed invisible net over her finished coiffure, pulled a thin layer of hair through each section and waved it over the net The results were swell—only a froth of waves went bobbing and you couldn't see the net holding down the rest of her hair.

Smart, this Hollywood.

And they decreed that no matter what, glamorous pedicures notwithstanding, nothing but long shots should be taken of her bare feet Eleanor wears a size 6 shoe. Her feet are generously proportioned and well shaped but she has "toe dancer's toes" which are greatly oversized. A pair of clever beach sandals or mules could nicely conceal them in any emergency.

When Hollywood was done with the tricks of its trade it leaned back beaming with pride over the transformation of Eleanor Powell. Justly so, for she walked away with honors in every one of her scenes in "Broadway Melody of 1936." The greatest beaming of all, though, was Eleanor's to do. She returned to Broadway a very different person from the tweeded, wholesomely homely, plain, boisterous youngster she used to be. She's *femme*, she's grown-up, sophisticated in a more becoming way.

And she's radiantly lovely to look at. Her skin, her smile, her clothes, her figure and her eyes are practically perfection. She kept the movie coiffure and manicure. She's letting the outer halves of her eyebrows grow back in again while she's starring in "At Home Abroad." She's keeping the twelve pounds by virtue of cream between meals and ten hours sleep every night. And despite the fact that Hollywood gave her a "being-tall complex," as she calls it (since she discovered herself a fraction lengthier than Kay Francis and an almost tie with Garbo), she's still holding her shoulders and head high for the sake of her chest.

There's much to keep doing and to accomplish over a period of years. The braces must go back on her teeth, she must continue her short-muscle exercises, the business of bobby-pinning uncteen waves in her hair each bedtime, her skin treatments and voice lessons.

"It takes me two hours every night to get ready for bed," she told me, "but it's worth it." In addition to the aforementioned items she must also include an eyewash, the doctoring and bandaging of her frequently irritated and blistered dancing feet, a hand-softener, twenty-five splits all the way to the floor, a saucer of hot milk toast, an alcohol rub and a final flop into bed. Which, all except the latter, is no girl's idea of fun.

BROADWAY, usually indifferent, is happy for the change in its *Baby*, for the healthy, natural looking, improvement-on-nature loveliness she's acquired. People, she tells me, have exclaimed, "Eleanor, *not you!*" at her until she's beginning to feel miserably Exhibit A-ish. Well, she needn't. The only thing that could really justify her feeling like that would be for her to have gone and gotten prissy, fol-de-rol, doll-beauty beautiful. She hasn't.

The last time I saw her she had on an old green Hoover apron and those "grandma" laced black practice shoes of hers, going through her exercises on the deserted stage of the Winter Garden. Her hair was a big brown tangle, her face scrubbed clean of cosmetics.

And she still looked pretty.



The Voice from the Grave that Guides Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

The fateful years 1924 and 1925 had gotten in their work. And what work!

The months that followed told the story. In January, his pictures were howled off the screen in his native Italy. That same month, his wife won her divorce in the Paris courts. In July he ran into that "powder puffs for males" attack which threatened to wreck forever his popularity with the American public. On August 16th, he was operated on for gastric ulcers—and on August 24th, he was dead.

You don't have to take my word for that one. Evangeline's exact words about Rudy were printed over her own signature in this very magazine three years before he died, and the facts in regard to Valentino are written indelibly on the pages of cinematic history.

But to turn to more cheerful subjects, Evangeline always insisted that Grace Moore, who was at that time merely a musical comedy artist seeking to be a grand opera prima donna, would become "sometime in the early Thirties"—meaning the early Nineteen Thirties—a motion picture star of the first rank.

I NEVER did know what it was that led Miss Adams to have such absolute confidence in Grace Moore's success at this time, but I suspect that she saw in the opera singer's chart that the planet Uranus which rules the unexpected and thumbs its planetary nose at all rules laid down by men or stars, was coming into a favorable position which would open up a new road to popularity; and, inasmuch as Miss Moore had already tried the stage and the opera, that road must almost surely lead across the motion picture screen.

P. S. and FLASH: I have checked this up with one of my astrological friends, and I find it to be absolutely according to the stars. Moreover, the particular kind of favorable aspect of Uranus which happened to the heroine of "One Night of Love" was one that indicated that the man in her life would have much to do with achieving this unexpected success—and those of us who think we know our Hollywood credit Valentin Parera, the dashing husband Grace Moore married in 1931 ("the early Thirties," you will note), with persuading his beautiful bride to forget an earlier unsuccessful attempt to storm the Hollywood heights, and once more to try her fortunes before the singing camera.

Her most outstanding reading of this cheerful variety was, however, of a boy who had not then appeared on the screen, but who was becoming known throughout the land because of his intriguing failure to remember the words of the songs he sang to the ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience.

"Bing Crosby," she told me in one of those intimate meetings, the minutes of which I kept as faithfully as if they were the monthly sessions of the board of directors of World, Incorporated, "is one of the few people whose charts I have read, who just cannot help having a happy marriage. He may not be so easy to live with. He's stubborn, Bing is. But he has the kind of chart that brings the right kind of wife and children—plenty of children."

Of course, I asked Evangeline about Garbo. She foresaw even in the days when Greta was posing in bathing suits and sports suits to please the publicity boys, that she must inevitably adopt the policy of secrecy and mystery which is with her not a pose but a true expression of her real character. She also prophesied that there would be no diminution of her financial fortunes up to the date of her death—which ought to silence some of the calamity-howlers who have been prophesying that Greta would soon go home for good. Evangeline also said that she did not see any romance *ever* in Garbo's private life.

Regarding Dietrich, she was less committal. However, I find notes on one significant point affecting recent Hollywood history. The year 1935, so Evangeline said, was a time when people born under Marlene's stars should not test their popularity with the public, unless it was absolutely necessary to do so. Poor Marlene! I daresay she wishes she had followed



Sally Eilers affects a new set of bangs in her latest for Universal, "Remember Last Night," which, you may recall, was tagged, "The Hangover Murders"

that advice and waited until 1936, which looks so much more promising for her motion picture career. Incidentally, 1935 was one of those years in which Marlene's favorite director, von Sternberg, was due to take it on the chin.

And, speaking of Garbo, Evangeline told me back in 1928, and later repeated the statement in print, that the other member of the famous "team," Jack Gilbert, would never attain in the talkies the same high position which he had achieved in the silent pictures for the very good astrological reason that in his chart, the sign Taurus, which rules the voice, was what astrologers call "afflicted." She also said that Jack ought to turn to writing scenarios—which is interesting in view of the fact that that is the way he started in the movies, as scenario man and assistant director.

I suppose you would also like to know, too, if Evangeline said anything about a romance between Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Well, I remember being in the broadcasting studio one night when she read the latter's horoscope on the air. Before we left, Buddy, who had been listening with a group of friends, called up on the telephone. He had never met Evangeline, but he wanted to right away.

"Was what I said true?" modestly asked the great astrologer.

"True!" exclaimed Buddy. "It was so true it was embarrassing."

Well, you might as well know that the burden of Evangeline's delineation of Buddy Rogers' horoscope was that, according to astrology, he was the kind of person who would be attracted to a woman somewhat older than himself, probably a married woman, and that he would exercise a powerful influence over this woman—so powerful that it might bring both him and her into the limelight.

As a general thing, Evangeline was a prophet of good rather than evil, but of course it was her duty to warn people. She told Norma Shearer in one of her broadcasts that although she had a most fortunate chart for success in the movies and in home life, it was almost inevitable that her husband would be unfairly criticized in connection with her work. It was interesting, in view of this statement, that of all of the producers in Hollywood, the highly intelligent and artistically ambitious Irving Thalberg was singled out for criticism in the recent censorship drive because he had permitted his wife to play the rôles of divorced, and hence censurable, women.

Incidentally, Evangeline told Freddie March—at least she would have told him if he had been sitting, as I was, in her studio one evening in the early days of the great March march to fame—that he should be careful at just this time, 1936, to see that Old Lady Grundy didn't throw a spoke into his matrimonial wheels, the said spoke being a married woman or a widow. This would be too bad because Fredric March, in spite of his attraction for women, has very little interest in them outside his own family, and is, according both to the stars and real life, a most devoted husband. Look out, Florence and Freddie, for the widow's mite!

EVANGELINE always said that Warner Baxter's horoscope was such that he might never command as much critical acclaim as his really great acting deserved, but that with Jupiter and the Sun in conjunction, he would survive business earthquakes and cataclysms which would wreck the ordinary man. I smiled recently at the memory of this statement when I read that of all of the celebrities on the old Fox roster Warner Baxter was the first to be assigned a starring vehicle under the new 20th Century regime.

Evangeline did a good job, too, on Bebe Daniels. Way back in the middle Twenties, when Bebe's movie star, which had risen at the age of seven, seemed about to go into permanent eclipse, Evangeline said that in 1928 she would again come into power in her chosen profession. We know now what '28, the year of the talkies, did for Bebe's glorious voice.

And speaking of comebacks, which is always pleasant—especially in anticipation!—there is Clara Bow. Another voice from the grave, you say? Perhaps, since memory in the picture business is so short-lived. But it won't be long now—Evangeline placed it in 1937—when the Bow may have produced an arrow that will be shot around the world.

Alas! The great astrologer is dead. If she were here, we would ask her:

"Is it another Shirley Temple?"

A New Career at 62

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

American men, Will Rogers and Fred Stone.

This is the story of a man old now, as some measure age, in years, but young, as others measure it, in spirit, who tumbled and danced and joked and sang his way from prairie tent shows, circuses and minstrels to the high priced palaces of Broadway. This is the story of a man sturdy in the timber of character, solid of the foundation of faith in the goodness of the world, rich in the drapings of humor; the story of a man who, like Mr. Britling, saw it through when the wave of a new age swept over what he had built.

This is the story of Fred Stone who now sees his reward in—of all places—Hollywood.

To this day the proudly titled town of Wellington, Kansas, holds a celebration every Fourth of July. For many years the city fathers of Wellington convened before each celebration and dispatched a telegram to Fred Stone in New York asking him to join the fun.

Business always seemed to keep Fred away, but he always answered the telegram with a check to help out the festivities, and an extra ten dollars "for the boy who climbs the greased pole."

And that was because fifty-three years ago at just such a Fourth of July celebration in Wellington, two tousled boys stood on the inner edge of the crowd and watched ten lads like themselves assault the slithering sides of a pole larded like a potato ready for baking.

THE Stones had just settled in Wellington. They had settled several places before, in little towns in Colorado, Fred's native state. They had settled in Halstead, and Burton and Nickerson, in Kansas, where Fred's father had known Jesse James.

In fact, the Stones were always "settling" somewhere in that rough and ready, politically troubled Jayhawk country of the '70s.

Fred will tell you with a grin that as soon as they settled *down* in some new place, the place they had just left would write and invite them to come back and settle *up!*

It seemed now to the Stone boys that it was time to establish themselves in the community of Wellington. So the eleventh boy who shinnied up the greased pole toward the flag at the top was Eddie Stone, and in the back pocket of his "britches" he carried a load of sand which he wisely sprayed ahead of his advance. When he slipped to earth in defeat he said to his little brother,

"I think you can make it now, Fred."

Fred made it. He brought back the flag and held out his hand for the five round dollars while his nine years reasoned that you can climb pretty high with a little sand to help.

Fred Stone has never lacked that sand. Not in all the fifty-three years of hard, active trouping that have hoisted him to a new career at sixty-two in Hollywood. Not since the day he walked the high wire in a visiting circus and dragged the impressed show boss over to his dad at the barber shop.

"You say you want to join the circus, Fred?" said his father.

"I sure do," said Fred.

"All right," said his father, "go on."

Fred Stone started his professional career bedecked in a flouncy skirt and a parasol on the high wire of that visiting circus in Wellington. He was billed as "Mlle. de Octego de



Something or Other." The ringmaster pronounced the French prefix "Millie" and one stern Kansas sister exclaimed as Fred teetered across the tightrope,

"What a shame! Sending that poor little girl away up on that dangerous rope."

Fred paused in his prancing and leaned on his parasol. His nine-year-old cheeks flaming, he yelled indignantly:

"I ain't no girl—I'm a boy!"

He felt that he left Wellington in disgrace. But years later on one of his early flights across the country to see his pal, Will Rogers, out in Hollywood, Fred landed at Wichita, Kansas. The folks at Wellington forty miles away, proud of the boy who had started his path to glory in the town, even if he had disguised his sex, urged him to fly up for a visit. Fred accepted and landing on the golf course was surprised to discover a large crowd formed for a parade with a brass band.

They marched back through town, band blaring. It was a fine parade. Fred said so.

"But," he observed in puzzlement, as they passed down empty streets, "where is everybody? Nobody's watching it."

"There ain't anybody left to watch it," explained the grand marshal, "they're all in the parade!"

YOU read the rise of Fred Stone from a colorful page of the history of American variety. Tent shows, circuses, traveling vaudeville troupes, stock theaters, novelty stands, black face minstrels, show boats—all stream through those early, rough, precarious trouping days. Often he ran across an Oklahoma rope spinner with a shy smile and wise eyes, who called himself Will Rogers.

While Fred did one thing, he learned another. When he tumbled, he learned acrobatics on the side; when he danced, he learned to sing and do comic antics. He took up Australian whip cracking and became an expert. He carried a bicycle with him in a bicycle trunk; for a time his only suit besides his costume was a cycling outfit. He found hardships all the way, but he thought they were fun, even when he had to live off free oysters in New Orleans although he hated oysters.

Two things stand out in the early kaleidoscope of Fred Stone's story-packed early adventures. One was the day he saw the parade of Haverly's minstrels in Galveston, Texas, and shouted to an old friend, Dave Montgomery.

Montgomery wanted him to quit his job in the variety show and join the minstrel.

"You ought to go East, Fred," Montgomery told him. "Ever been East?"

"Sure," said Fred, "to Chicago."

"I mean clear East," explained Dave, "how much you making?"

"Twenty-five dollars," said Fred.

"Well—we don't pay salaries," said Montgomery, "but we can *promise* you twenty-five."

From then on for over a score of years the team of Montgomery and Stone was a tradition in the show world. It ended only when Dave Montgomery passed away in the third year of the run of "Chin Chin." There was never any business arrangement—it was always fifty-fifty.

The second significant event took place some time after their teaming in a Boston burlesque house, where Fred and Dave had been booked by their contractors, "Gus Hill's World of Novelties."

Montgomery and Stone went through their black faced song and dance. They couldn't see the audience for the tobacco smoke. The audience couldn't see Montgomery and Stone for anything. They wanted off-color jokes.

"We'll keep our act clean," said Fred Stone to his partner, "no matter what they want. Let's go back to New York."

For all the years that Fred Stone captured Broadway there was a saying around town that Fred Stone's shows were the kind that "parents could take their children to see."

Or as Fred wittily warped it, "the kind children could take their *parents* to see."

"The Wizard of Oz" started Fred Stone's unique reign on Broadway. Fred played the scarecrow; Dave the tin man. It ran four years. There was a little girl from Denver in the show. She was Mrs. Stone before the show closed—and she still is, by the way, and the mother of Dorothy, Paula and Carol Stone, three as talented girls as you've ever seen.

"The Red Mill," "The Old Town," "Lady



Lovely Anita Louise, the youthful Warner Brothers' star, radiates a glowing animation. "Enemy of Man" is her latest starring production

of the Slipper," "Chin Chin," "Jack O' Lattern," "Tip Top," "Stepping Stones," "Criss Cross"—the very names that spell Fred Stone's saga seem different somehow now—as of a past age. They were.

They were fanciful, gay, delightful shows telling whimsical stories of make-believe. They were before the hardboiled, clanging sarcastic revues, the sexy, sadistic and pathological spectacles staged for a desperate generation.

It was the week before rehearsals started for "Three Cheers" that Fred Stone took off in his latest love, his own airplane. Restlessly active, he had always fiddled on the side in polo, ice skating, trap shooting, baseball. Aviation was his pet. He had practically pioneered it in the show world. He had his pilot's license and hours to his credit. He could do spins and loops and wing overs.

Over New London, Connecticut, Fred leveled off too close to the ground that day. They picked him up with "everything that could break" in his body broken. Thigh, legs, shoulder, ribs, ankle, jaw. They carried him gently to the hospital. One foot was badly shattered. The doctor thought it might have to come off. Perhaps he read the terror in Mrs. Stone's eyes.

"Is he a drinking man?" he asked. "Because if there's any alcohol in his system, I won't dare leave that foot on."

"The only thing he ever drinks," said Mrs. Stone with a sigh of profound relief, "is milk."

Fred Stone lay for months in the hospital mending his broken frame. His old friend, Bill Rogers, came back from out West to pinch hit for him in "Three Cheers." They decided to ship Fred to Florida to get well. Before he left he asked the doctor:

"How bad am I hurt?"

The surgeon was frank. "You'll never dance again," he informed him, "and I'm afraid you'll never walk."

"When I come back," said Fred Stone, "I'll *run* up these stairs to your office."

You can bet that it was the most astounded physician in the country some months later who watched his patient actually race up the stairs to grasp his hand. Fred had made a special trip up from Florida just to make good his promise!

It was a miracle of grit and courage and faith and patience that allowed the comeback of Fred Stone. He had spent days of tedious effort regaining the use of his limbs. Even while he was still on crutches he was so impatient to dance that he hobbled out a routine on the props.

In "Ripples," his comeback show on Broadway with his daughters Dorothy and Paula, he featured "the crutch dance" and the audience thundered.

BUT "Ripples" didn't run for three and four years as the old shows had done. Things had happened to Broadway. Ziegfeld was gone, the Erlanger theaters were breaking up. The days of his old producer, Charles Dillingham, for whom he had worked since 1906, were numbered. The old order had changed. And the new swift, brazen, sophisticated era of Broadway wasn't for Fred Stone. When "Ripples" closed he went to his home in Forest Hills and stayed there.

They called him for vaudeville and for radio. But it wasn't the same. He couldn't tolerate the passiveness of the microphone. He'd make gestures at it, shake his fist and dance before it. But that didn't register. It was funny to watch him broadcast—funny and sad.

The years had slipped by somehow—but not enough of them to let him sit in peace at home. Here was Carol now going to dramatic school and seeing producers about parts. One day she went to see about a part in "The Jayhawker," a play about early Kansas that Sinclair Lewis had just written.

"You know, I think Daddy might be interested in a part in a play," she ventured.

"Do you mean that?" asked Lewis. He called up Fred Stone. "Let me come out tonight and read this play to you."

"All right," said Fred.

Sinclair Lewis came out to Forest Hills. He read his drama of *Ace Burdette* and early Kansas politics to Fred Stone.

"I don't know," said Fred, "I've never done any real acting. It sounds pretty heavy for me."

"Heavy?" cried Lewis. "Why man, you *are* the Jayhawker."

Yes, come to think of it, Fred Stone *was* the Jayhawker, if anybody was. Wasn't he

reared, didn't he grow up in post-bellum faction-torn Kansas? Wasn't his father a member of the Oklahoma Boomers? Hadn't he ruffled the drums? Hadn't he marched with the flambeau paraders, blowing a torch into the black prairie skies?

He chuckled to himself as he remembered standing one night with Bill Rogers in a plains town and looking out over the crowd.

"See all those people there?" he had said, "well—they're all my cousins."

"No they ain't," Bill had cracked, "they're all mine."

Yep, he was of the Jayhawk breed if ever anyone was.

"Tell you want I'll do," Fred Stone told Sinclair Lewis, "I'll ask my brother-in-law and let you know."

Rex Beach read the play and laid down the law to his marriage relative.

"You play this, or I'll kick you square in the pants," he said.

And that is, of course, how Fred Stone happened to come to Hollywood as a dramatic actor, that and a few other hows—including the fact that a lot of his friends had moved out thisaway—one in particular named Bill Rogers.

The fullsome, mature, rounded Broadway characterization of the Kaw country's *Ace Burdette* woke up the talent scouts. They shot nine thousand feet of film testing Fred Stone, then they signed him up on a five year contract with Paramount.

At least that's where Fred Stone sent his trunks—to Paramount studios. But they've never been opened. The studio set apart a beautiful dressing room for him, too, but he hasn't been it in yet. He spent most of his time riding with Bill Rogers and playing golf with Will, caddying for him—until right recently.

HE did call Paramount a few times and say, "Gee whiz, don't you want me to work? All I'm doin's playin'," and they said:

"That's all right, Fred, go ahead, enjoy yourself, we'll call you."

And they did call him to loan him to RKO-Radio for a picture with Miss Hepburn, the one that Bill saw at the preview, "Alice Adams."

He really enjoyed making it. He felt right in the part.

And he felt much better when Bill liked it that night.

He doesn't want to be a star. Let the young folks be the stars. He just wants to keep busy.

Of course, most people feel, after knowing Fred Stone and feeling somehow that same spark of affection that they felt for Will Rogers, after seeing him on the screen and seeing that something registered there—most people feel that if there is anyone who could help fill that numbing absence left when Will flew away to the unfenced range up there, it is Fred Stone.

But Fred Stone doesn't think so.

Fred Stone thinks there will never be anyone who can fill Bill Rogers' boots—and maybe he's right.

Only I can't help feeling that if he could—that up there behind those mists which are always so close to Fred Stone and to us all, a bronzed hand would reach out from broad shoulders to rest an approving slap on his knee, as it did that night at the preview of Fred's first picture.

And a familar voice would whisper, as a wink pulled a wide grin wider:

"Okay, Fred—okay."

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The Chester Morris Plan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe were gorgeous, romantic figures he never forgot. Chester and Adrian and Gordon and Wilhelma pulled down the plush curtains and borrowed the plumes from their mother's new bonnet for a homemade version of "Romeo and Juliet." Any part with a sword and a duel was heaven for Chester.

Jane Cowl, the lovely Jane Cowl, was the most beautiful woman in the world in the Morris children's eyes. Chester fell in love with her when she played with his dad. William Morris thought it would be a nice gesture if Chester and Gordon took her to dinner one night. Placing the money in their hands he instructed them how to knock atthe door, bow and ask Miss Cowl to dine. (It was all pre-arranged of course, although Miss Cowl was to be taken by surprise and delighted no end.)

They marched to the Hermitage Hotel. Chester and Gordon, seven and nine, with their dream lady to dine. But when the check came around Chester managed to forget the money. Love was one thing, and money was another. Jane Cowl paid the check.

"I'm going to be an actor!" How many times father William Morris heard that statement from his offspring, especially Chester, would be hard to estimate.

"No you're not," he invariably informed Chester, "you're going to have a college education, then you'll know what you want to be."

But there was that matter of acting blood.

At sixteen the issue reached a climax. Something had to be done. William Morris stuck to his guns. It was his duty, he thought, to discourage his children from sampling the fatal lure of the footlights. Chester vetoed college, but having a talent for drawing, consented to go to art school and learn magazine illustration.

He went one month. Most of that was spent in theaters across from the school. One day he couldn't stand it any longer. Secretly he stole into an agent's office.

"I'm William Morris' son," he said, "and I want a part in Augustus Thomas' play."

" 'The Copperhead'?" said the agent. "Sure, Mr. Thomas will give you a little part, I know, for your dad's sake." Chester was afraid to explain it wasn't for his dad's sake, by any remote interpretation.

But he put blue on his face for a beard and donned a sergeant's uniform and stumbled around in a few scenes behind Lionel Barrymore.

When William Morris found it out, he boiled indignantly. Chester came on the carpet, for the rebuke of his life. But somehow he knew that the old man was secretly pleased. He knew it because his father started giving advice.

"If you're going to act," he said, "play good parts. You'll never be good in poor ones.

"Another thing," he said, "always keep your credit good at your tailors. You might be out of work for six months and then have a chance at a part. When you need a wardrobe, you want to be able to get one.

"Make acting a business—keep your salary up."

Years later, after William Morris had bowed to the inevitable with subconscious pleasure and written "All the Horrors of Home" to take the whole family on the road together, he would stop Chester when he came home after seeing a producer.

"How does it look?" he would ask.

"Good."

"Talk money?"

"No."

"Then you won't play it," William Morris would say.

"Oh yes, they said they wanted me. It's all set."

"You won't play it," Father William would repeat. "Unless they talk money, they aren't interested."

Too many times Chester found this all too true.

While he was playing on Broadway in "Yellow," and after he had attained a measure of success which seemed to predict a reasonably successful future, Chester Morris met a girl named Sue Kilborn. She was in stock with Paramount in New York. He met her at a dress rehearsal, and whether that theatrical setting, or the fact that her father was a theatrical man, and her mother an actress had anything to do with it, they fell in love.

The precarious warnings of his father had seeped into Chester by now. He and Sue agreed to wait until "Yellow" looked like a hit before they said it to the preacher. But Harry Bannister, who was in the cast, married a girl named Ann Harding, and Chester and Sue talked themselves into believing that "Yellow" was going to be a hit. They got married.

On their way back, they passed the theater and popped in to break the news. On the bulletin board a notice glared mockingly: The show closed in two weeks.

And to make matters worse Sue's Paramount contract had been automatically cancelled when she said "I do"!

Perhaps it is the "strictly business" teachings of William Morris which Chester Morris and the other Morrises have adopted after a few slaps by the world that have kept them out of the public awareness as an acting clan.

Whenever you mention theatrical families, there is prone to rise in the vision of the ordinary mortal the somewhat terrifying picture of an esoteric breed, apart from the normal, whose apparently innate exhibitionism plants them consistently on front pages.

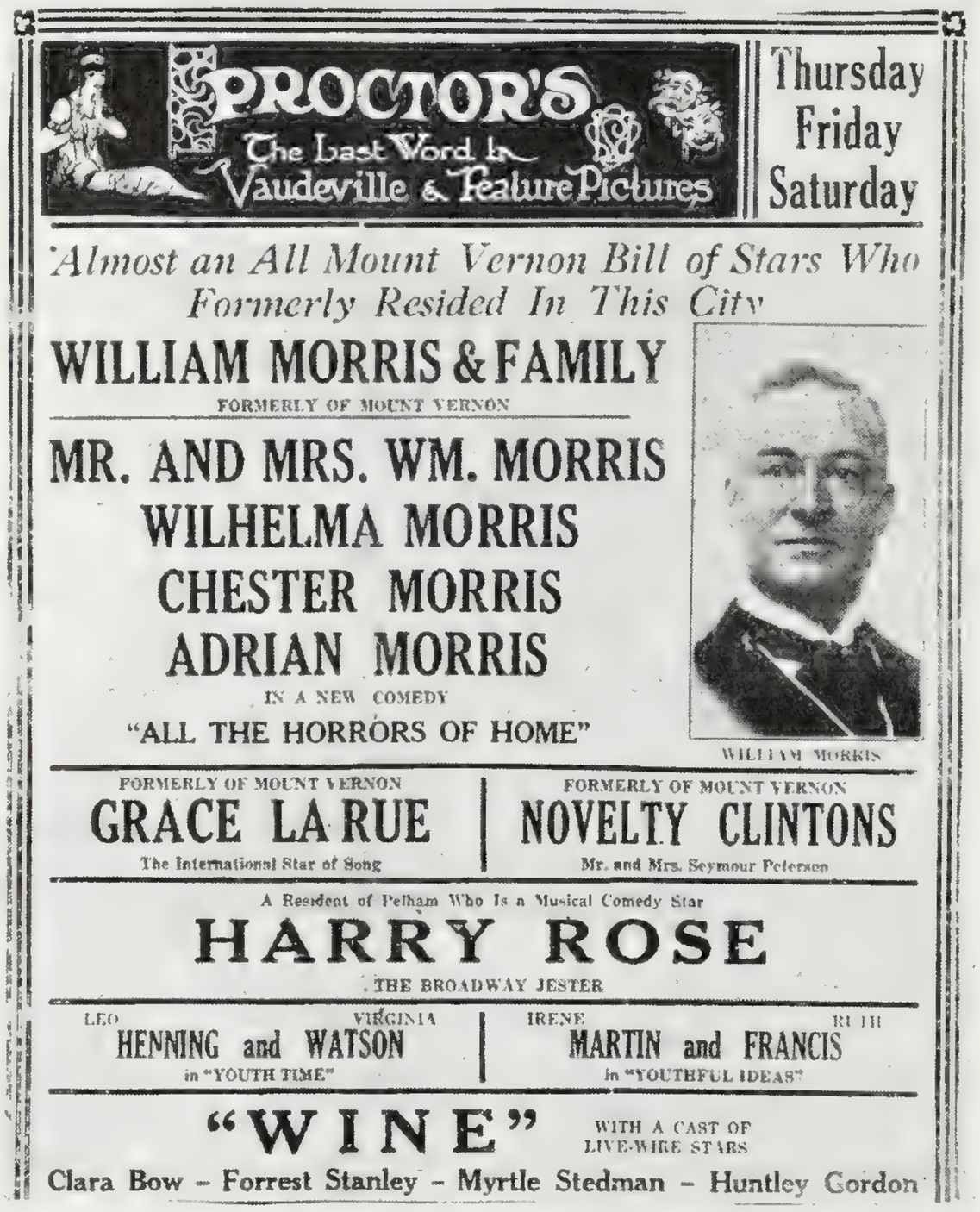
The whole Morris family dwells out in spotlighted Hollywood. But you never hear anything sensational about any of them.

Gordon Morris writes for the movies. His last scenario was "Under the Pampas Moon." Adrian Morris is a free-lance actor around the studios. Wilhelma Morris acts over the radio.

William Morris couldn't stand the confusion of making pictures after his years on the stage. After a few tries he gave it up. Now he writes plays. The last acting he did was with Billie Burke in the Los Angeles stage production of "The Vinegar Tree."

Apart from the screen no one is more of a plain, ordinary unexciting Mr. Citizen than Chester. Let him alone by the swimming pool, in his backyard gym or workshop and all's right with the world. Sue played in one picture, "She Had to Say Yes," and then had to say no. Now she's just a housewife, and prefers it to practically everything.

But three concessions to theatrical standing


DAILY ARGUS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1924

PROCTOR'S
The Last Word in Vaudeville & Feature Pictures

Thursday
Friday
Saturday

Almost an All Mount Vernon Bill of Stars Who Formerly Resided In This City

WILLIAM MORRIS & FAMILY
FORMERLY OF MOUNT VERNON

MR. AND MRS. WM. MORRIS
WILHELMA MORRIS
CHESTER MORRIS
ADRIAN MORRIS
IN A NEW COMEDY
"ALL THE HORRORS OF HOME"

WILLIAM MORRIS

FORMERLY OF MOUNT VERNON
GRACE LA RUE
The International Star of Song

FORMERLY OF MOUNT VERNON
NOVELTY CLINTONS
Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Peterson

A Resident of Pelham Who Is a Musical Comedy Star
HARRY ROSE
THE BROADWAY JESTER

LEO HENNING and VIRGINIA WATSON
in "YOUTH TIME"

IRENE MARTIN and RUTH FRANCIS
in "YOUTHFUL IDEAS"

"WINE"
WITH A CAST OF LIVE-WIRE STARS
Clara Bow – Forrest Stanley – Myrtle Stedman – Huntley Gordon

The Morrises, naturally, were the sensation in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., their old home town, in 1924. Top billing, no less

does Chester make: he dresses well, looks well, drives a smart car.

For four years he was under contract to United Artists. He was driving an old heap of doubtful worth. Every morning the gateman waved him back. He parked across the street and walked in.

One day he remembered a story his dad had told him. It was about a down-and-out actor on Broadway who "touched" William Morris for a small—er—advance. "I haven't had anything to eat today, Mr. Morris," he said, "I spent my last quarter for a boutonniere."

Chester wasn't down to his last two-bits, nor was he hungry. But he went out and bought a nice, shiny, blue Cadillac. Next morning he drove it to work.

The gateman bowed low with a flashing smile. "Good morning, Mr. Morris," he beamed. The gates swung open hospitably.

But that's the extent of his "front"—and I might add, there's a back to it. A very solid, democratic, sensible back.

Brooks, aged seven, and Cynthia, aged four, are the young hopes of the Many Morrises.

BROOKS was going to the fashionable Carl Curtis School, where so many of the little movie angels learn their ABC's. A bus was picking him up each morning at the Morris Beverly Hills home.

One day he came to Chester.

"I don't want to ride on the bus any more, Daddy," he declared.

"What's wrong with the bus?" asked Chester.

"Nothing," said Brooks, "but I want to ride up with a chauffeur like the rest of the kids."

"Wh-h-h-o-a!" gasped Chester Morris. "I'm glad you told me. Chauffeurs, eh?"

Now Brooks goes to public school and has a swell little Filipino pal.

Naturally there are moments when it is inevitable for fond parents and fond grandparents to speculate upon the future careers of the third generation of Morrises.

"Don't worry, Dad," Chester reassured him one day, "neither one of them shows the least bit of talent. Look, I'll show you."

Brooks was called in.

"Now, Brooks," said Chester, "go out of the room and make an entrance. I'll say, 'How do you do? I'm the man to see you about that dog.' Then you shake my hand and say, 'Oh yes, sit down, won't you?' Go on now."

Brooks came in.

"How do you do," said Chester, "I'm the man to see you about that dog."

"What dog?" said Brooks.

"We're just making believe, Brooks," explained Chester.

"Oh," said Brooks, "but what dog?"

"You see," said Chester to his perturbed father, "not a chance—no talent at all."

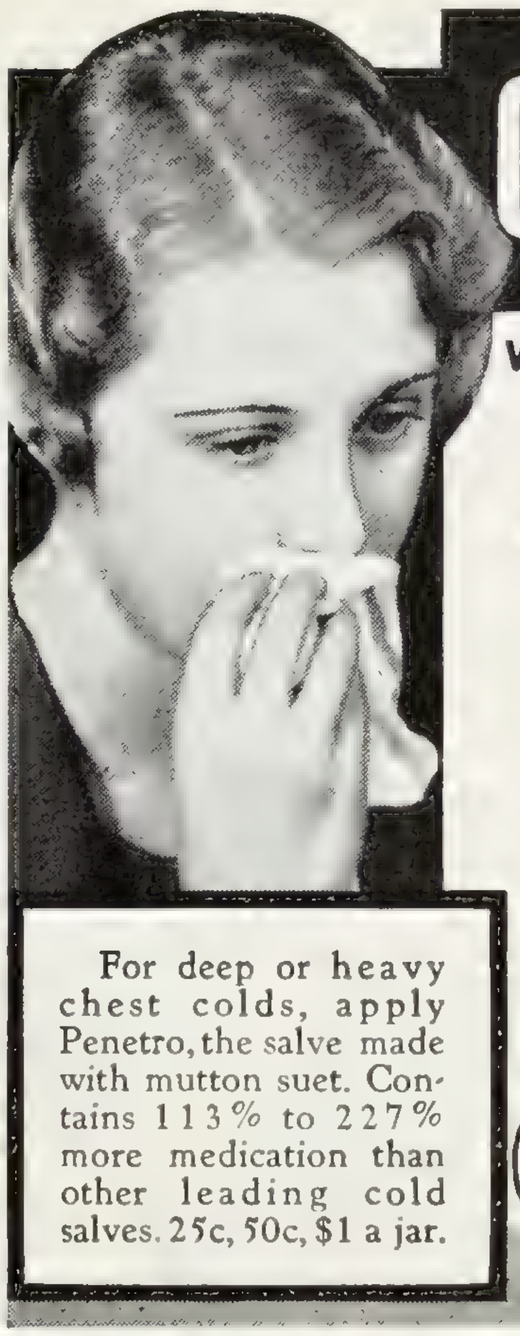
The next week William Morris came out on his usual visit. He toted a huge package.

"Just a little toy I made for the children," explained William Morris gruffly.

Chester took the package, unwrapped it. There was a complete miniature theater, backdrops, curtains, scenery, actors and all.

"Um-hum," um-humed Chester Morris, nodding his head, "and you don't want them to grow up to be actors!"

There may be no "theatrical blood" in the veins of the Morrises, as William Morris insists, but in their hearts, as in the hearts of every great footlight family, there is a love for the stage that has a hard time dying out.



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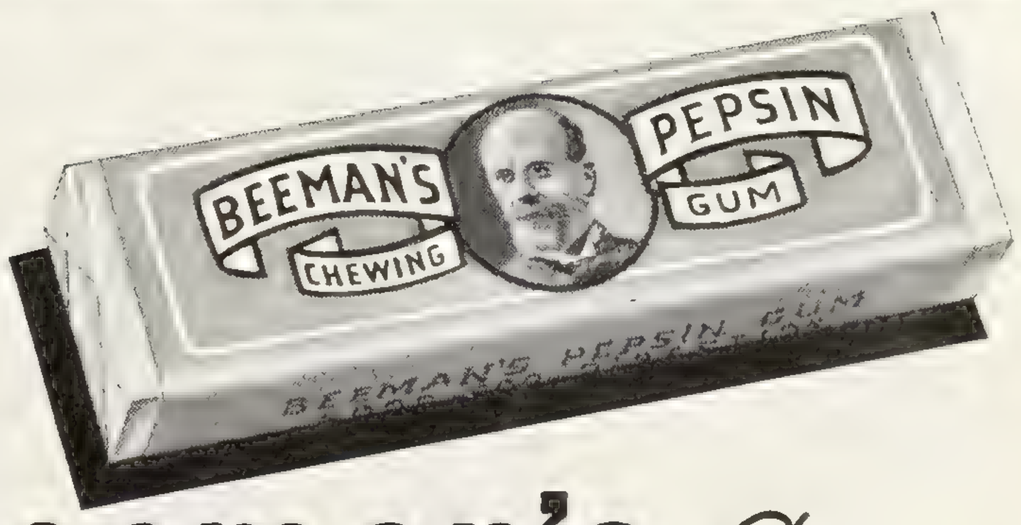


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Enjoy Beeman's Gum
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For the First and Last Time Marlene Dietrich Talks

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 |

saying, "Where's the old Marlene? Why is she *jumping around!*"

She told of her recent trip to New York She wanted badly to see "Point Valaine" with Noel Coward, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. By the time she had arrived in New York, the play was closed. That array of great talent was not enough to fill a theater in New York, where tastes are pretty high and well delineated.

"Yet they ask us to please the audiences of every theater in the world," she smiled; "I don't think you can do that unless you keep right at the average line."

I wondered if that wasn't her job.

"That's a question," she replied thoughtfully. "I don't know. It may be my job—but it isn't what I want to do

"IF I were a film actress at heart, if I could not live without making a picture—that would be different," she explained. "I have always made pictures because I wanted to work for Mr. von Sternberg—not because I wanted to be a film star

"I only came to Hollywood to work with him. I only stayed to work with him. I have always admired him. I think he is a great artist. I had had offers to come to Hollywood before he called me, but I said no to them. I did not want to leave my family and my country just to be a screen star."

That is true. Both Fox and B. P. Schulberg tried to talk Marlene Dietrich into a contract. She wouldn't listen. After von Sternberg had finished "The Blue Angel," made in Germany Dietrich gave him a book to read on the boat—"Morocco."

"I think it will make a good film for you," she had said, but there was no idea of herself in the part.

"From the boat he cabled me to come to Hollywood," she told me. "When *he* told me to come, I came I would have come to work with him if he were in Australia."

If that sounds as if Marlene Dietrich holds no particular love for Hollywood, then certainly she can't be blamed for that.

It is hard to feel sorry for anyone as beautiful as Marlene Dietrich. It is always hard to feel sorry for a motion picture star who apparently has everything in the world.

Yet there is no doubt that Dietrich has been treated shamefully here. She was greeted—few could explain just why—more like an intruder than a visitor when she arrived. Immediately the Svengali-Trilby legend was spun to invest her with an unholy aura. She was accused of imitating Garbo.

Of course, what no one knew or bothered to find out was that Marlene Dietrich was not a recluse by nature, nor was she interested in drawing herself into a shell to create a legend.

She was merely alone in a strange, aggressive, frightening country with but one friend She was desperately lonely without her husband, her adored little girl, her family.

She heard preposterous stories about herself, but soon learned there was no use talking back. No one wanted to believe her. They could make up much better stories. So she said nothing.

Only recently on her trip to New York, she went down to the boat to see her husband, Rudolf Sieber, off. News cameramen were all over the place and snapped them from all angles. But not a picture was used in the newspapers.

With Sieber sailing for Europe, and Marlene returning to Hollywood, a separation story was much more intriguing, and pictures showing them together at the boat didn't help that out very much!

"I have been miserable often here in Hollywood," she told me. "During those first two years, when I was without my husband and Maria, I was terribly depressed. For the first two years, when I lived in Santa Monica, I saw no one. I had no friends to see. When I returned to Europe for my family the crowds actually frightened me, I became hysterical I had been so alone in Hollywood."



For little Sybil Jason's début picture, Warners built a whole story about her, "Little Big Shot." The reports were so good that they now have cast her in the important "I Found Stella Parrish"

Recently, of course, Marlene Dietrich has found a few friends in Hollywood. She pals around a lot with Carole Lombard and she advised me that the Richard Barthelmesses were steady customers for the bee's nest cake.

But few of her friends are close. She still feels as she has always felt—like an expatriate. and there are no interests of any importance outside her work with von Sternberg, of which she says reverently, "the experience of working all these years with his beautiful brain is something I would not have missed for all the world."

But now, of course, that is ended. Not because Marlene Dietrich wanted it to end and not because the studio wanted it to end.

When she knew it was ended, when she saw that to insist longer was to harm him, she said:

"All right, I shall go back to Germany."

"You mustn't do that," von Sternberg told her. "They won't think you're sincere. They will call it a publicity gesture. No one will believe you. You should stay and make two pictures at least with someone else

"It will be good for you," he went on, "and it will be easier for you. It is so easy, after what we have been doing on the screen to show emotions in the natural, average way. You must stay."

It was some time before Marlene Dietrich's new contract was signed. She wanted to go back to Europe, but she saw that if she did, it would make von Sternberg out as the bad man—the Svengali. They would blame it on him They would say he told her to go

One day she called him up from her dressing room. The contract was on her dressing table.

"Shall I sign or not?" she asked him. "You are always right. Tell me—because I really don't want to sign."

"Sign," said von Sternberg.

"So I signed," smiled Marlene Dietrich. "But I shall go home in the winter.

"My plans?" she repeated slowly. "Oh yes, my plans are definite." Then in the next breath she said, "I never make plans."

It didn't sound as absurd as it reads. It wasn't even contradictory to me, for I knew she was talking about two different things—the plans which were to complete the new contract she had just signed—they were definite. Beyond that—who knows?

"Yes," she said, "everything is decided." Although her voice is always soft and her manner deliberate, there now seemed but little spirit in her voice. Like champagne that has kept its bouquet but lost its bubbles Perhaps she was tired

'I SHALL make two pictures here. The first is 'Desire,' an original story written for me—one that Ernst Lubitsch was to direct me in before he became production head of the studio. I play a French adventuress. Gary Cooper plays with me and Frank Borzage directs it.

"The second is to be 'Hotel Imperial'—you remember?—the picture Pola Negri made years ago with Maurice Stiller. Lewis Milestone will direct it.

"The first is light and adventurous. The second is dramatic and thrilling They are regular film stories," she explained.

Her slow smile widened.

"But my contract will be up soon and then I shall go to Europe. I think I shall stay quite a long time. There are many places I want to go—England, Italy, Austria. I want to see my family, my sister and my mother in Berlin, and my husband who is now in Paris. Maria is ten now. She adores America, but I want her to be educated in Europe. It is time she started in school there. I can't think of being separated from her.

"Pictures? I don't know. Perhaps I may make pictures in England or France or Germany—perhaps not. Perhaps Mr von Sternberg will come to Europe. I hope he does.

"Miss Hollywood? Yes, I probably shall I may want to come back. But I will not sign a contract—any contract—just to be signing

"It would have to be like the one I have now You know," she smiled, "in my contract I have my choice of story, cameraman—"

"And director?" I asked

"And director," she confirmed

"Then you could have Mr von Sternberg again?"

"Yes," she smiled, "if he would direct me.'

I remembered the Paramount decree I had read in the newspaper. "We are going to remake Marlene Dietrich—"

But I don't think you ever remake someone like Marlene Dietrich. You don't remake an idealist without remaking the ideal.

The Facts of Hollywood Life

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

Helen Vinson and *Fred Perry*, world's Number One Racqueteer, made it love match following Perry's startling defeat in the national tennis finals.

Honeymooned in Hollywood.

Conchita Montenegro and *Raul Roulien* carried a Latin love from Hollywood to an altar in Paris.

John Warburton and *Lucille Morrison*, Los Angeles society eminent, became one in Tijuana, Mexico.

Katherine Cornwall Williams, 1934 Wampas Baby Star, changed her name to Mrs. Daniel E. Vandraegan, and her vocation to that of a Washington University professor's wife.

Sam Coslow, the tunesmith, (Cocktails For Two) made a Mexican marriage with *Esther Muir* safe and sound by repeating in California.

Inez Courtney and *Luigi Filiasi* toasted their union in the bridegroom's wine.

Kay Sutton, "Roberta" model, and *Edward Cronjager* followed through on a set romance. Cronjager ground the camera. Found her in the finder.

Sylvia Sidney and *Bennett Cerf*, Manhattan publisher, proved at Phoenix, Arizona, they weren't fooling with that golden band.

John Joseph Quillan, brother of *Eddie Quillan* and *Anita Thompson* took the vows together.

Sally Blane and *Norman Foster*, *Claudette Colbert's* real recent ex, in Hollywood.

Franchot Tone and *Joan Crawford*, at Englewood Cliffs, N. J. Joan reversing her opinion that an actress should never marry, made after she divorced *Doug Fairbanks, Jr.*

OH, PROMISE ME

Josephine Dunne will become *Mrs. Carroll Case* as soon as her divorce from *Eugene J. Lewis* is final. Case writes for a living.

Jacqueline Wells and *Walter Brooks*, Philadelphia blue-blooder, have it all arranged for a quick wedding.

Dorothy Appleby and *Sidney Korshak*, her attorney in a breach of promise suit against *Sidney M. Spiegel*, found common interests in court.

They'll make it legal around Christmas.

Carol Pradeau, private secretary and companion to *Myrna Loy*, answers the mating call soon with *Carlee Hood*, New York business man.

LITTLE STRANGERS

A five pound boy raised the family to five for Director *Joseph Santley* and *Mrs. Santley*.

Fred Astaire and *Mrs. Astaire*, the former *Phyllis Potter*, New York social registrite, will dance for joy around about February when the heir arrives.

FORKS IN THE ROAD

Joan Blondell got her melting papers from *George Barnes* and custody of nine-months-old *Norman Scott Barnes*.

Nancy Carroll divorced her already re-wed husband, *Bolton Mallory*, in Reno.

Ben Bernie won his freedom from *Rose H. Anzelevitz* (the maestro's real monicker) in a secret hearing in Chicago.

Roscoe Ates failed to stutter a protest to *Mrs. Clara Ates* divorce suit. Granted.

Lona Andre, for the second time asked annulment of her marriage to *Edward Norris*, writer. First time, she backed down.

Mrs. Jean Bello, mother of *Jean Harlow*, sought to drop husband *Marino Bello*, via the courts.

Dorothy Lee packed off to Reno to end it all with *Marshall Duffield*, former U. S. C. football ace.

Dorothy Gish asked for restoration of her maiden name in her divorce suit against *James Rennie*.

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE

Busby Berkeley, coryphee mentor, faces two manslaughter indictments and a suit for $150,000 following a doubly fatal auto accident on the Coast Highway near Santa Monica.

Bryant Washburn, Jr. arraigned on a manslaughter charge after fatally injuring a pedestrian.

Erskine Gwynne, Vanderbilt scion, former playboy of Paris, and present Hollywood scenarist, paid fifty dollars, pledged abstinence for ninety days on a drunk-in-auto charge.

Baroness Carla Jenssen, titled scenarist, filed plagiarism suit against RKO studios.

Charles Spencer Chaplin won the right to direct the investment of the $200,000 trust fund established for his two sons, *Charles, Jr.*, and *Sidney Earl*.

Geneva Mitchell's press agent, *George Talbot*, went to jail and Geneva was questioned when a fake hold-up publicity gag was exposed.

Rosetta and *Vivian Duncan* failed in a motion to discharge their bankruptcy status. They're still insolvent.

Alice White settled a $30,000 damage suit based on a traffic accident, for *$2,000*.

QUIET, PLEASE

Charles Bickford looked good to a lion, got bit in the neck. Fangs narrowly missed jugular vein, severed a muscle. Doing nicely.

Gertrude Michael recovering speedily from a near fatal auto smash on way home from Arrowhead. Broken leg, cracked spine, cuts and bruises.

David Holt cheated death in an infantile paralysis attack. Well now—no bad effects.

Ruth Donnelly set a record for an appendectomy. Up in six days. *Fifi D'Orsay's* divorce from her appendix took longer.

Mary Pickford sent to bed after curious crowd mauled her as she autographed copies of her book "Demi-Widow" in a Los Angeles store.

Bette Davis left "Hard Luck Dame" with ptomaine poisoning.

Darryl Zanuck, Little Napoleon of films, cut up when his horse threw him into a barbed wire fence.

Erik Rhodes got in the way of a polo mallet. Horse danced on him. Arnica and liniment.

Claire Trevor held off pneumonia in a severe influenza siege.

BIRTHDAY CANDLES

For *Greta Garbo*—thirty of them—at her birthday party in her villa near Nyokoping, Sweden.

FAREWELL

To *Sam Hardy*, who died in Hollywood, after an emergency operation.



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The Private Life of Fred Astaire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

Fred is that way about stores; but usually it's hardware stores. He likes to wander around them and try out the new gadgets —he's probably looking for a necktie-chooser —but he seldom buys anything himself. Before his marriage, his mother bought even his ties.

I never knew him to go wild on pop-corn before, but he has a sweet tooth. He used to send Walter out for vanilla ice cream on matinee days at five o'clock, when, if he were as English as some people think he is, he'd be having tea. Fred's favorite viand, as you may have read, is noodle soup. But, of course, he didn't send Walter out for that at five in the afternoon; not because he wouldn't gladly eat it then—he'd eat it for breakfast—but because he knew Walter couldn't find the kind he liked in any of the Forty-second Street soup kitchens. Freddy's noodles must be flat and broad like his neckties, the kind of noodles he used to get at Alfredo's in Rome.

WALTER, as you may have gathered, is Fred's dresser, valet, handy-man, errand-boy and butt. He is of the same color persuasion as Mandy and Louise, but he has a much harder time. His master has a quick temper and a quicker sense of humor, and Walter never knows when he is going to run afoul of one or the other. Of the two, he'll take the temper any day. It is less of a strain on the Ethiopian mentality.

Walter causes Fred plenty of trouble, too. Five times he has been to Europe, and five times he has had to be sent back home—for no other reason than that he was lonesome for the Cotton Club of dear old Lenox Avenue.

"The world to Walter," his master once said, "is Harlem surrounded by a lot of unimportant territory."

But Fred doesn't dare fire Walter, for the dresser is the only human being who knows where the Bridgeport bath robe is kept. On the first night of every show and the first day of the shooting of every picture, Walter solemnly produces this funny old red-and-green dressing gown, which Fred bought many years ago in Bridgeport, Connecticut. During that night or day, Fred dutifully wears it. Neither acknowledges the incident by word or look. It is not considered good form. Then, Walter, solemnly packs the robe away, and nobody sees it again until it is time for it to be dragged once more out of the woodwork.

This sort of thing has been going on for about fifteen years, during which Fred has had many more successes than failures, so, although he insists he isn't superstitious, he'd kind of hate to open without the bathrobe—and Walter.

The brightest spot in the latter's life are days when he is mentioned in the papers. For instance, this—with an accompanying description of Fred's dressing room during the run of "The Band Wagon"—from the late *Graffic:*

"Over at the New Amsterdam, one flight up, you find Fred Astaire tenanting the star's quarters.

"You are apt to find a Whitney or a Vanderbilt in Astaire's place. The youthful dancing star claims most of the younger social set as bosom pals, or, perhaps I should twist that around and point out that they claim him.

"Fred's droll colored dresser provides a lighter note for the guests here, providing he knows them. If he likes them, he will even go out of the theater to get them a glass of Fred's favorite after-performance beverage, milk."

This "quote," although substantially accurate, omits one or two characteristic details about Fred's dressing room at the New Amsterdam. On the dressing table, in a prominent position, stood the china horse and jockey with which a grateful management presented him the night he opened in "Funny Face." Above the mirror, also in a prominent position, was the sign, "No singing or dancing around this dressing room." And stuck in the side of the mirror, were invariably to be found a collection of magazines and newspaper clippings—showing that the boy is human, and does care what people say about him!—a postcard or two, and always a cable from Europe telling of the condition or performances of his prize colt, Nick the Greek.

Fred had become by 1931 a real figure in the racing world. Besides Nick the Greek, he owned Mavis, Objection, High Hat and Topsy Turvy. In England Nick was consistently successful, and crowned his noble career by bringing home the buff-and-blue Astaire colors in front of the rich Glasgow Plate. Fred sold all the horses when his American engagements began to make his stays in England shorter and rarer; but if he ever starts to race his own stable at Santa Anna, he'll show Hollywood some race horses that *are* race horses. Fred knows. It has cost him a lot to find out. But he does know.

He knows about dogs, too. Adele had five in "The Band Wagon" period: a golden retriever and a Dachshund in London, and two West Highlanders and a Scotty in New York. She called the Dachshund Freddy, because he looked like her brother. Fred himself had about a dozen of assorted breeds. At one time the Astaire family had over twenty.

"Puppies were always expected," Fred explained, "which made life very interesting."

DOG days continued in the Astaire family, even after Fred's marriage to Phyllis Potter. Phyllis' cocker spaniel, Scamp, won at this year's show in San Francisco.

You might know!

If Phyllis Astaire had a dog, it would be a prize-winner. She's the blue ribbon type.

"The Band Wagon" was the last show Fred and Adele did together, and there was "Lady Be Good" and "Funny Face" in between, not to mention, out of respect for the dead, Mr. Ziegfeld's wry "Smiles."

"Lady Be Good"—remember the song of that name!—was another "For Goodness Sake," only immeasurably better. The Astaires took this show to England, too, after its run on Broadway, and duplicated, perhaps even exceeded, their previous success. It was a heavy English joke during this period that whereas the Astaires' first show had had almost as long a run as the British Museum, their second threatened to become a career.

Fred tells some swell stories about their European experiences, but characteristically they mostly featured Adele in the leading rôle. There was, for example, the classic one about Bernard Shaw.

"What do you think of actors?" asked Adele in a desperate effort to make small talk with the most brilliant mind in Europe.

"Nothing," replied Shaw. "If it wasn't for us authors, there wouldn't be any."

Silence. Then Adele said with a meekness she seldom experienced:

"I'm a dancer, you know, Mr. Shaw."

The Astaires became great friends with Shaw after that, and with John Galsworthy and Sir James Barrie, of "Peter Pan" and "What Every Woman Knows" fame, and Hugh Walpole, the novelist who recently helped adapt "David Copperfield" for the screen, and acted the part of the curate in that hugely successful production. But none of them—least of all, Fred Astaire—ever thought then of writing or acting for the movies.

AS a matter of fact, the Fred Astaire of that day—it was about 1926 when he went abroad with "Lady Be Good"—was not a very likely candidate for cinematic honors. Sixteen years trooping, supported by means of doubtful frequency, had reduced the fat little boy of the Omaha period to a gangling lad of twenty-five, whose one hundred and thirty-four pounds were spread sparsely over five feet, nine inches of bones and joints. He had more of that sand-colored hair above his long, lantern-jawed face than he has now, but not enough to start a riot at a barber's convention. He had the same large ears and the same curiously shaped head—like an inverted Bartlett pear—but somehow the ears and the head hadn't gotten together then on such a good working basis. In short, he was no Rudolph Valentino.

Some years later, a wise observer said that Fred was physically a combination of Jimmy Walker and Ichabod Crane. Well, in 1922, he was definitely on the Ichabod side.

Nevertheless, he was already becoming something of a man of the world. He could play most games fairly well, especially golf. He had, as we have seen, acquired a racing stable, and sat up in bed every night after the show, reading the form sheets. He was ready to gamble on anything—and is now: if you don't find him on the set, he's shooting craps with the electricians in the alley outside. And he had already graduated from fifteen dollar ready-mades to the products of the best Bond Street tailors, plus monograms on his shirts, pajamas, dressing gowns *and* underwear.

Sister handled the society end in those days. Nobility, then royalty took her up—and Little Brother, as in the old Omaha dancing school period, went along to see her perform. Altogether, the two kids from the corn belt did very well for themselves.

"Columbus may have danced with joy at discovering America," unbent the London *Times*, "but how he would have cavorted had he also discovered Fred and Adele Astaire!"

It was during these long periods of residence abroad that Freddy Astaire acquired that English way of dressing and that slightly English way of talking which leads so many people, even native born Britishers, to take him for English-born.

Fred, who is just as American as you or I or the Mississippi River, thinks this is a great joke—on the British.

It isn't a pose with Freddy, this hang-over from his protracted theatrical spree in England. Long before he went abroad, he had realized that the sloppy London style of tailoring was more becoming to his rangy type of chassis than the tight-fitting American style. And as for talking British, I dare any perfectly good American to stay four months in the British Isles, let along four years, without talking like a blooming Englisher.

It is interesting, though, that the English in the air did seep in so much deeper with Freddy than with his sister, who doesn't look one bit English. (As a matter of fact, she looks amazingly like our new songbird of the screen, Lily Pons.) Frankly, the only thing British about Adele, except, of course, Lord Cavendish, is an English oath, which sounds simply devastating on her child-like lips. Incidentally, she used to play piccolo with those lips, but she had to give it up because it swelled them.

"Funny Face" was notable, not only because it derived its name from Fred Astaire's brotherly characterization of his sister, but because in its music it was the fulfillment of a pledge made more than ten years before: that someday Fred Astaire would be starred in a George Gershwin musical show.

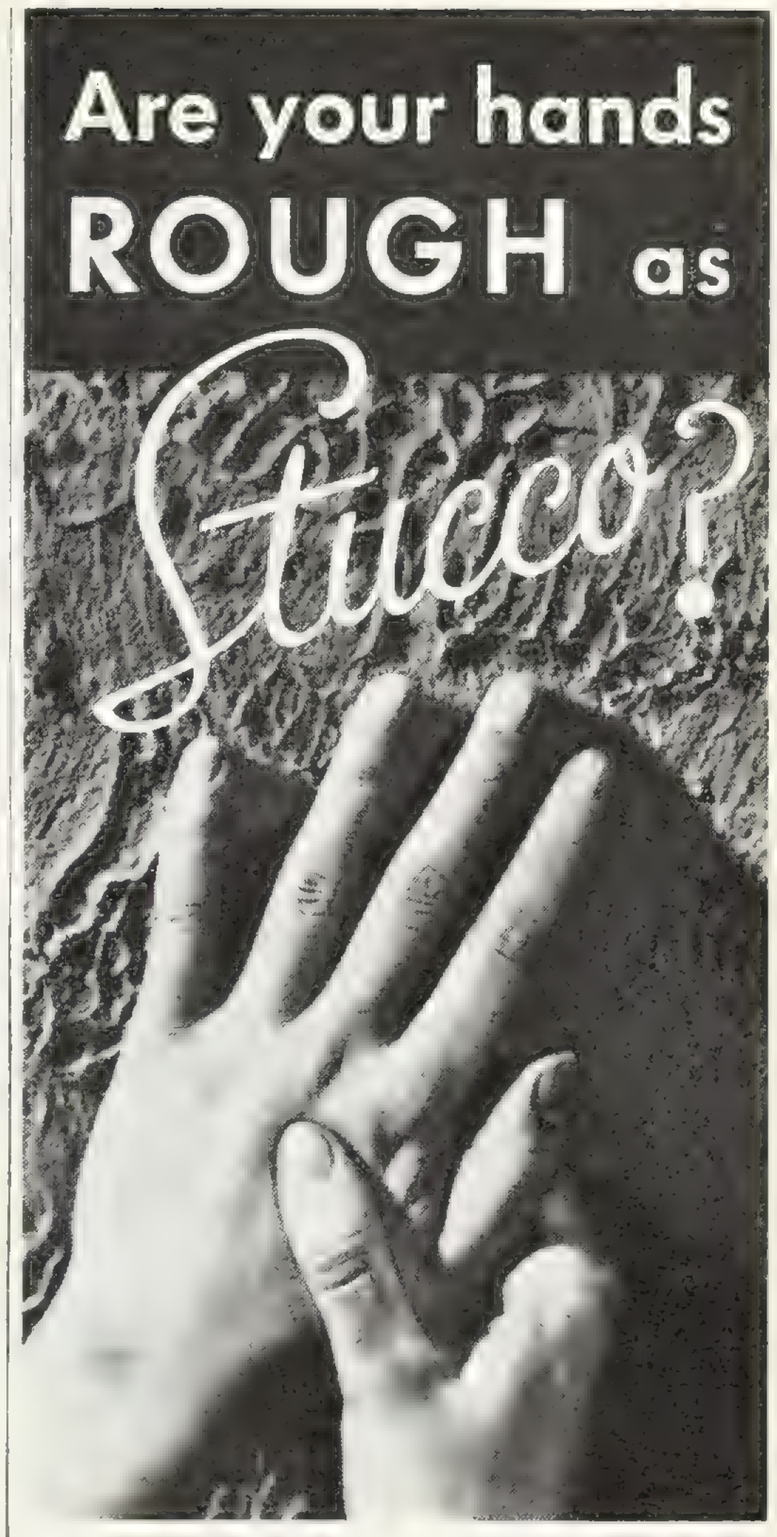
It sounds too good to be true—like some of those press agent yarns about Fred that come out of Hollywood—but it is true that George Gershwin, now America's foremost composer but then a piano player in Remick's Music House, was one of Fred Astaire's earliest friends in New York, and it is highly probable that when gangling Fred went up to Tin Pan Alley to try out some new songs, he and George entered into some Horatio G. Alger agreement.

"Funny Face" was in 1927 and New York was catching up with London in its appreciation of the master. A more tangible evidence of the same thing was the fact already chronicled: that Florenz Ziegfeld, the greatest musical comedy impressario of them all, offered Fred and his sister $4,000 a week to star with Marilyn Miller in his ill-fated "Smiles."

While some of these things were happening to Fred Astaire, his future dancing partner, Ginger Rogers, late of Independence, Missouri, was trying out a few new steps across the street in another Gershwin show, "Girl Crazy." Ginger had just won a Charleston contest in Fort Worth, Texas, and had moved in on New York for a little professional training—first in the stage show at the Paramount with the then reigning maestro, Paul Ash, and later in "Top Speed" and the aforesaid "Girl Crazy"—and it is a mighty good thing she got it, because future events were already casting their shadows before them in the dressing room gossip at the New Amsterdam.

DELLY, Ginger's brown-eyed, black-haired predecessor as Fred's dancing partner, was getting tired. It was fun to be the toast of two continents, to pick up her *Vanity Fair* and read that "without doubt the Astaires are the reigning family of Broadway," to be kissed by Mr. and Mrs. John Galsworthy and have her hand held by Sir James Barrie, but what she really wanted was to have a good time. According to most standards, she had managed to have a fairly good one as she went along, but, after twenty years of nearly continuous trouping, she was hardly to blame for wanting to give up all her waking hours to the supposedly pleasanter things of life.

There wasn't a drop of theatrical blood in either of the Astaires. They had gone on the stage because they had to, and had stayed there because it was the only way they knew to earn a living. They had never really been a part of the theater. As Adele used to say, "It was an acquired taste like olives." Fred had a driving ambition to keep him going,



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the zeal to excel. If he had been in the plumbing business, he'd have felt the same urge. Adele had none of that. It was common gossip that she wanted to quit.

She had had plenty of opportunities to do so. The British peerage, as we have seen, had fallen *en masse.* Since her triumphant return to this country, American millionaires had been equally precipitate. It was a dull month when Adele wasn't reported engaged. There was William Gaunt, Jr., who went broke, allegedly because he was paying more attention to Adele Astaire than to his financial affairs. There was John Hay Whitney, angel of Technicolor, with whom marriage seemed any day imminent. (She ended up by being a bridesmaid at his wedding.) And there was the far-famed Billy Leeds.

BILLY, as all the world once knew, was married to Princess Xenia of Greece. In fact, the Leedses, mother and son, married a considerable segment of the Greek royal family, only to have Greece go a republic on them. Then, when Billy was all washed up with royalty, he bought himself a series of fast-going yachts. Things were always happening on Billy's yachts. You remember what happened to our own Claire Windsor! But the nearest to a fatality happened to that delectable imp, Delly Astaire.

A few weeks after their engagement was rumored in the Broadway and Park Avenue hot spots, Adele and Billy were speeding along the shore of Long Island in the latter's new oil-burner, when something went wrong with the works. There was a fearful explosion, a geyser of burning oil, a blinding cloud of smoke and soot, and out of the reeking vapors, they pulled the bedraggled body of little Adele Astaire. Her head, face and shoulders were badly burned.

She was nearly thirty when all this happened to her, but she still had the body of a child. Only the summer before, she had been refused admission to the casino at Le Touquet because she was believed to be under-age, whereas an English sub-deb of seventeen, who was with her, was passed through the portals unquestioned. She never weighed more than a hundred and six pounds, and wore a size fourteen dress. The last day she reported at the theater, the old doorkeep muttered to his buddy:

"Miss Delly, she looks like a baby coming to her first day at the kindergarten."

And now, so the Broadway wiseacres said, she would never act again. But the resources of modern medicine and surgery are inexhaustible when you can afford to tap them as Adele Astaire could. For a time she did retire from the public eye. Speculation became hot as to what Fred would do without her whether he could stand on his own ambling feet as an individual star. Then, suddenly, in the spring of 1931, Max Gordon astounded the theatrical world by announcing that he would present Fred and Adele Astaire in Howard Dietz' and George Kaufman's "The Band Wagon."

This was the show Frank Morgan was in and also the attenuated Helen Broderick, who made such a comedy hit in "Top Hat." Fred is great for taking his favorite people along with him. The two priceless Erics, Rhodes and Blore, were with him in the stage production of "Gay Divorcee" in the same parts they later played on the screen; and they, too, were with him in "Top Hat."

In "The Band Wagon," Adele was the same vivacious, electric personality she had always been. The difference was in Freddy.

When "Funny Face" was produced, there had been critical rumblings to the effect that the artistic pulling-away progress that we have already noted during their London performances was still proceeding apace. Neither brother nor sister could help it. They still danced together like "twin souls creating perfect harmony." But the years of continuous practice on Fred's part and the years of continuous refusal to practice on Adele's part were beginning to tell.

Before every performance in all those twenty years, Fred Astaire had arrived early and had spent minutes, sometimes hours, limbering up his muscles, perfecting himself in his routines. Adele Astaire, after the first night of the show, never practiced. As a result, Fred had become by far the better dancer of the two. He was ready for a partner who would match his ambition with her ambition, his energy with her energy.

He was ready for Ginger Rogers.

"The Band Wagon" settled it, as we shall see. And the year that followed, as we shall also see, put the final seal on the brother-and-sister act of Fred-and-Adele Astaire.

Adele fell in love with a clerk in J. P. Morgan's office, an upstanding young Englishman known thereabouts simply as Cavendish, but who turned out to be the son of the richest duke in the British Empire. And Fred—well, Fred found the only girl with whom he had ever thought he could find happiness.

There was only one flaw in this situation so far as Fred was concerned. The "only girl" was married, very much married to a another man.

Don't fail to read how Fred Astaire felt when he came to Hollywood and found out that few there had ever heard of him! You'll learn about this and the many details of his personal life, never before published, in PHOTOPLAY for January.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE
OF
ROBERT MONTGOMERY

It happened one night in old England. It was on a motorcycle, and Mr. Montgomery was trying to keep both his seat and his dignity. But let Mr. Montgomery tell you in his own waggish words. It is just as lunatic as most of the rôles Bob plays on the screen, and we don't know of any other actor who would tell such a crazy story about himself. In the January Photoplay.

ON SALE NOVEMBER 5TH

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

HEREAFTER one 15-year-old Ruth Krist of Chicago isn't going to take anybody's word for anything in Hollywood.

She's discovered that seeing needn't be believing.

The girl was in California on a visit. Eddie Lowe, who's starring in Columbia's "Grand Exit," is her favorite star, it seems, and she followed the company on a location trip in hope of snapping his picture with her camera. She saw a handsome man lounging in a studio chair not far away. Beside her stood a dirty, tousled villain.

"That's Edmund Lowe over there, isn't it?" she asked him, indicating the h.m. "Do you think he'd care if I took his picture?"

"He'd be flattered, I'm sure," the villain grinned.

So with shaking hands she snapped merrily away, using all but one on her roll of films. It was only when she turned to go that Ann Sothern, who had watched the episode, revealed to the girl that the handsome man was an extra and the dirty villain was Lowe.

To make up for it, Eddie made sure little Ruth got a good posed picture of himself on her one remaining film.

THEY'RE scurrying around out at 20th Century-Fox, scratching heads, having long conferences and delving through piles of photographs trying to decide who they'll get to play Dr. Allan R. Dafoe, physician of the Dionne quintuplets, in the dramatized version of his life to be called "The Country Doctor."

Offhand I'd say they might give the doctor a break and let him play himself. He's reported willing and the stipend undoubtedly would be welcome to the Dafoe exchequer, country doctors' pay being what it is.

JANE FROMAN will be plenty glad when Christmas rolls around this year, for it will mark the end of a practical joke that's been driving her nutty once a week for the past year.

Seems Donald Ross, her husband, caught her furtively perusing an old copy of The Police Gazette. He at once entered a year's subscription to the magazine for her—and persuaded seven other friends, Gertrude Niessen, James Melton, Lanny Ross and Paul Whiteman among them, to do the same.

For almost a year now eight copies of that classic, pink and gaudy, have arrived for Jane each week.

THEY were getting set to shoot one of Rochelle Hudson's big emotional scenes in "Snatched" the other day when a resounding crash was heard. A studio truck had backed into a brand new gray coupe parked by the stage and the whisper quickly went around that it was Rochelle's new car which had been damaged.

"Don't tell her!" Director George Marshall implored. "Not till after this scene."

After the scene was shot, Marshall broke the sad news and led her outside to view the remains.

As they approached the crumpled mass, Rochelle broke into wild laughter. The smashed coupe was Marshall's.

DAVID BUTLER was directing a scene in which actors were driving spirited teams of horses. The scene lacked punch and Butler put on the steam.

"Come on you horses and actors!" he stormed. "Give me some real excitement this time."

One of the drivers threw down his reins and glared at Butler.

"Well, well, and what's the matter with you?" Butler asked.

The driver drew up haughtily.

"You might at least mention the actors first!" he rebuked him.

A LOT of water has run under that well known bridge since Esther Ralston and Dick Arlen were starring on the same lot—Paramount.

The two met again the other day. This time it was at Republic where Esther's making "Forced Landing" and Dick is doing "Legion of the Lost."

YOU'D think it would be absolutely impossible, but Fanny Brice actually forgot the words to the song that has always been closely identified with her.

She had to get the music and bone up on—need we tell you?—"My Man," the other day when the number was scheduled before the mike.

BOB MONTGOMERY and his perennial pal, Chester Morris, fished for three solid days in the briny blue for Marlin swordfish. They came back with a big string of nothing.

Then Ruth Etting sailed forth and proceeded to hook a peach—way over 100 pounds. She reeled it in herself. Bob and Chet heard the news.

"I know," Bob sighed, "she sang it to sleep."

IT'S getting to be almost an axiom that a songstress doesn't mix business with kisses.

First of all it was Gladys Swarthout, who was due for a necking scene with John Boles. She admitted she hadn't done anything like that before, right in front of the cameras and everybody, but they talked her into it, with hubby looking on.

Everybody blushed, and Miss Swarthout's complexion was red as paint.

Then, just the other day Jane Froman, the radiocanary, stamped her pretty French heels down firmly and said "no kisses."

"I don't kiss anyone but my husband."

WITH the Bing Crosbys forsaking, or at least planning to desert their Toluca Lake manor and build themselves a much larger edition out in fashionable Bel-Air, it seems all the more pertinent to point to the Pat O'Briens who have remained in their small Brentwood cottage now for many many moons.

Most stars manage to do just what Bing is planning to do—move into a large place as their fortunes and family increased, but Pat always compromises by building on a room. Already he's built on three, and his argument is that when you build a house around you it's a real home, because all of it has been well lived in and the new parts are born of necessity.

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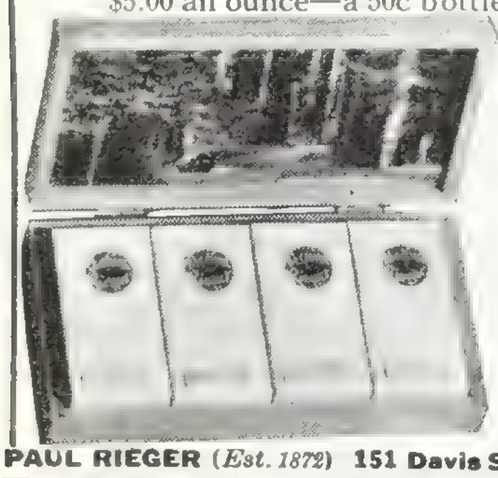
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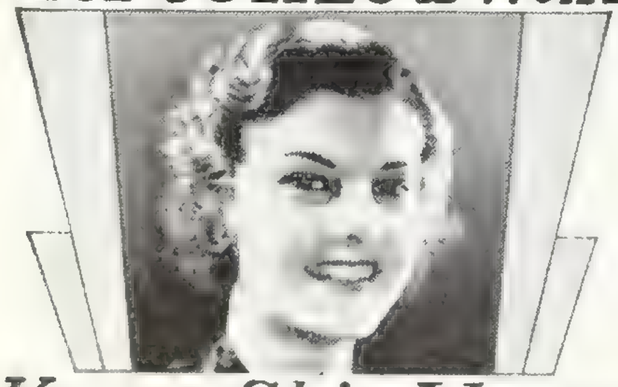
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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

AND speaking of Bing—

'Twas distinctly nice—and clever—the way Bing and Mrs. Crosby handled the recent situation of the young girl who arrived in Hollywood chanting her infatuation for Bing and bellowing her determination to tell him of her love, even if it was a hopeless one.

Bing and Dixie invited the gal to their home for dinner, showered gracious attentions on her and then bundled her back to her hotel, cured of her silliness and doubly enthusiastic about Bing.

But—don't come storming the Crosby gates for dinner, gals. That was a special case.

IT ALL depends on the point of view—or contact.

A 15-foot boa constrictor was to coil dangerously above Victor Jory's head in a scene in Columbia's "Song of the Damned." As the cameras ground and the snake moved closer and closer to Vic's top-knot, Director Al Rogell was moved to words.

"There's beauty!" he breathed.

"Beauty, my eye!" Jory returned. "There's jitters!"

OTTO KRUGER seems to have got the jump on the fond father and the Christmas-present-for-the-kid gag. While little Ottilie, his daughter, was in the East, Kruger had a swell little three-foot motor boat made for her to use in their swimming pool. He's had so much fun playing with it, it's now practically a second-hand present.

DOING it up brown, I calls it.

Michael Bartlett, being one of the f.f. of New England, chose a Connecticut farmhouse theme for his new home in Hollywood and landscaped it completely in transplanted New England shrubs and flowers.

THE Jean Harlow-Bill Powell romance is turning out to be a family affair. No one can say they aren't well chaperoned.

Jean's ma, Mrs. Marino Bello, has been doing most of the honors so far, accompanying the coo-ers on all of their trips and excursions. And now Bill's family has moved out from Kansas City and settled down in the new Powell mansion.

FOR weeks Gloria Stuart and Hubby Art Sheekman planned big doings for the first wedding anniversary.

Came the night. They dressed up in their very finest rags, made reservations at the Troc, ordered champagne.

They toasted each other with the champagne. They toasted each other again with the champagne. They toasted—

At eleven o'clock the champagne was a little low and Gloria and Art decided they were sleepy. They went home.

That's being married.

A CERTAIN Hollywood producer (we won't give him away) sallied forth to view a play in one of those little theaters.

He drove up resplendent in his big shiny limousine and told his chauffeur to wait out front.

The play turned out to be one of those crusading Communistic things, fairly dripping with red. The producer squirmed in his seat.

Halfway through the third act he arose quietly and soft shoed it out the door.

"Drive that big car around the block," he ordered his chauffeur "I'll meet you there."

BOB ARMSTRONG has lost his best friend. His mother, Mrs. Mina Armstrong, died last month.

For years Bob, a confirmed bachelor, worshipped his mother. No one was ever a better son. The happiest day of Bob's life was when he had installed his mother in her own home. No matter how hard his work or how pressing his affairs, he never failed to have dinner with her at least once a week—usually oftener.

Theirs was a fine relationship, and Bob's heavy heart must be lightened somewhat by its memories.

REMEMBER Louise Glaum, the bold bad vamp of the dear dead days?

Louise left Hollywood some years ago and ran a moving picture house in National City, down near Agua Caliente. Now she's back running a playhouse in Hollywood, producing her own shows with maybe just a faint eye to the movies.



Marcel Lamaze, owner of the popular Cafe Lamaze in Hollywood, tries to tempt Marlene Dietrich and Fritz Lang with his choicest grapes, but they apparently are interested in the aged and bottled variety

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

THE LAST OUTPOST—Paramount

THE age-old triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife, Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, respectively. But the real stars are the co-directors, Louis Gasnier and Charles Barton, and the scenarist, who throw in elephant stampedes, mountain climbing, swollen rivers and death in the desert, making *Tarzan's* adventures look like fun in the Zoo in comparison. Just a fair picture.

KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY—Universal

WHILE this mildly musical melodrama has nothing to do with Haile Selassie's ancestor, it's full of wise guys and queens who put all the answers up to Edmund Lowe, a smooth night club boss. The wise men covet his club and the queens his heart—and keeping both is some fun. Pleasing ditties now and then by Pinky Tomlin help a pointless story.

RED SALUTE—Reliance—U. A. Release

THERE'S just enough red youth in this to justify the title. Mostly, it's an amusing boy and girl cross-country flight *a la* "It Happened One Night." Barbara Stanwyck, exiled by her army dad to Mexico away from radical crush Hardie Albright, lures doughboy Robert Young into desertion and wholesale grief before he makes her see the patriotic light.

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont British

AN exciting and plausible detective yarn done in the traditional British fashion, interspiced with bits of humor and breathless thrills but lacking the salient features of American mysteries makes this just another detective story. Jack Hulbert goes through his bag of comic antics as he rescues Fay Wray and recovers stolen gems from a gang of thieves.

TWO SINNERS—Republic

OTTO KRUGER and Martha Sleeper are the principals in this tedious, tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation. Complications arise when Kruger finds himself in love with Martha Sleeper and is impelled by a sense of righteousness to divulge his past. Cora Sue Collins plays the (inevitable) brat but adds the necessary and welcome relief.

THE AFFAIR OF SUSAN—Universal

ZASU PITTS in an amusing "lonelyhearts" comedy with Hugh O'Connell. Hugh works in an auto assembling plant putting tail lights on cars; ZaSu sticks tails on chocolate scotties in a candy factory. Coney Island provides the background for most of the film, with the new lovers separated when a chute-the-chute capsizes. Walter Catlett is the romance disturber.

THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES—M-G-M

WHEN an adventurous bishop mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, you can expect most anything. In this case, you can expect a neat British farce dripping with Cockney brogue and swiftly paced with side-splitting complications. Edmund Gwenn is the meddling clergyman. Fast and funny.

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M

YOU don't have to be a Benny fan (but aren't we all?) to pile up a week's good humor from this harmless concoction. There's Ted Healy, too, Una Merkel and Nat Pendleton. Jack and Ted, a leap ahead of the law, invade a swank desert resort, pose as high flyers and have to make good in a stratosphere balloon. It's terrific! Benny's first starring part.

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount

THE magnificent adventure and heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition has been strikingly captured and asssembled into a thrilling, educational and important picture. The why and how of the trip, related by vivid photography and instructive, chatty narration affords a tremendous screen experience you shouldn't miss. Admiral Byrd makes a personable and handsome actor. The stark beauty of the ice barriers is unforgettable. Full picture length.

MELODY TRAIL—Republic

GENE AUTRY just about proves himself to be the perfect man to have around the house—what with his versatile abilities in breaking broncos, cooking biscuits, crooning lullabies to screaming, attention-demanding, infants; catching cattle rustlers, and winning the hearts of ladies. He does all this in a slow-moving and unexciting film

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936—Paramount

TALENT—great big bundles of it—singing, dancing, musical talent, spiced with inimitable nit wits and fun fanatics makes Paramount's annual film revue a solid wow—right down to the last stanza of extravaganza. The story is mainly about a great radio lover lured to the island villa of a beautiful and modern Circe who loves 'em and slays 'em.

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Universal

REMEMBER? You'll never forget it! The wildest party you ever saw, some beautiful hangovers, four—count 'em—four murders and a suicide, with a whole batch of people to suspect. That's this super mystery dish which either burlesques or openly copies "The Thin Man" style. Drawn out and over-complicated but with its moments and a swell cast including Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny.

STORMY—Universal

HERE'S one of the finest horse pictures ever made. Spectacular action photography and wide range Western beauty—with a tender, touching story of a boy's love for his horse, lifting it high above the "horse opera" class. Noah Beery, Jr., looking like



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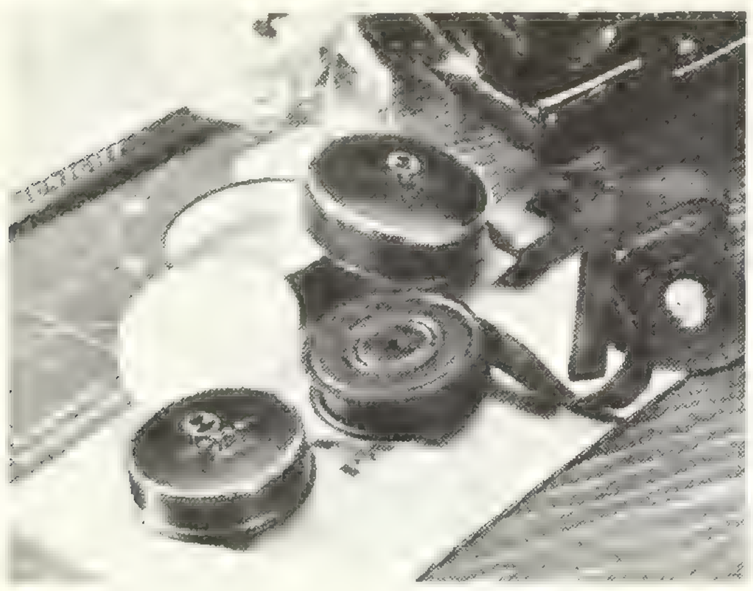
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Cravat Chain,
Money Klip,
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a future star, and Rex, a magnificent animal, are the principals. Jean Rogers is the sweet romance; Fred Kohler the meanie. Heartily recommended to all animal lovers. Must for the children.

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Paramount

WITH all the fireworks going on you'll want to know your Ethiopia—and here's your chance. Graphic, colorful, accurate and comprehensive, well narrated and assembled, this timely full length travelogue is exactly what you'll be wanting to see to understand what it's all about over there. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land, so expect a few chills, thrills and shocks in Selassie's Land. Good photography.

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio

A SLIGHTLY absurd and ridiculous comedy brings James Barton back to the screen again. The story itself, involving a mayoralty campaign which hinges upon whether or not the candidate changed his name from Murphy to Murfree, is without a redeeming feature and runs through a series of too familiar situations in which the humor fails to register.

Divorce Taught Them How Truly They Were Married

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

course; and smoothly, too. Both at home and in public places the newlyweds were to be found together, usually alone, sometimes with another young married couple happily mated like themselves. If Adrienne went on a visit to the folks at home, Bruce ate his meals in a restaurant alone. If Bruce was away on location, Adrienne didn't go out at all.

Then, kerplunk, separation—followed by rumors of divorce!

THE news didn't cause the sensation it might have, because, matrimonially speaking Hollywood has been passing through a hard couple of years. Bill Powell and Carole Lombard had gone Reno-ing. Kenneth MacKenna had gone to New York while Kay Francis stayed in Hollywood. Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster had decided to put their separate establishments on a permanent basis. Jean Harlow had married her cameraman and divorced him. Richard Dix had divorced his wife and married his secretary. Virginia Bruce had extended Jack Gilbert's series of matrimonial debacles to four. Lila Lee had married and divorced Jack Paine. And, most engrossing of all, our Mary had divorced her Doug.

In the wake of all this excitement, nobody stopped to analyze the reason for the apparent failure of a less spectacular marriage which had started off so auspiciously. If anybody had, he would have found that it was a reason which is causing misunderstanding, worry, anguish, tragedy in thousands of homes which are basically no different from Adrienne's and Bruce's.

Stephen Ames was not only a very rich but a very generous husband. He had given his wife a veritable mansion in Beverly Hills. Adrienne loved that house. Any girl would. So it was natural that she should persuade her new husband who had no permanent home of his own, to pack up his few bachelor belongings and bring them from his simple diggings to the big house on the hill. And it was natural that the new husband should let himself be persuaded.

Neither, apparently, gave a thought as to how such a home or such a scale of living was to be maintained—except by the age-old mistake of living beyond their income, the mistake which the youthful Cabots forthwith made.

Adrienne had never done much actual work in pictures. She was known as the rich girl who got her break in Hollywood by paying a famous photographer a thousand dollars for one devastatingly beautiful sample photograph. This reputation hurt her in the honest efforts she later made to show her real ability. So, naturally, did the fact that she didn't need the money. As a result, by the time she married Bruce Cabot she had become almost the forgotten woman of the studio casting offices. Her earnings were practically nil.

Cabot had fared better. Staggering out from under the handicap of having been hailed as "another Clark Gable," he had managed to stand on his own capable legs, and to keep fairly busy in moderately important parts. But he was far from being what Hollywood calls "in the money." He may have gotten five hundred a week—when he got it. But his year's earnings would scarcely have paid the expenses of the family motor cars and the taxes on the family estate.

In short, the Cabots were broke.

"It was all my fault," said Bruce, "for not telling Adrienne in the very beginning that I couldn't afford the upkeep on that sort of thing."

I suppose he saw from my silence that I agreed with him.

"Why didn't I tell her? Well, you must remember that I was terribly in love with a girl who had been used to everything under the sun in the way of material comforts and luxuries. Perhaps I was a little stubborn in my determination to keep them up for her when I knew that our bank balance couldn't possibly stand the strain.

"IT wasn't the sort of life I liked, it wasn't the sort of life I would have chosen for myself. But I thought that it was as much a part of Adrienne's happiness as my small house and inexpensive clothes were of mine. So I didn't in any way indicate that I was out over my head.

"I guess we both knew instinctively that there was something wrong with the set up. But we chose exactly the wrong way of trying to remedy things. We took to buying the most costly and unnecessary gifts for one another, things that neither of us really needed."

"That last statement strikes a responsive chord," I ventured, for I knew from experience that many a young couple had made just this human and thoroughly understandable mistake.

"As time went on and I was going nearly crazy trying to figure out how I was going to make both ends meet, I still didn't take the

simple way of having a heart-to-heart talk with Adrienne. Instead, I took to running away from what had become our white elephant, our home. I spent every day I could on the golf links.

"Who can blame Adrienne for becoming resentful? I couldn't explain that I wasn't really trying to avoid her, that I was merely escaping from the worry of the bills I knew I couldn't meet. That was my big mistake, I wasn't honest with her.

"As the bills continued to mount and prey on my mind, I suppose I became a pretty tough guy to live with. Little things, absurd things began to vex me out of all proportion We began to get on each other's nerves. To be perfectly truthful, I really wasn't surprised when Adrienne came to me, just before I was to start on that long location trip, and told me she thought our marriage had been a failure and that she was thinking of filing suit for divorce while I was away."

As I listened to this simple, ingenous tale of two young people caught in a trap which has been set for so many newly married couples since the beginning of matrimonial time, I asked myself:

"Can this be Hollywood?"

OF course it can, and was. For this was the story of two average youngsters of an average town. And Hollywood is definitely average. People who don't know it very well are apt to regard it as a place apart. They look at it through Klieg lights of curiosity and polychromatic lenses of gossip. They emphasize and exaggerate faults and foibles which pass unheralded in Toledo or South Bend. But Hollywood is an even more accurate cross-section specimen of average America than either of these typical mid-western cities. Hollywood is Toledo and South Bend; but it is also Boston and San Francisco, Seattle and Miami, Carson City and Baton Rouge.

Obviously, the misfortune which overtook Bruce and Adrienne Cabot might have overtaken them in New York or Chicago or Summit, New Jersey. The rocks on which their marriage had split might have strewn any road to marital success.

In their case, the rocks happened to be financial ones. In many cases, they do! But they might have been social ones, or domestic ones, or political ones, or just plain gastronomic ones.

They might have been the way she made up her eyes and the color she daubed on her nails. They might have been the way he blew his nose or the angle at which he wore his derby hat.

They might have been any two or twenty of the reasons why a young wife looks at a young husband or a young husband looks at a young wife, and asks:

"Am I really in love with *that?*"

You may have read in the paper about a school teacher wife, who took a good look at her husband and gave him seventy-three demerits. But the husband was not crushed. Being an accountant by profession, he started adding up his wife's deficiencies and totalled forty-three.

Well, if any one or any twenty of those marital failings had existed even in the imagination of Bruce or Adrienne Cabot, one or the other of them—matrimonial times being what they are—might have rushed headlong into the divorce courts—even as you and I!

Well, Adrienne did sue for divorce, and got it on one of the stock Hollywood grounds permitted by the hospitable California courts. In this case, I believe, it was something about Bruce's not liking her family! Then followed the telephone recourtship which Bruce has described, and an interlude in which both members of the temporarily disrupted firm began making a strenuous effort literally to balance their books.

Adrienne moved from the big house to a much more modest home, drove a flivver instead of a Rolls, messed around the kitchen as she used to do before she became the rich Mrs. Ames and the famous Mrs. Cabot, and made a serious business and definite success of her renewed work in the studios. She was good in "Harmony Lane," excellent in "Woman Wanted."

Bruce's professional progress, as we have seen, was even more marked. He began getting bigger and better rôles and playing them in a bigger and better way. He had a wonderful chance in "Snatched," for which he was loaned by his own studio. And financially he made all the progress that could be expected of a firm determination bulwarked by a strict regime of economy.

"Things were a little more involved with me, of course," he explained. "I hadn't realized how deeply I had managed to plunge into debt. It was necessary to borrow money to bring my obligations up to date and I am now paying that back out of my salary—which means that I am budgeted right down to the quick. But, I am sure that by the first of the year I shall have paid off the last installment on our first year of marriage.

"That was the reason for the delay, the reason we didn't hurl ourselves back into marriage the way we hurled ourselves out of it," he continued calmly. "When we tried again, both Adrienne and I wanted the slate wiped clean of all past mistakes and debts. We wanted to start out absolutely free of all the—well, all of the things that separated us before."

And what chance have they of success in their new venture?

Very good, I should say—they being the kind of simple folk they are. They aren't Beacon Hill Cabots or Ameses, you know. They weren't born to the purple or in a Rolls. They haven't been accustomed from birth to the luxuries which fate thrust temporarily upon them. Adrienne is just a pretty little Texas girl who happened to attract the attention of a rich young man. Bruce is a Canadian country boy who has maintained himself for many years in many jobs—one of them, if my memory serves me, that of bouncer in a cafe.

WHY shouldn't they find happiness, these two?

Why shouldn't any married couple who face their problems as frankly and as fearlessly as Bruce and Adrienne are facing theirs?

Even in Hollywood?

Certainly.

Marriage is not necessarily a failure in the Hollywood hills. Stable Hollywood unions outnumber unstable ones in about the same proportion that they do in any other community. The picture business presents difficulties, of course. The hours are long, and annoyingly uncertain. Wives can't plan trips to Europe or dinner parties or even picnics with any assurance that their actor husbands will not be held for re-takes at the studio. But all businesses have some drawbacks, and so do all towns—even an average town like Hollywood.

If Adrienne and Bruce have really learned the lesson which some of us learn in marriage, and others apparently only in divorce—that love is the only thing that counts—*they have learned the only lesson that counts.*



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Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Walter C. Kelly
Jan Kiepura
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Penner
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Marina Schubert
Randolph Scott
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Fred Stone
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
George Arliss
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blane
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Jack Haley
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Edmund Lowe
Fredric March
Nino Martini
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Gilbert Roland
Tutta Rolf
Simone
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Andrew Tombes
Claire Trevor
Edward Trevor
Henry B. Walthall
Jane Withers
Loretta Young

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
James Barton
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
Dave Chasen
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
Wynne Gibson
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Alan Hale
Jane Hamilton
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Helen Mack
Ray Mayer
Raymond Middleton
Helen Parrish
Evelyn Poe
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Lionel Stander
Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Sutton
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
John Wood
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks
Miriam Hopkins
Joel McCrea
Mary Pickford

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Michael Bartlett
Wyrley Birch
Tala Birell
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Nancy Carroll
Andy Clyde
Walter Connolly
Douglas Dumbrille
Leon Errol
Thurston Hall
Arthur Hohl
Victor Jory
Fred Keating
Arthur Killian
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Robert Middlemass
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Lloyd Nolan
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn

Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas

Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Peggy Conklin
Henry Fonda
Frances Langford
Sylvia Sidney

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Constance Collier
Cicely Courtneidge
Joan Crawford
Live de Maigret
Dudley Digges
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Igor Gorin
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Gyles Isham
Allan Jones
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Marx Brothers
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owens
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Harvey Stephen
Henry Stephenson
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King
Frank Lawton
Edmund Lowe
Bela Lugosi
Henry Mollinson
Hugh O'Connell
Dorothy Page
Marina Passerowa
ZaSu Pitts
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Haviland
Paul de Ricou
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Helen Ericson
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
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Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Joseph Sauers
Louise Seidel
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

He was clad in high and dirty boots, open shirt, and wicked looking hunting knife. Clark Gable had nothing on this beauteous he-man. Hollywood had come to Alaska—I would bring Alaska to Hollywood! And wouldn't he make a sensation!

"Wouldn't you like to come to Hollywood?"

"Hollywood?" he snorted. "Why, I go there every winter and work in the Ambassador Hotel . . . say, how's the old Cocoanut Grove, anyway?"

THEN came Vancouver, and who should I meet but Robert Cromie, famous publisher of the Vancouver Sun, and his charming family. From them I learned that Norma Shearer is Canada's pet—and that ended that! No more movie discussions! Until next day. At their cocktail party. Young thing No. 1 grabbed my shoulder and begged, "What does Freddie March look like? Is he really that handsome?"

"Well," I began, when Young Thing No. 2 bombasted me with:

"No, tell me about Merle Oberon! Is she really and truly so exotic looking?"

"She's very—" I started when another swooped down:

"Oh, tell me everything about Shirley Temple—is she actually as darling in real life?"

I crawled under the couch and stayed there. After all, this was supposed to be a vacation!

But I must tell you . . . On the train to Seattle a nice, elderly man came and sat with me while his berth was being made up. The more we chatted the more I noticed a peculiar thing. He looked exactly like Will Rogers. Finally I told him so. He said that many people had remarked about it.

"Did you know him?" I asked.

He smiled sadly. "Yes," he answered, "I guess I did . . . for nearly twenty-five years. My name is Reverend Brougher. I just buried Will."

How would you like to take a little jaunt to Europe that cost you seventeen thousand five hundred dollars before you even got started? Nope! I'm not loony, but that's how Douglass Montgomery just lost . . . and all because he's superstitious.

For a long, long time Doug has wanted to take a trip to Europe, but everytime he even dared to dream about it, something came up to stop him, which was swell, for that something was usually a juicy job. Recently, however, our blond boy finished "Harmony Lane" (which is the life of Stephen Foster who wrote all the delightful old Southern melodies) and went right out and bought his tickets. "Now," said he firmly, "I've *got* to go, no matter what happens, because it's bad luck to cancel reservations."

So, what happens? First, Columbia offers him twenty-five hundred dollars a week with a six week guarantee, to do "Song of the Damned." Our iron-chinned boy turns it down. Second, in Washington, they beg him to take fifteen hundred dollars to come out and make one personal appearance with "Harmony Lane;" but Doug again shakes his noodle. Unh-uhn! He'll not get to N. Y. in time if he stays over. Finally, in New York he is offered one thousand berries to do a single broadcast, but this is out or Douglass will miss his boat.



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Another gent what's travelling these days is Edward Arnold, or will be, any moment that Mrs. "Diamond Jim" can finish all her shopping. "You'd think," sighed the gent, "that we were going to take a trip around the world instead of going to Honolulu for a week." The missus looked around at all the trunks and suitcases and boxes and parcels that overflowed the room. "What are we going to do with it all?" she sighed.

Mr. Arnold grinned. "I'd suggest that we leave it at home!"

Traditions of the theater are not lost in the movies. The show must go on. Herbert Mundin, that excellent little comedian with the heavy eyebrows and the expressive nose, started doing a hilariously funny scene at nine sharp one morning last week in "Charlie Chan's Secret." At the same moment his very beautiful wife was lying on a hospital operating table for an appendectomy!

ONCE upon a time, my child, there was a little boy who lived in Springfield, Illinois. (Pome!) He always used to gaze at the statue of Abe Lincoln on the State House grounds . . . and he used to go into the President's old house which was open to the public and sort of look around and absorb things. The little fellow grew up and went on the stage. He played homey, lovable characters. And in the Ziegfeld Follies, in the midst of riotous laughter and pageants of lovely ladies, he did a touching act in which he played an old veteran who knew Lincoln. He played it so well, and so sincerely that the house always turned to tears, and their applause would ring to the roof. And then this man went into the movies. He still gave his homey characterizations of country folk, and he did a lot of writing on the side. He won a great place in the hearts of the American people. And then came the realization of a dream. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picked him to play the part of Lincoln in a short, based on "The Perfect Tribute" by Mary Shipman Andrews. Sister Ruth Cummings made the adaptation which turned out so beautifully that when Mrs. Andrews saw the completed picture in the projection room she remarked that she wished she had thought of writing, in her book, some of the sequences added in the short.

As if this wasn't praise enough, the Governor of Illinois saw the little picture, realized what a gem it was, and invited the portrayer of Lincoln to come to Springfield during a coming Lincoln celebration; live in the Executive Mansion, and make a personal appearance when the short is shown! Said portrayer wants to bring his pa and ma with him, although they're getting pretty old to make the journey . . . and then he wants to take another look around where he was born and say howdy to his old friends who probably haven't forgotten Chic Sale.

Laff? I thought I'd turn myself into a permanent wave! Went to see the Duncan Sisters last week at a downtown theater, and they were sweller than ever. Later, back stage, we met the tiny Evelyn, daughter of Vivian and the divorced Nils Asther. Evelyn is the picture of daddy and the sweetest, most well bred babe I've ever met. We all drove back to their hotel, and while the young one napped, we sat around and yarned and gossiped and dished the dirt about old times.

We parted with the promise to get together the next P.M.

But next A.M. I got a surprise. A postcard with an imposing picture of the Normandie. On the back was the following:

"Just wanted to say hullo. On my way to London to make a picture. Regards to mother. Nils Asther."!

Still in Babyland, lambie. And will you let me take time off to chuckle in my long gray beard? I'm thinking of Evelyn Venable who is soon to have a wee one. Just recently a friend of hers came calling.

In answer to his ring, the maid opened the door and the visitor proceeded directly to the living room.

There sat Evelyn, totally unaware that she had a caller, struggling to pin a diaper on a life size baby doll!

When she saw she had company, she chucked the diaper quick under a sofa pillow, but forgot to take the safety-pin out of her rosebud mouth!

The friend busted out larfing and the actress, sunset-hued with confusion, explained that she felt she might as well learn a few tricks ahead of time. Even though she'd have a nurse to care for the baby, smiled Evelyn, breathed there a mother with soul so dead, who never to herself hath said, "This is my child, my only one, and I'll get this diaper on if it takes till Kingdom Come!"

Hey, you! Dig into your money-bags and mail a buck to Gene Raymond for the World's Most Embarrassing Question. Then slip in another one for the Prize Comeback. And now that you are penniless, I shall explain. First off, Monsieur Raymond, when he was on Broadway, was a smoothie for comedy rôles. Oh, no, he hasn't played a funny man in pictures, but that's what he should be doing. Well, one day along comes a lady interviewer who plied him with questions on thisathing and thatathing

Just toward the end she thought of a bright one.

"What," she shot joyously, "is your opinion of a trial honeymoon properly chaperoned?"

"My dear lady," lighteninged Gene, "what is your opinion of a trial chaperon properly honeymooned!"

WHICH reminds me of my pal, Nelson Eddy! And the Haunting Spectre of the Might-Have-Been! Yesterday I bumped into the singer in the mail department of his home studio, just as he was in the midst of collecting fan mail which, if laid end on end, would stretch to There!

"I thought you were in Alaska?" he questioned.

"I thought you were in Lake Tahoe making 'Rose Marie'," I twittered right back.

"Going this evening," said Nelson. "Couldn't you take another holiday and come along?"

Regretfully and mournfully I shook my head. Nelson sighed. "Well," he said, "I guess I'll have to spend my time answering fan-mail in my compartment, instead of talking to you." He packed his load of two thousand letters under his arms, grabbed his coat and suitcase and started off.

"Well, bye-bye," he grinned, "if you change your mind, Mitzi, it's the six-twenty at Glendale."

Weeps and wails, I couldn't go to Tahoe; but at least I could send a message. And this was it: "Mr. Nelson Eddy, car 26, care conductor, Southern Pacific, Glendale, California. 'If you had been a little more persuasive you might have had help with your fan-mail exclamation point stop anyway the mostest of the bestest signed

Naughty Mitzi."

Jean Arthur Charms Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

director wound up and put through a scene. I got very stubborn with myself. I made up my mind to find out why I didn't click. I know now what the matter was. I know it's the finest thing in the world if anyone can be completely herself at any time. But I don't think Hollywood is the place to be yourself. There are too many formulas in pictures. The individual ought to find herself before coming to Hollywood. Then she'll have a chance.

"So I muddled along. I didn't improve. I was completely frustrated. And then I realized that if I ever expected to be any good in pictures I'd have to grow. I threw up my contract and decided to go back to New York.

"It wasn't easy to get a job on the stage that winter of 1931-32. There were too many capable, experienced people haunting the booking offices, glad to get any kind of a part. But finally I did land a job. On the stage I found myself in a different world. The individual counted. The director encouraged me and I learned how to be myself."

IF the words sounded a bit egotistical they were belied by the honest smile with which she accompanied them. She leaned over and held a match to my cigarette.

It's pleasant for a man to have his cigarette lighted by a shapely feminine hand on which the nails preserve the natural rosy hue of dawn. Jean Arthur knows that men hate women's nails that are enameled to resemble the claws of a boiled lobster. Instinctively she knows this little item, just as she knows dozens of other trifles that make an impression on the opposite sex. Her whole life—not consciously, but so directed just the same—has been a business of handling men. And men are her best audience when she appears on the screen Women are not so enthusiastic about Jean Arthur. Many frankly dislike her. No wonder. In learning how to handle the clumsy but necessary male, Miss Arthur has made herself a formidable competitor in that feminine struggle always going on—the struggle to win recognition in a world controlled by men.

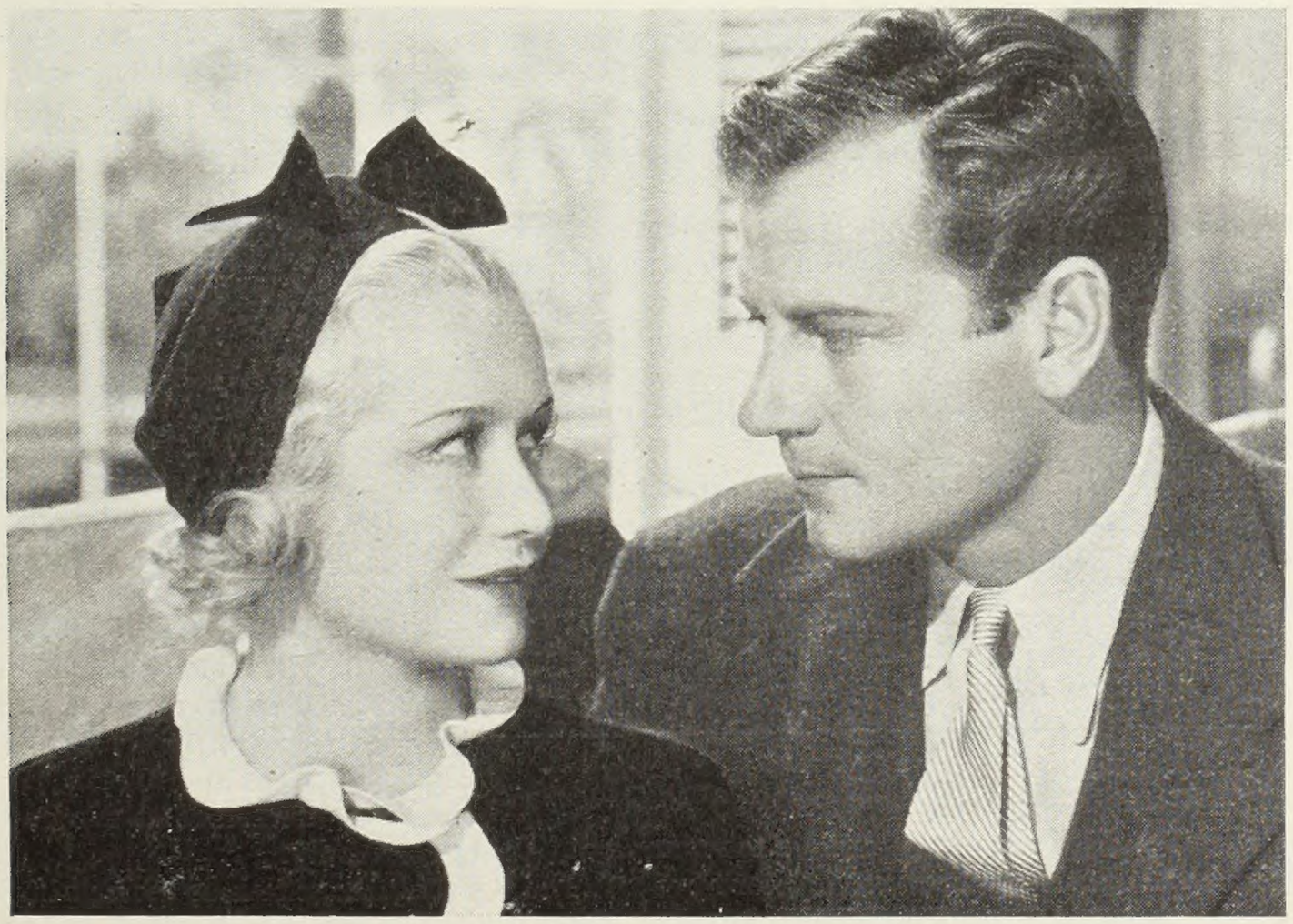
Nature did her part in equipping Miss Arthur for this struggle. The young woman reclining against the canary pillows on the wicker lounge possessed compact curves. The curve of her naturally red lips was provoking to say the least. But curves are not enough to win other than the shallowest of victories in the battle of the sexes. Brains are essential. Brains she has.

Many women give a man the feeling he should be on his guard. But there is a boyish quality about this young woman that instantly disarms the male. He doesn't feel her to be an alien creature.

Jean Arthur has been terribly frustrated in this battle for recognition but she has refused to accept defeat. Instead, she has set up a defense and perfected her essentially feminine technique. The defense—outcome of her frustration—is the thing that makes her unpopular sometimes. Around the studios Miss Arthur has the reputation of being "hard to handle." She'll fight like a wildcat for what she wants in a certain scene. But she fights for it because she knows it will help her to give the best possible performance in that scene. This means she is always fighting for an individual characterization—against the convenient formula system that is such a dead weight in pictures.

We had come that afternoon from a set on which Miss Arthur was working at Columbia in "Lady Beware." Her blond bobbed hair waved at the ends and parted on the side; in a cheap white satin blouse and black skirt she was playing one of those hard-boiled ingenue rôles she seems always fated to draw. The producers have her pegged for this type and she is still frustrated, still fighting for the mature parts she feels she is now capable of handling.

Meanwhile she does the best she can with these hard-boiled flappers who so persistently run to type in a movie script—trying to differentiate them—to give each girl her particular



The screen's newest romantic combination, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea, who did so admirably in "Barbary Coast," are to appear together again in "Splendor," which Samuel Goldwyn is now producing



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personality. And she had been arguing on the set about that very thing.

While people on the set went about shaking their heads, whispering something about her being temperamental.

Her scene began. The little flapper walks slowly from one room of her small apartment to another. She is still dazed by the tragic revelation of a previous scene in which her boy friend told her he was through. Suddenly two burly men confront her.

"What do you want?"

The voice uncomprehending, pitiful. The burliest of the men sticks out his fist, a gold badge glittering in his palm.

"Homicide squad."

The blue eyes widen, the hand goes instinctively to the head, ruffling the waved blond hair. The knowledge that she is suspected of a murder comes slowly into the dazed face of the little flapper.

"Get your hat on."

BRUSQUELY the heavy-footed detective takes her arm. They lead the little flapper off to prison.

She may be what they call temperamental in Hollywood — but Arthur troups. All afternoon under the boring lights, getting arrested over and over by those two perspiring, heavy-handed dicks.

We escaped towards evening to the cool retreat of a screened-in porch that overlooks a patio planted with shubbery and flowers.

The blond hair was combed out now, the blouse and skirt replaced by a simple garment that zipped up the front, some rough material that nevertheless knew how to cling —for it was a Jean Arthur dress.

We sipped cold beer. Around us was the radiance of a California day. Nestled in this radiance of eternal summer the bungalow in Beverly Hills lifted white stucco walls. Tall palm trees lined the street and waved about the patio wall. This is a home Jean Arthur has made a reflection of herself—of that persistent femininity that is her stock-in-trade.

"Nice?" she smiled. "Yes, I've remodeled the place to suit myself—though we only rent it. I love a house. I like to decorate and arrange interiors. I never go into a room without saying to myself: 'How lovely!' Or, 'Wouldn't this be charming if they would only change the drapes!' "

She was so innocent of the forces that have moulded her into this perfectly feminine creature who yet retains an almost boyish charm. I studied her, this Viking girl, whose pale but warmly colored tints, whose soft white skin—soft, but gilded by the shadows, by I know not what vaporous effusion of femininity—glowed as though with reflected rays of color and light.

Jean Arthur seems created for charming the opposite sex by a particular effort of nature. But it is not so. Beauty nature gave her, yes. But it was what happened to her in her earliest childhood that made Jean Arthur into a woman who is able to offer that impression of boyish comradeship which is most attractive to man.

It all came out the moment I asked her what I already suspected, if she hadn't been the only girl in the family.

"Why, yes," she said with a little pucker of surprise. "That's right. I was the only girl. I had three brothers. The youngest was ten years older than I was. It was like having four fathers. They all told me what to do. I was entirely dependent on their opinions. Even after I was fully grown up, I always deferred to a man, to any older man."

"And you never played with girls, did you?"

"Why, no. I was a regular tomboy. I played with the boys all the time. I loved the game of Indians and cowboys. I loved dolls too, but I never liked to play with them with other girls. I got along with girls all right, but I never belonged to girls' clubs, that sort of thing. Even now I don't like hen parties. I talk about clothes with a lot of other women."

"What's the first thing you remember as a little girl?"

She laughed a gay tinkle. "What makes you ask that? I have a very vivid memory of something when I was only four years old. I remember walking to church with my mother. I had a little taffeta petticoat. It rustled when I walked and I thought, 'How like a grown-up lady!' "

Artlessly she went on to tell about her earliest ambition. To be a tight rope walker. To wear a short ballet skirt, which at that early age little Miss Arthur believed to be made of mosquito netting. To balance herself, holding a white parasol, high above the heads of the admiring throng below.

Could anything be more expressive of the prototype, the pattern for her future life, which this young lady was forming? Her goal was already fixed when she was rustling the taffeta petticoat and in her dreams seeing a dazzling vision of herself in a fluffy skirt, high over the heads of the crowd. Jean was already headed for the stage.

IMAGINE the situation of this pretty blond child, undoubtedly petted and "spoiled," the only girl in that household with her "four fathers." Her actual father was an artistic individual, a photographer who painted a little on the side. Her oldest brother, almost a man when she was a tiny mite, felt it incumbent to watch over his small sister. He bossed her. The other boys also bossed her and combined to suppress the only girl in the family.

The oldest brother continued to boss his little sister, while she was in high school and posing —along with a schoolmate by the name of Norma Shearer—for commercial photographs. When Jean took the train for Hollywood, the brother decided she was headed straight for ruin!

All Hollywood's Playing This Game

Remember "Murder"? Well, murder will out—pardon—murder *is* out. That is, it is in Hollywood.

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Here's the rule book. Assuming you and your playmates are all settled in one room, you pick two of the gathering and send them out of the room.

While they're out, the rest of the party cook up a murder story —just like you read it in the papers. "Joseph Xavier Doakes found dead on the back porch of his home. He was shot through the ear. The body was in an upright position. The socks were gone. His watch had stopped at 12 midnight"—and so on—all the details of the crime.

Then you take two slips of paper. On one the details are written. The other is blank. Put the papers in a hat. No one in the room is to know which is the real one and which is the blank piece. Call in the victims, have them draw, and then send them out again, this time to separate rooms (so they can't compare notes).

Now the stage is set. No one in the room knows which one knows the details—but the one who does (that is, the one who has drawn the paper with the crime information on it) is the guilty one.

The object is to discover him. So both are haled back in again on the carpet and the whole room gets a round of questions to ask them both.

The one who knows what it's all about is going to lie to defend himself. And the one who doesn't know anything is bound to give ridiculous answers.

So it's up to the crowd to find out which one knows and is therefore guilty of the bloody deed.

There will be all sorts of dissenting opinions so the best way to get the verdict is to take a vote.

If the verdict is all wet, the drinks are on the crowd. If it's right, the murderer is sentenced to a round of whatever is left in the house. And you don't get that sort of service at every murder trial.

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